

Sand and Snow

Light This City

Every city is a ghost town where I see remnants of us that will never
fade
Because they'll never see the light
The streets remember our footprints.
Maps made in sand and snow.
Where we walked.
Side by side.
The things we told each other.
Piece by piece.
As it comes back now.
Revisiting.
I stopped searching for our missing ending.
There are no dry winds carrying torn pages down abandoned roads,
Fluttering, caught on telephone poles.
Waiting to be found and read aloud.
Even if I, alone, returned to those streets deceased.
I'd be choked by the ashes of long combusted paper dreams.
You are being immortalized as I speak.
Not just in words.
But a reality.
I live in my sleep.
Last night.
I dreamt you followed me.
I can feel you always close.
Sometimes a day ahead.
Or two behind.
Hunting down a similar night.
Different from the next.
I can still hear your voice in the air currents you've since left and
I've
Just found.
I told you to never try and find me.
But how can I ask memories to leave?
They just come and go as they please.
And even if I wrote a thousand songs.
No one will ever know what you've done to me.
They'll hear it echoing.
Or see the delicate skin she'd from a body still evolving.
Ghosts of emotions lost and unable to give up
A carcass of a parasite that left
One final scar before cast from it's host.
We're not bound by ties.
But inescapably intertwined in each other's lives.
Your love was a glass cut like a diamond.
But I have discovered a truer fortune.
I take pity on your greed.
You will never regain wealth lost in me.
And even as I immortalize you with my words,
I know you don't deserve this.