

## Minutes Pass

Daylight Dies

Minutes pass  
Stretching lines into my past  
People breath  
In and out right next to me  
Closing hand  
Burning thoughts like a photograph

Faceless frames of this life  
Lose all shape and color  
And all this time the ground is rising  
A broken body can never move on

I can see it clearly  
I was never here  
I can see it clearly  
I've been dead all these years

Paper thin  
Counting marks that stain my skin  
Lowered eyes  
Pass the grid of my window screen  
Tiled floor  
Just the same as the hours before