

Cement, mortar, and bricks, my favorite materials
brick by brick i'm slowly building up my walls
higher and higher i can barely see over now
hammer and chisel so i can get some light
Maybe someone can peer in through my pinhole
maybe someone can see through my window
And see this body trapped behind these walls
i don't want you to see the whole picture
just a corner maybe the wood of the frame
a syllable a letter of the signature
I don't want you to know the canvas
Every other weekend
i tempt myself
with a ladder
i think about climbing over
rung by rung
and being naked
i question every step rung by rung
Then i climb back down cause i got a glimpse
a scent, a sound, and my eyes burn
the smell makes me nauseous
the pop noises leave my ears ringing
it left me ringing