

## Houses We Die In

### Pianos Become the Teeth

...And I miss home, and I miss the closets, the windows, the hallways  
And when we are gone, who will keep up the garden?  
Like a mother calling her boy, I am, I am so unsafe  
But she can't do it alone  
but there's nothing stronger than her prayers.  
Nothing stronger than the smell of reds.  
My fathers reds

Under bridges waiting to look forward, waiting for rushes ends  
Living in the moment is the homeless mantra, they know the busiest streets  
All we have, all we have, all we have is letting sleeping dogs lay  
All we have, all we have, all we have is letting sleeping dogs lay  
Your face lit up and for once, I enjoyed where I was  
The truth is jade plants die, the truth is muscles atrophy  
Softening your skin and hardening mine

"I don't know where to begin  
I've thought about this day so much and thought of so many things I've wanted to say  
but now, now I can only look at you like the pictures I spend hours staring at  
I don't think I've ever smiled so wide as when you were holding me up  
I was given a picture the other day of a past birthday  
We were together on our back deck

I remember.  
You were covered in powdered sugar from the donuts you were eating  
I've always loved watching you smile

Do you remember the mornings when we woke up early to ride bicycles to on the board walk  
or the night before my first homecoming when you taught me how to dance?

Yes I remember. I hope she appreciated all my hard work

I wish I had a different story to tell  
I seem I have drifted fairly far away from what you taught me

You were always the [?]

I'll admit there hasn't been much to smile about since, since you left

I didn't leave, I fought for five years to stay at your side

What do you remember about that night?

I remember a family that loved their wife and mother very much.

How can you say that?  
We were liars  
We clung to those songs like we so desperately wanted to Cling to you.

Then I don't think you heard the same song I did

You had to know I was lying  
You had to know how much I hated myself for smiling like a fool  
For spending our last few minutes together deceiving you

Matthew, your smile on the face of your (grey) spirit  
was the greatest gift a mother has ever received from her child

I miss you

I know."

Everyone cares, every eye carelessly tiptoes around you, watching you,  
They'll wear black ties, and as they applaud, I'll count claps