

# Rafters

## On My Honor

Sometimes I think I died in the rafters that night  
Shocked to death, barely 25  
Limp limbs, heart electrified  
One burnt arm, an open casket for these friends of mine  
Make me ashes in your back yard  
Portions on the mantle  
What if I get to Heaven  
To a sign that reads, "No, your kind's not welcome"  
Neither were your questions  
Good try, but you've heard how we feel here about intentions  
Please get rid of the mess  
For the sake of my parents  
We know they'll blame themselves  
They shouldn't have to see this  
Remains of efforts  
The best intentions of their only son  
Take my things, place them on shelves  
As small reminders for everyone else  
He stood so tall, but then he fell  
Boxes full of ideas that I once held  
Make me ashes in your back yard  
Portions on the mantle  
I tried  
When I'm gone will you carry out my intentions  
What if I get to Heaven  
To a sign that reads, "No, your kind's not welcome"  
Neither were your questions  
Good try, but you've heard how we feel here about intentions

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