

Baby Blue

Deafheaven

I woke in a sweat from a desirous fever
in the pocket of yesteryear where faults have fallen to some.
I begged not to carry the corpse.
To not be a queer fish in unforgiving hearts.
To not be buried in native clay and preserved for cynicism.

I wish to be a pauper in kind eyes.
To feel the gravel beneath my knees.
To wake in a home.

God had sent my calamity into a deep space
from which not even in dreams,
could I ever imagine my escape.