

Dining Dead

Across The Sun

Just the same as times before
We reserve our name
Wine we will pour
Waiting to be served
Those things we have so deserved
Dining after weeks toils
Pining for all weeks spoils to squander

While across the table
From me she said
Over great ocean and sea now
Under her breath
A sigh and a plea
She said to me
I have headaches of my own
So don't dare you disagree

Like the pulsing cadence of the telltale heart
This meter marches me onward
And though I'm dazed
I'm truly awake
From a spotless mind
I must depart
Yet not because on-looking eyes
By a heart that compellingly vies

Outside eyes condemning spies
Bid me quickly to console
But our meals are now served
Feeling now somewhat unnerved

Look away change the subject
It might provide a fleeting fix
While audibly louder now
Chiming clocks second hand
Provokingly ticks

Lend a kind word
And take of her hand
And with hope
You shall gird dysphoric land