

## Hideaway

Small Brown Bike

Cabin in the woods.  
Where I feel isolation.  
Where I feel separation from everything.  
But my mind travels distances that my body can't make.  
I find it hard to sleep with this oncoming dream, I recite, "I  
see you."  
This room sinks below.  
Underground tonight.  
Is your room sinking too?  
I lie in the hide away bed.  
An attempt for the best to awake my sleeping life.  
Death is contagious. Death is courageous.  
The phone was crying tonight, but I can't answer its call.  
(Wake up, wake up)  
With a purpose to react to this loss of response. "I'll find yo  
u."