

Summerside

Marika Hackman

Box of air a dusty square
Pins the sun to the voids
Empty frames and cloudy panes
Lonely chair against the wall

As we lay between the embers, we were bathed in light
I was magnetized (hold down a scar)
By the way you turned your face, you catch the sun aside
I was just behind (hold down a scar)

Where we were, and who we are
A severed thread on the floor

In the cold and vacant twilight of your heavy mind
I was crystalized (hold down a scar)
As I washed away the fingerprints we left behind
I lay down and cry (hold down a scar)

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