

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