

Wounded Head

William Fitzsimmons

How this feels like a floating
For the physical form you crave
And the gentle reminders
Hovering still the same

For the curative portion
The dysthymic of bold and blue
You are softened and hollow
Reflecting this winter hue

Wounded head you will be fine
Your weary legs will hold you in time

So you open the window
Wipe the grey from your salted eyes
Feel the string that once broken
Mended and slowly tied

Hope for remedies comfort
For the listless and looming moon
And the ghost of your father
Follow you home no more

Let water run through
Won't you open your eyes
Let water run through