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 nightWhen 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 lake a feast
A last supper to materialize the
Wasted, slumbered beast in the closetShe lives in the attic
- A floor in between
My room and the comets -
Of chaos and dreamsI'm awaiting the crack of dawn - the smell
Of morning - where the sound of her
Footsteps can comfort and cure

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