

Setting Suns

John Mark McMillan

When everything's said and done
Your all I really have
In the midst of these setting suns
The city lights at best
Are portraits of my friends
But they don't make amends
For this ridiculous mess

So I will float on
Every word you said
When the water of my ghosts
They rise above my head
And I will stand up on your back
In the middle of this sea
When collectors of my debts
They come to sink their teeth

And it's all I can think about now
Is how good you are to me

This body is a hole
My flesh one shallow grave
I am six feet below myself
And at my best
I still deserve to die
But I'll be glorified
In this ridiculous mess

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