

Days On End

Jeff Black

I carry this with me
crossing all lines
not moving at all inside

the night never comes
no nothing aligns
I'm crawling under the wire
this time

for days on end
this world is lost
to the reels and the sounds
and the pictures that I won't replace
and all that I planned
fell away with the paper and rain
changing over and into the visions
of what might have been
for days on end

you're holding the door
with the back of your hand
on the edge of the step there you're standing
you're taking the day
like a far away song
I keep playing it over and over