

Dead Air

Daylight Dies

Indifference
The stale sound of apathy
Twelve months
And we thin to nothing

We choke
On bitter words
We would never say
This span of autumns
Brought no change

Apparitions
Hollow voice
Ghost of us
Twelve months and
How frail this autumn leaves

I choke
On bitter words
I would never say
This span of autumns
Never changed