Winter Takes A Lover

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 sillouette 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.

Lovers