

Stage Knives

Rolo Tomassi

I pulled up the roots just to see
I've felt differently since about disappearing
I placed myself back in the weeds
In echoes in alleys I'm reminded

(As close to close as we'll come)
As close to composure as I've come

I'd immersed myself in beauty and find it all vanishing
Empty, longing and vulnerable
Sharpen your knives

Neither a pawn nor a king
I am nowhere, I am nothing
For this betrayal that's how I should be seen
Wearing scars I deserve, on a throne of nothing

Ethereal and haunting, the wandering and yearning
Characters I've kept, plotless and neglecting
The architect and monument
Neither here nor there, forever elsewhere

And so it goes
There's consequence
To these vowels and consonants
And I came as close to heaven as I'll come