Hideaway

Small Brown Bike

Cabin in the woods.
Where I feel isolation.
Where I feel separation from everything.
But my mind travels distances that my body can't make.
I find it hard to sleep with this oncoming dream, I recite, "I see you."
This room sinks below.
Underground tonight.
Is your room sinking too?
I lie in the hide away bed.
An attempt for the best to awake my sleeping life.
Death is contagious. Death is courageous.
The phone was crying tonight, but I can't answer its call.
(Wake up, wake up)
With a purpose to react to this loss of response. "I'll find you."

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