

Weathered

The Hotelier

You were awakened.
I was never asleep.
I was just drilling some holes in my head that perpetually bled
.
You fed your senses.
I made art of myself.
I drew bear claws on my chest and third eyes on my head looking
down.

It was live, it was all live ammunition in the gun.
And I meant it, every bullet, and I hope they all stung,
Cause that's what I deal with every time I lift up the back of
my shirt
And I show you what you drew that night with a Swiss Army Knife
saying it was only maps of constellations.

Your hands were shaking.
Mine were stiff as stones.
They said grab a hold. We said fuck off we'll find our way home
.
My blood was burning.
Yours was spilling out.
We said we'd fly to the end of the earth just to find ourselves
.

And your heart, it was not there when I needed it the most.
I was floating. It was grounded, getting buried too deep to stay
close.
And I swore I'd dig it up someday, build a fire just to keep it
warm.
Then we'll get off the ground and drink rain from the clouds and
go dance out in the storm.

Because birds we fly together.
I feel tethered, de-feathered, and weathered.
A push at its best would get me out my nest
Then I'll never come home.
It was love. It was true love,
Not that shit sold from Hallmark, Hollywood, or Wal-Mart.
I'm losing twelve years worth of soul mates,
And it's harder and realer than anything I've ever felt.