

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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