

Jackson C. Frank, Yellow Walls

Yellow walls that shine like silver
Dark green windows
Stare never closed
From yellow walls that shine like silver
Through the hands I choose to hold
Painting nightlight
In searching questions
Cannot catch the shadow
That is me
Running naked
And unmentioned
Through the death
Of a saltless sea
No one knows me
In the morning
No one sees me go walking by
And if I listen while no one answers
The winds can only echo a goodbye
While through your windows
And through your walls
I see you made of crystal light
I see you running and never moving
I see you waiting for my knife
Through yellow walls that shine like silver
Dark green windows
Stare never closed
Through yellow walls that shine like silver
Through the hands I choose to hold