

In The Gray

Hot Water Music

I'm suspended now, hanging in the aiay of a weather beaten town
December rolls around, lays a blanket of herself on the ground
where comfort lives in sound,
like a gun laying cold on the ground with no way to spell it ou
t.
there's still much to say of a gun left down.
Most of me is elsewhere wondering shall we hear a song or shall
we live one soaked to the hone.
I'm suspended now, hanging in the gray of a weather heavy cloud
, soften my face
and bow to bid toy farewells to the ground for now part of me i
s sinking and pondering,
hope is a gracious term, aligned with the faith that reason has
a course to take,
may it be the just one until then I will drown, anti to down wi
thout a fit.
How glorious is it?
Bound in sound, even and weightless and free from wrist to wris
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