

Unmade

Sleeping at Last

When we were young
our words were innocent
whiter than snow,
awkward and slow.
now when we speak,
we risk an avalanche.
but that's not enough now
to reroute our plans.

i believe that we've got it wrong, got it wrong.
we'll realize when it's said and done, said and done,
that in our words we've lost so much more
than we've ever won.

the aftermath
is cracked wood where fences stood
and the broken bones of our childhood.

in our trembling fear,
we put words inside God's mouth.
we cover our tracks
and get so proud of ourselves,
we get so proud of ourselves,
we get so proud of ourselves
when we get away.

i believe that we've got it wrong, got it wrong.
we'll realize when it's said and done, said and done,
that in our words we've lost so much more
than we've ever won.

it's in our nature to complicate,
but in the end it's the casualties
that carry all the weight.