

Heavy Things

Phish

Things are falling down on me
Heavy things I could not see
When I finally came around
Something small would pin me down
When I tried to step aside
I moved to where they hoped I'd be

Vanessa calls me on the phone
Reminding me I'm not alone
I fuss and quake and cavitate
I try to speak and turn to stone

Telly reaches through my vest
To do the thing that she does best
She probes and tears my ventricles
Steals my one remaining breath

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Stumbling as I fall from grace
She needs my vision to replace
Her ailing sight throughout the night
Leaving two holes in my face

Mary was a friend I'd say
'Till one summer day
She borrowed everything I owned
And then simply ran away

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