

Wrong Note

Howards Alias

In air we find both life and flight.
Both can destroy when treated lightly.

This time we'll find we can't end on the wrong note.

A piece of me was silently taken from this argument.
It wasn't meant to be like this.

Fall endlessly but think of me.
The ends not near but I am.

What can I do now?
This silence can't last.
How did we go this far while pushing away from what they call love now?
Will we speak clearly?
Put our problems to sleep and fill hearts
That are empty of anything like things we could call emotion or forget it all?