

## Golden

## Failure

He cut through the streets, eyes upturned  
A small patch of sky looked down on him  
Through baskets they weave so thickly  
He saw on a sea  
Alone in the clouds

A rusty old bridge  
Was jailed in his mind  
He thought it was golden  
It swayed to his breath  
And creaked with the bolts  
He unpacked his coat  
And laid down

With somebody's shoes he traveled  
Between the two ends of his bridge  
He learned all the holes to crawl in  
And stayed for the time  
When winds too cold

The rats that could march  
Whispered in his ear  
He knew it meant something  
But nobody came  
He sat through the nights  
And watched all the darkness  
It spread with his breath  
And pushed back the sky  
He stayed for the days  
On his home

A rusty old bridge  
Would scream in his mind  
He thought it was golden