

## From Dalight

Ocean Grove

Pieces of me fall far from dalight

I remember this painted in laundry white  
It's such beautiful coldness that numb feels right  
Fantastic specimen known to cause those harm  
Twisted drone ripped from the false ant farm  
It was all shaved head and climbing trees  
Bile and shouts of make it stop please  
Through stained glass you know that I became aware that equanim  
ity's become my cross to bear  
For too long, our verve's has remained up in the air  
Collecting all these trinkets reflecting all the glare

I don't want to deprive myself of another  
Only seen the sink and not of your gullet  
I'm babysitting lines on my pedestals

Who makes these tiny things and so I call  
Country whores with mourning cities on their neck  
Hit it again and lie through with stanza sets

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