

Palm Reader

State Faults

The heart is a haunted home
Shadows and basement ghosts
Windows and dead phones
Piled into closets like altars to love
The holes in the ceiling grow
From life's unrelenting storm
The hurricane sadness
That rips through your body
Leaving you breathless
Numbing the sunshine
Clouding your senses
Creeping in softly
Beneath our defenses
Haunting the houses
We build from the wreckage

The beat of black wings in the distance
Your voice reverses
I hear it in the wind
My arms bend backwards
I feel you turning
I feel you turning

Past lives unfolding
Through palm reader clues
Crawling through mud
Dragging Horoscope blues
Mercury slipping
The phase of the moon
The bed is an altar
Reborn in the vision of you

Happiness
Happiness, together
I'll share your ghost

When the golden hour ends
When the heavens stop to spin
When our summer sun sets west
I'll share your ghost