

Return to Maraqopa

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Now that you're home you can finally lay down,
Little has changed with the weight of the rain,
It is too hot here, words are not needed
On and on.

You're just a kid unaware you've been sleeping,
Seeing yourself as a void or zero,
Are you a signal?
Where is your station?
On and on.

Once, 12 years old on a fire escape,
You lost your mind on a music note,
Caught in your throat,
Out there is nowhere but inside is endless,
Taking up room till you run out of space.

What is who calls you?
And you should name this?
On and On.

Once 12 years old on a fire escape,
You cut your mind on a music note,
Caught in your throat.