

Ideas hang before me,
All but a breath away,
They flicker into being
And then begin to fade.

And when I'm tired of sitting,
I drag my bones to bed,
And when I'm tired of sleeping,
I think of them instead.

They're only words.
Don't have to shout to be heard.

I have not seen the light for days.

Like Icarus before me,
These wings are not my own,
And I am soaring skyward
Just to tumble home.

Moment has gone.
I'm not the best at moving on.
Nothing to say -
No-one would listen anyway.

Anyway.

I have not seen the light for days.
I have not seen the light for days.
I have not seen the light for days.
And nights.
For days.