

## 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.