

# 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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