

Miguel Abburido

Will Haven

She cried as I lied between the ivory
I screamed
the sand hurts abrasive on my hands
I dared to fall asleep to the waves crashing on impotence
but can you climb to your feet and be proud of what you have
of what you've made
what's on your shelf
what's in your card catalog today
I dreamed that the sod was laid
but I was blind to what the stone said
do you see it in your eyes
could you read it for me
tell me in song and I'll snap my fingers as we stroll
can you feel the heat on your souls
or are the arches of time too painful to walk on
but push on brother
we are not weak
we will stand in tall shapes and sizes

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