

Winter Takes A Lover

Lovers

if you take this away i have no one to escort my fears
to the place i have built as my fear-fort. take this
away and i have no one to hope for, no reason to wait
through the winter's sad discourse. no moon-like escape
when the night needs a light source. the look on your
face when you loved what i stood for. your smell and
your taste like a note on the front door. a letter to
say i miss those sad arms of yours. so i lay in my room
and i dream of the colors that make water move and a
body discover why so many choose to lay with a lover.
because just when you think you're getting well you see
the ring around your heart is held by some silhouette
turned to walk away but you can tell had a lovely face.
remember the days when you stayed here long before i
had to erase all the pictures of horses you'd drawn on
the space between my night stand and headboard? so what
now, arrange in disappointment order old lovers' names
as a decorative border on a window pane while the days
just grow shorter? or are they the same and it's me
that grows colder? like a one kid army of the good
witch, all alone i raise my fist at night on my bike
around your neighborhood and shout, "make me pure, make
my heart good." well a vigil today is held in an
airport to remember and save a love that could not work
and that beautiful face i never did deserve. and the
ferns died away, the ones that we planted, too many
mistakes in the care that they wanted. just their
skeletons remain now the garden is haunted. and i'm
wasting away in Georgia but thank god New England's far
away, Massachusetts i once loved you but there's a
whole group of states now i dont want to set foot upon
where i found your diary's list of all the things you
never did that attic full of feelings hid when you were
such a shy kid. in bed do you lay under an afghan
humming and wait to find if the day ends without a
massive array of self-deprications? oh no wait, no it's
me who does that. oh no wait, wait it's me who does
that.