

The house sat empty fourteen years
a wasted crystal chandelier
the lungs still howled a breathless air
and corporate dust of laughing lairs
He checked them in, the strong and clean
of nineteen years, of day by day
was my street sane an image of
the spark that stirs within them
Agatha... oh
I was fourteen, they bought the home
Just old enough to stay alone
The biggest chair, the smokey skin
I sat like so and through it here
the floors that creak, the pipes that pound
and underneath one other sound
an angry hum of a heartrate
that made me fear the stairs of
Agatha... oh
the boy pass crowded with (?????)
spills out into the present years
her tears upon the child at night
and we say swift the daylight time
Each year I grow, each day I think
of when I felt the breath of wings
above my chair, around my neck
it wanted to devour me
Agatha...oh
Agatha