

The Note from Which a Chord Is Built

Emery

You have always seen the best parts of me

with my uncovered eyes
loose from lenses absorbing light
your hand is wrapped in mine
the sun set for the last time

carpet stains from coffee cups
thrown to stop from hurting so much
paralyzed, I thought I'd fail you somehow
and let you down
but you saved me from death,
awakened the life for the first time
joining as voices sing, together,
the same song