

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 studyingIn 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 heartSmoothing the edges from the center
 Affixing it in place with sugar, water and saliva
I want you to read these words to me every dayAnd 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 reflectionI try to ignore the decay
 Listen harder to the tone
 The pitch of your broad chest
As it exhales into mineOld highs new lows
 Ain't that how life goes?

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