

## Settle The Scar

The Hotelier

Dizzy drunk and throwing up,  
I finally stopped my spinning.  
I guess I figured you'd show up  
With all my old belongings  
Saying "there you go my friend  
I'm sure you've saved another"  
Collapsing walls around me.  
I need some brick and mortar.

Took a swing at shortened cuts  
Made a wrong turn somewhere.  
Unprepared for fucking up  
Should remind me I'm still there  
And I am feeling sharpened splinters  
Cutting through my center  
To hear you as you're coming around again.

You've taken pages from a book  
You couldn't see your face in.  
Claimed the author was a crook  
In need of illustration.  
And you were begging me for more.  
Did you get what you wanted?  
The feeling in your fingers,  
Right back from where you started?

You made a map of how you loved  
And drew a perfect circle.  
I scribbled a Venn diagram;  
I guess I lost my stable hand.  
And I am feeling long, cold winters.  
I'm lost and can't remember  
The ways to keep myself as warm as then.

I owned your name,  
Your body shape.  
It sits like family;  
A grateful offering  
Reflected on the lake.  
New slight of hand  
Will trick my memory,  
A veil on everything.  
The paths that you could take.

You said you see life  
In exploding color  
Like the flash of stars  
Or New England autumn.  
I should've asked if you could stay.  
I should've found a way around it  
Because now all I see is grey  
All trapped in memories that surround it.

And in your father's summer home  
He squared and framed the question.  
A collage of news print on the wall  
Makes me feel cut in sections.

And I am shaking off my chagrin,  
Flaking snow, and dead skin  
That buried me in all my past mistakes.

I should've asked if you could stay.