

Bad Patient

Piano Magic

There's rain on the line between his ear and mine
Lost in translation, bad patient
I'm a terrier, a black sheep, half-relation
He's French, a hack, white, Caucasian
We fuck in sadness, a cold frustration
Then we're fine for a while, our hearts adjacent
He types, I read and we clash on the keys
He corrects, I direct the bones of the text
But he's silent, too ill, too fragile
Too still and I'm violent and rash, slow down for the crash