

Sinatra After Dark

None More Black

When a swing is not enough and the surface just won't break. The measures that I've taken, added up, are all working against me.

Waiting for the Diphenhydramine to take.

I'd gladly take the mares of night for unwanted awareness.

In the low.

Maybe I'll go outside.

Cold water to face. Stern look in mirror.

The filaments are buzzing while I'm looking for spirits.

Things scattered all about the place.

Maybe it's the order. Maybe it's the race that I feel I won't win unless I make some changes.

In the low.

I don't want it this way.

I gotta pull my self together; ripped and frayed.

Unconscious of the patches I've earned. More the tars and deformity. Now the body's had enough and the moon gives me a break. The breaths I've caught up with; I'm holding for safe keeping.