

## Dining Dead

## Across The Sun

Just the same as times before  
We reserve our name  
Wine we will pour  
Waiting to be served  
Those things we have so deserved  
Dining after weeks toils  
Pining for all weeks spoils to squander

While across the table  
From me she said  
Over great ocean and sea now  
Under her breath  
A sigh and a plea  
She said to me  
I have headaches of my own  
So don't dare you disagree

Like the pulsing cadence of the telltale heart  
This meter marches me onward  
And though I'm dazed  
I'm truly awake  
From a spotless mind  
I must depart  
Yet not because on-looking eyes  
By a heart that compellingly vies

Outside eyes condemning spies  
Bid me quickly to console  
But our meals are now served  
Feeling now somewhat unnerved

Look away change the subject  
It might provide a fleeting fix  
While audibly louder now  
Chiming clocks second hand  
Provokingly ticks

Lend a kind word  
And take of her hand  
And with hope  
You shall gird dysphoric land