

Monument

Mortimer Nova

in the mid night we look out towards the broken water
and we learn through convulsion of our imperfections
sitting in the rain on this desolate beach
fingers crossed, soft eyes breathe the fog
and this simple love can be a ballad for dancing
stolen breath to touch your inner thighs
arching up and reaching towards the sky
i can melt my hands into your skin
then you look at me like some sort of martyr
sent down from above to pull you from the fire
you float so softly and with that the curtains close we never had a
chance
so we sat back on my car and gazed out all the while
watching the fire engulf the city of ants
now our drives just waste the miles and never clean the stains
but we try to fix the pain with a needle and some thread
to form a patch which can't withstand a bending at the seam
and for what? to be wishing on a star?
so i found one empty page in your 2 page book
and the others filled with hate that can't be understood
so here's my toast to us with shattered broken glass
to 17 more years of holding me back
on the day i die i'll have just one request left for you hold up the sea
to keep you far from me
you float so softly and with that the curtains close we never had a chance

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