

A Box Under His Bed

Admiral Twin

There's a box under his bed
that he never opens up
but tonight he pulls it out
cause he's come to look for
evidence of what he fears:
senseless tears
wasted years
he pulls some relics out
studies each and every one
he reads between the lines
one more time before he
breaks the spell that held him down
those sentences that
sentenced him

Does nothing last?
The setting sun becomes a sinking ship;
chained to the helm—looks like he's going down...

A love like that
never should have come
never should have gone

As he feeds them to the fire
one
by
one
he's dimly aware
he may have learned a thing or two
but tuition wasn't cheap
and he's only got these
foggy notions of what he paid
as he's burning records of a
debt of love

Now he knows sometimes even love is not enough
a road that forks
can cleave just like a surgeon's scalpel
And he finds sometimes he can't even see her face
it's been so long
memories fade like old newspaper
And he fears he'll never find a love like that again
God only knows
There must be something better