

You were simpler,
you were lighter when we thought like little kids.
Like a weightless, hate-less animal,
beautifully oblivious before you were hid inside a stranger you
grew into,
as you learned to disconnect.

Now he hangs your mirrors separately,
so one can't show you what the other reflects.

When he heard I was on his tail, he emptied your account and hid
a part of you that's so invaluable
(the part of you unsellable at any amount).
He left the tallest peak of your paradise
buried in the bottom of a canyon in hell,

but I swear I'll find your light in the middle,
where there's so little late at night, down in the pit of the well.

Then when heaven has a line around the corner,
we shouldn't have to wait around and hope to get in
if we can carpenter a home in our heart right now
and carve a palace from within.

We won't need to take a ton of pictures,
It won't be easy to believe
the day we wake inside a secret place that everyone can see.