

Hands Like Houses, Spineless Crow

Streets, these visions, an origami city folding in.
Construction, creation, we are architects and kings,
Lifting street stones from their beds to build these homes from memory,
As we're tangled in our sleep.

We were young together, but I've grown ancient.
Cracked and weathered and filled with regret,
Waiting to sink, rushing to sink in my sleep.

The realisation sinks in through the skin like a disease,
A blight inside of me.
Missing your touch, your weight on my fingers,
What was familiar becomes unfamiliar.
Give me an anchor, a lifeline to hold.
Bring me back to something I know for sure.

Locked away, a dream-dweller pale from hiding with secrets
Deeper than daylight dares to seek.
Come out, emerge!
Hands to our eyes, overexposed for all we are.

Lay me down in a den of dreamers,
Put me to rest on a bed of sleepers.

Doubt is a plague. We'll never be safe here again.
When all their eyes are tied to me, just carry the conversation please.

We were young, sandcastle kings building empires, cities and homes.
Architects tangled up in our sleep.

Wake up.