

Schism

Nervous testpilot

I know the pieces fit 'cause I watched them fall away

Mildewed and smoldering. Fundamental differing.

Pure intention juxtaposed will set two lovers souls in motion

Disintegrating as it goes testing our communication

The light that fueled our fire then has burned a hole between us so

We cannot see to reach an end crippling our communication.

I know the pieces fit 'cause I watched them tumble down

No fault, none to blame it doesn't mean I don't desire to

Point the finger, blame the other, watch the temple topple over.

To bring the pieces back together, rediscover communication

The poetry that comes from the squaring off between,

And the circling is worth it.

Finding beauty in the dissonance.

There was a time that the pieces fit, but I watched them fall away.

Mildewed and smoldering, strangled by our coveting

I've done the math enough to know the dangers of our second guessing

Doomed to crumble unless we grow, and strengthen our communication.

Cold silence has a tendency to atrophy any

Sense of compassion

Between supposed lovers

I know the pieces fit

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