

Lightkeeper

Bo Bruce

Four walls
Two of us
My feet
And a window to the street

Paintings
Stare at me
They're not yours
There's your necklace on my arm

Cubicles and cotton reels
The hum of the machines

I will not be silenced
I will not be quiet
I will rage at, will rage at the dying of your light
I will not stop fighting
I am here beside you
I'll rage, I will rage at the dying of your light

Needles
In our arms
Medicine
And ink to slow the harm

Skin thin
Blue dressing gown
Sleeping rose
Your blood is still in me.

Miracles and chemicals
The hope of their pursuit

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