

Cleaning

Foxing

I came home from a week erased
I'm sorry I left you to soak in it for days
Was too afraid ask how you spent the time
I swore I heard his nails clicking on the kitchen tile

The house is a mess
I know the broom is so heavy
I need to exist
But I don't think I'm ready

Not yet don't clean the floor just yet
Don't sweep him all away
Not yet don't clean the floor just yet
Keep him in the wood grain
Not yet don't clean the floor just yet