

## Steps Ascending

Thursday

steps ascend to a loaded gun.  
the scent of matches hangs in the air  
(a lit one flickers out in a heartbeat).  
we don't want to see this:  
a flash of light that's letting go  
of an empty bullet case,  
by the time it hits the ground,  
he's out of reach. (let go, let go.)  
out of reach. (let go, let go.)  
out of reach. (let go, let go.)  
out of reach. (let go, let go.)  
out of reach

the wolves are closing in.  
there's no room left to make amends, but  
do you remember when we'd fly that kite so high?  
all the time we've wasted,  
spent fighting,  
will burn  
in the fire of our regrets  
all the time we've wasted,  
spent fighting,  
it's blood  
and it's running down the stairs.

freeze the frame  
between the gun shot and the hole it makes.  
a spinning bullet hangs in the middle.  
there's no way to stop it,  
it will surely hit the mark  
you can try to understand  
but I'm giving up.  
giving up.  
giving up.  
the synapse fires, it's right in time.  
I'm giving up.  
giving up.  
giving up.  
this should always stay  
out of reach. (let go, let go.)  
out of reach. (let go, let go.)  
out of reach. (let go, let go.)  
out of reach. (let go, let go.)

the wolves are closing in.  
there's no room left to make amends, but  
do you remember when we'd fly that kite so high?  
all the time we've wasted,  
spent fighting,  
will burn  
in the fire of our regrets  
all the time we've wasted,  
spent fighting,  
it's blood  
and it's running down the stairs.

I ran down the stairs

and into the garden,  
put both my hands into the soil.  
in the spring,  
you will bloom,  
like her heart,  
through the blouse,  
in the back of the ambulance,  
as it turned and turned down the street  
(one more turn won't you come back to me?)  
as it turned on its red lights,  
you were turning into  
red roses  
red roses  
red roses  
red roses  
but I'm not giving up.