

Speech Bubbles

WHY?

Rain is millions of tiny speech bubbles unused
The collected breaths of mutes
And all our silent exhalations
Where we should've put words
Or words we had no one to tell
Emptied from clouds like clearing horns spit valves
Coming back to us now
To remind us what we meant to say
Or that we meant to say something

Coming down and dying
In one giant quiet
On the streets and cars
Nuzzled like jewels in girls' hair
On the fake wool collar of my bomber jacket
And on my glasses and feet

Cut 'em deep and weep out loud
Just dust and just a hair in your mouth
You drink and think you're tonguein' something to shout
But it's just dust and just a hair in your mouth

And now these empty breaths reflect
The feedback of headlights
Push leaves and coffee cups
To lower altitudes and gutters
Rain is confession weather
And we become booths of prayer if we let us

And now these empty breaths reflect
The feedback of headlights
Push leaves and coffee cups
To lower altitudes and gutters
Rain is confession weather
And we become booths of prayer if we let us