

# Old Highs, New Lows

[Bob Mould](#)

We lock the gaze tightly upon each other  
No others come near, no others come between  
As you remain beside me, muted and studying  
In beauty and radiant heat  
I will write the words I want to hear you say  
On a page torn from my diary  
I'll hand you the sacred text  
And wait for you to place it  
Across the hole in my heart  
Smoothing the edges from the center  
Affixing it in place with sugar, water and saliva  
I want you to read these words to me every day  
And this is where the thought resides  
Stuck upon my heart on the outside  
I am speechless in your beauty  
You are flawless in my eyes  
As your eyes show my reflection  
I try to ignore the decay  
Listen harder to the tone  
The pitch of your broad chest  
As it exhales into mine  
Old highs new lows  
Ain't that how life goes?

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