

## An Eclipsing

Stavesacre

these lights...this city  
under their waves my mind begins to drift away  
such malice...beneath beauty  
would send anyone looking for a safer place  
like home...am i alone  
if i break is there somewhere i can be whole again  
is there a safe haven  
somewhere to heal from the assisted self-inflicted pain  
from my failures  
because something's dying  
down inside of me  
can't shake this...this feeling  
sickle stares that believe they reach the heart of me  
an insistance and persistance  
of sifting through until they find the deepest darkest deeds  
in this home...sweet home  
i sleep with one eye open and hide from the day  
inspected...dissected  
laid open for the triggermen to fire away  
at my failures  
something's dying  
down inside of me  
is this feeling  
is this real  
well, it must be something  
from nothing...nothing comes  
i've seen in dark places  
small flames cutting through where there were none before  
so simple...so precious  
but still small, still open, still vulnerable  
and this home...away from home  
this shelter from the everpresent enemy  
has kept score...and closed doors  
brightest fires kept inside close and comfortable  
from the failure  
but the fire is dying  
down inside of me  
with all my failures  
something's dying  
down inside of me