

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

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