

Circuits of Fever

Thursday

You are my blanked out pages
All the wasted spaces
The old weapons vanished
Spit blood at dawn, closed forever
You're an ivory icon
Held in glass, captive
You're a falling column
Sharp little teeth kiss goodnight
He was upside down and drifting in an
Endless ocean of night
The terror came in waves, each one
Pushing him further from the shore
You are a fractured mirror
Silver paper in the wind
A desperate measure
Sharp little circuits of fever
I can feel the unslept hours
See all the traces
I can hear the ticking of clocks
Old record running down
You can't replace it
You get distracted by the sound
He hears an ocean in the dial tone
Every night, after the sleeping pill goes down
He wants to believe that he doesn't exist
He's everywhere and he's nowhere all at once
We'll fill the blanked out page
We'll burn the traces
We'll turn the unslept hours to days
Old record running down
We'll flip it over and sing the songs
We've never heard.