

Poem You

Fiddlehead

Talk to your ghost
Sleep with your clothes
I'll take whatever's left
In the waste of your death

(But in case you come I left the light on)
Whatever's left
(Bright enough to see from stars)
Of your death
(Find me in the bedroom corner)
I'll take whatever's left
(Writing verses of shattered hearts)
In the waste

To ease missing you
And the stinging too
Of seeing blue
Poem you

Come home, light's on
Come home, light's on

Cause I'm missing you
And it's stinging too
To see a blue
Poem you

Come home, the light's on