

# I'm Alive

Soak

Was already opening a window before the action registered  
Clearing my throat, I shook autopilot from my shoulders  
And welcomed fresh air to spill into my head like the first drag of a mentho  
l cigarette  
It's been a while since I heard my own voice

Whirling it's way through the cogs and cobwebs of my abandoned sense of self  
It was a catalyst turning keys in the ignition of my first car  
I swear the air came looking for me  
Or I for it, subconsciously

It douses like a rainy late night drive  
Where the stop signs are dripping red velvet icing into  
Puddled reflections  
Irish hail gripping cars like a one night stand  
Lipstick smudging with every wiper swiped

Nostalgia lives up to the hype  
And It makes me feel okay  
Perplexed, it paralyses like a surprise embrace  
I just stand there stoned and laughing with a stupid look on my face

I grant myself permission to wake up  
I tug the blue bread from my ears  
And hold hands with my depression  
Acting like a transplant patient testing out new eyes  
Looking at life as if it were the first time

It's hard to believe the scene  
I'm wide eyed by the window  
In awe at the wonder of simply being  
Clouds paint temporary arts on the worlds ceiling  
And my one bed apartment feels like a coliseum

For a moment I can exhale every mistake I've ever made  
To create space for lessons I've not learnt yet  
Sugar rushes like a high to soak up the bitterness in me  
At full lung capacity, I feel pretty  
But in a handsome way

When she comes home from work I assume the lenses are faulty  
I'd forgotten the effect her presence has on me  
A tempestuous tidal wave manifests in her mouth just before she says that sh  
e loves me

And I'm one sorry motherfucker to have to have ever doubted so

I'm alive and I can feel it  
I sit with the night in appreciation of my own creation  
Of weeds growing on the street adjacent  
Of this ability to hear a world in operation

I'm alive and I can feel it  
When the song Tinseltown by the Blue Nile comes on  
When something sits right on my stubborn body type  
When she doesn't know the words but still sings along

I'm alive and I can feel it  
In a hesitant goodbye on a phone call from back home  
In the healing of the ozone layer  
In the first crunch of Tayto cheese and onion after months of being deprived

I'm alive and I won't take it for-granted  
When my guitar fulfils a pipe dream  
When my culinary attempts don't taste like bin juice  
When her naked interpretive dance is accidentally profound

I'm alive, I'm alive, I'm alive