

The Art of Staying Alive

Adair

Sing me a song.
I know we've used up every dawn,
And yet I wonder
When the scholars find our bones
A thousand years from now under
All the ashes of the earth,
Will we be together?
The only thing I know for sure. The plates may shift
And slit your wrists,
But wear your scars.
I will follow you through the dark. Don't be afraid.
This is the last night of our lives.
Buried in flames.
So kiss me one more time tonight.
In your darkest night
When all is lost,
I will be your light,
At whatever cost. Let the plaster flow into
The space our bodies used
To occupy.
Let it be a record of
The love that buried us alive
Underneath the sands of time.
A testament that even after death
Love survives.

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