

Cross Out The Eyes

Thursday

Let's call this the quiet city:
Where screams are felt as a wave of stoplights
Drive through the the streets as gunshots punctuate the night
The sides we take divide us from our faith
And the morning dove gets caught in the telephone wire
Asleep you set the fire in your own house
And the night was a knife that cut
And I'm paralyzed
Cross out the eyes
Blur all the lines
Tearing this canvas from the wall
We crossed out the eyes
Put lines through these cries
We pulled all the leaves from the trees that fall
A silent dance that we did into this hospital bed
Hear voices from another room
"It happens all the time"
But July in the sand
Then the leaves fall down
And counting down our days to live
Drain the blood from this valentine.
"We can rise on the wings of the dove
See blue skies getting caught in the trail of all this smoke
We can rise like candles in the dark, yours always"
and an envelope marked with your new address
It was the first time face to face
I'm crossing the line
Talking to the other side of death
Hearing the words that choke memories into flat lines
I'm calling your name hoping for something to wash these dreams of you away
Our fence was blown down in a
winter storm and this field
Stretched out of this world into the sound of a trace of blood in a love song
What can we do to put a stop to the coming white days?
I'm hoping the snow will push these dreams of you away

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