

Trundle Bed

Runnner

Tiny in the darkness where we couldn't see the moon
Staring at the ceiling of your furnished rented room
Wondering like thrusts at the plaster over head
Imagining the atlas from a wooden trundle bed
Though I struggle to remember how the growing pains clutched tight
I think about you often but it's so often late at night
And someday I'd like to ask if all this distance feels all right
But we don't talk much and when we do we always fight
Is it quiet where you are?
Are you finding peace of mind?
I'm assembling the pieces biting fingers biding time
Do you know how it feels?
Want you to know how it feels