

Collusion

Richard Buckner

It was a chance you took: everything was good
Until you went back inside for a second look,
Holding out your hand, did you understand,
Crossing all of those lines and crawling back, Slipping from your skin, you couldn't keep it in
Overgrown, wearing thin, silent, as you whined around
At another sound, you missed your turn, slowing down,
Caught in the lights and left again
Without the time to forget, coming up for air
From the hollow prayer you were sleeping through
As you went nowhere, the cold would come as they'd always done
And run into almost anyone Curled in the rocks beyond their days
Leaving the rest to find their way,
The tempered tried as they rushed to hide,
Already gone with no goodbyes, locked-up and out of key
You'd hear them sing the distant songs with familiar rings,
Luring you out until you could remember the chance you took.

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