

Welcome Home, Son

Radical Face

Sleep don't visit, so I choke on sun
And the days blur into one
And the backs of my eyes hum with things I've never done
Sheets are swaying from an old clothesline
Like a row of captured ghosts over old dead grass
Was never much but we made the most
Welcome home
Ships are launching from my chest
Some have names but most do not
If you find one, please let me know what piece I've lost
Heal the scars from off my back
I don't need them anymore
You can throw them out or keep them in your mason jars
I've come home
All my nightmares escaped my head
Bar the door, please don't let them in
You were never supposed to leave
Now my head's splitting at the seams
And I don't know if I can
Here, beneath my lungs, I feel your thumbs press into my skin again

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