

## The Note from Which a Chord Is Built

Emery

You have always seen the best parts of me

with my uncovered eyes  
loose from lenses absorbing light  
your hand is wrapped in mine  
the sun set for the last time

carpet stains from coffee cups  
thrown to stop from hurting so much  
paralyzed, I thought I'd fail you somehow  
and let you down  
but you saved me from death,  
awakened the life for the first time  
joining as voices sing, together,  
the same song