

## Chiaroscuro

Typhoon

Headlights through the kitchen window  
Are you finally home?  
Head down on the table  
Watching an abstract puppet show  
With the light hope rises  
In the darkness well there it goes  
As I lose myself in chiaroscuro

Car keys clatter on the tile  
You lunge for the phone  
Your voice like a frightened child  
"He's had some kinda stroke!"  
Be calm my dear  
I'm just moving a little slow  
As it all approaches absolute zero

Now there's no one behind the curtain  
And you hate hospitals  
I know it's an awful burden  
But that's the way it goes  
I'd let you off the hook  
But by now you and I should know  
We're involved in something irreversible

They say nothing survives  
But in the case we do  
I'm afraid of my posthumous state  
I don't know if karmic residue  
Is something that you'd even recognize  
So, here's what I'm going to do:  
Take some time to erase myself  
And then whatever's left I'll leave with you  
I'll bury it in you