

# Generally More Worried Than Married

## In the Woods...

What is addiction with absence of drug  
What is grey without the presence of white  
Days remain hollow with absence of night When I fell into my absence and knew  
Not what to do  
I made a can of coffee - smoked a  
Cigarette or two This is like a  
Hunger - This day is like a feast  
A last supper to materialize the  
Wasted, slumbered beast in the closet She lives in the attic  
- A floor in between  
My room and the comets -  
Of chaos and dreams I'm awaiting the crack of dawn - the smell  
Of morning - where the sound of her  
Footsteps can comfort and cure

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