

We Were Dancing An Hour Before We Met

The Saddest Landscape

the last time i saw you, you had short black hair and
that far off look in your eyes shaking your words like it
was all so unbearable

no one is watching
no one is watching now
the next time you were striking notes in that soft blue
light telling secrets to a room full of strangers on the
verge of another breakdown.
this time you will stand on your own.
a n o t h e r b r o k e n s t r i n g
did it frame your sadness
did it echo tragedy
did it feel too real
i saw you breathing so silently wondering if the flash
cought it
all in time and i finally understood every word so when
it is time to come and take me away i will be here
waiting for the last chord to end waiting for the
understanding that is you