

Crooked Timber

Therapy?

Miles away from
Those that matter
Unfamiliar place
Hours bleed out and
Days tail off then
Night degrades to gray

Crooked timber
Keep me warm and safe

Bells toll slowly
Loud dark iron
Can't place where I am
No clear signal
Scraping dragging
Fate pulls faces

Crooked timber
Steer me keep me sane

Times' attrition
Grinds these landscapes
Sifts them into shape
My resistance
To it's pressure
Buckles more each day

Crooked timber
That we can't make straight

My shade will comfort you