Terrible Man

Wintersleep

A terrible man,
A desperate attempt to make amends,
Wrote a song for a girl
Who could not, but just imagine
About something he read once
About static and distance
Somehow he simply could not
Without feeling terribly static and incredibly distant
About recent encounters
About love and affliction
Ziplocks and plastic containers
The gentleness of her kisses
About the possible cancer which has manifested
In the mirror far right of his forehead
About a world that could never be kind, never be kind
Never be kind (x7)What if I vanished, dematerialized?
Into the great miscellaneous,
Into your craterous eyes?
About the taste of tree sap
(Something recently tasted)
About growing old
About his fear of the cold, and the darkness
At age 27, how foolish does that make him?
Bundled up in the cold,
Afraid of the dark at age 27
A song for a girl
He knew he'd never quite finish
In the drunk breath of autumn
And all its glory and strangeness
We can hide (x8)
You are mine (x5)

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