

# Temporary Basement, Sleep Don't

Almost sure that roads rebuilt  
One sky will fall to bury blame  
Things of water, they, never stay their shape

But each night when stars transmit  
One last face, a broken will  
All I'm left with is photos' darkened trace

Paper lanterns stitched and glued  
Soak in rain, and seeping through  
Conforming shape to gravel, bring surface new

Unconnected plastic rings  
set themselves apart at sea  
Moving left, and shifting  
never knowing peace

sleep don't come easy  
when my eyes turn to you□  
and i know in two years time  
you've been away.

If I could be honest to you  
I'd not hide in  
I'd show to you  
No metaphor  
Just what could present to you