

Beat Heart Beat

Howards Alias

Lines from this black box are too easily
Made into thoughts in my head that I wish would not stay.
Why am I always ahead of this game?
In trying to I find there's nothing to save!
The times that I spend on my own are both blessings
And bastards depending on that way in which I
Inflect on them; this changes daily and so what I'm
Left with at the end of the day is this:
An elegant fury so blessed and sweet yet so cold
And ferocious when stood on it's feet it scares
Even me, half to death. Half awake, I sit here
Today to move on without haste but the current
Is strong and my idle thoughts weak. Things that
I care for, not nurtured, look bleak.
But as I ready myself to stand up and go out.
I only need think one more though here and now;

I am not alone.

Beat heart, beat.