

The Ghosts of Shadows Passing in City Streets

City of Caterpillar

I can hear her footsteps beating closer. This may be my only chance. In a shadow of doubt I doubt our shadows kissed in dance. Without lips or eyes to open or close my hand felt your heart along the cracked pavement. Ghosts go unnoticed I suppose. And I've unstitched the seams it seems this is the final farewell. I've locked myself up. Up in a room. Where willows weep. And you know every time you leave it chokes to breathe. Into a chest the blackest of blue. Where the ravens rest. Waiting to pick. Pick my heart apart. They diagnosed schizophrenia. But I know it's hypothermia. Cause this coffin's too cold without you near. To be alive's a crime when your heart's died.