

Warm like blood
and tastes like wine,
I still feel You in here.
I still live inside Your eyes;
half the world is letting.
Back when I found Your arms
and my lonely cut up body,
I could not go on.
Everything was dead
or couldn't fight.

Letters to You, I read,
in my awful sleep.
Skies turn gold,
I hear thunder creep,
and it cuts like knives.

And I will always return to You,
'cause in a way I belong to You.

Sorry if I don't learn from my losses.
Everyone is dead;
and I can't think of how we got in here.
Choked up and angry with my struggle.
I'm not the farthest from You.
I'm not the closest to Your honor.
You let me save myself.

You let the wind breathe
down my neck.
I regret and regret
'till there's nothing left.
There were patterns.
There were shapes in the form
of a loss.