Holding Off

Megan Slankard

Pierre is walking
Under a red umbrella
The clouds look like an animal
Pierre, you feel so big but then so small
Every single time she calls youYou, for you I'm holding onWhispers are spreading
Like miles of winter
Someone's lonely saxophone
Strangles him with a lone note
It makes sure he's dead
Then it runs home to youHe says "for you I am hunting
You, for you I am haunted
Me, for me I would be leaving
But for you I'm holding off"Holding offPierre thinks of music
As the sound of her smile
On the other side he is waiting
Pierre, your mind, your heart, and your skin
Is the only thing that stands between you twoYou should feel the one she names is you
Through every crack of dawn it's you
Every note in every song is you
You should feel she's weaving in
All of your feathers like the wind
A breath of forever and again
Held by youFor you I'm holding
You, for you I am haunted
You, for me I would be going
You, for you I am holding
You, I'm holding
You, I am holding off

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