

The Edge

Jeff Angell's Staticland

The Edge

Above the blackest branches-
The moon hangs from the string
A smile on it's yellow face says-
"I just ate my young"
The sky was stapled stars -
On a dirty ceiling
I opened my mouth
And caught a snowflake on my tongue
The night was nervous
The cold air burned my lungs

I found the edge and I didn't mind
I looked down and saw my future -
Circled in a chalk outline'
I threw my dreams out in the street
My mouth was in the distance -
But it was catching up with me
I found the edge

I rowed an open casket -
Down a river of ghosts
A widow without tears -
Sitting right across from me'
She held me under water -
She tied me to a burning post
Because I wouldn't be -
Who she expected me to be
Like a breaking wave -
Throw itself into the sea

I found the edge and I didn't mind
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My mouth was in the distance -
But it was catching up with me
I found the edge

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