

## Generally More Worried Than Married

In The Woods...

What is addiction with absence of drug  
What is grey without the presence of white  
Days remain hollow with absence of night

When I fell into my absence and knew  
Not what to do  
I made a can of coffee - smoked a  
Cigarette or two This is like a  
Hunger - This day is like a feast  
A last supper to materialize the  
Wasted, slumbered beast in the closet

She lives in the attic  
- A floor in between  
My room and the comets -  
Of chaos and dreams

I'm awaiting the crack of dawn - the smell  
Of morning - where the sound of her  
Footsteps can comfort and cure

It takes quite a while to get things  
In perspective A bleak, coloured tile  
Upon the wall - so pale and objective  
But how would I gain from this knowledge  
When I know not where to go