

Veda Hille

"With No Caring"

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Walking through our house
Our hands working making signs

Neither hope nor fear
Through doorways and faithless times

Edge past our silences, dear
Paintings can't say what they hear

Facing in a hot box
Spitting anger in the air
In the air
Hard consonants like darts
Fury burning from nowhere
With no caring

You in your room
Me in mine

Working at making signs

Patching the holes
We bite and tear

Write me another letter, dear

Facing in a hot box
Spitting anger in the air
In the air
Hard consonants like darts
Fury burning from nowhere
With no care
With no caring

There is no map
For love and anger

Where is the trap
I smell decay and danger

How can I write a story?

This is no end

I refuse to accept this
As a fault I must mend

Facing in a hot box
Spitting anger in the air
In the air
Hard consonants like darts
Fury burning from nowhere
With no caring

There is no map
For love and anger

Where is the trap
I smell decay and danger

How can I write a story?
This is no end

I refuse to accept this
As the loss of a friend

Walking through our house
Our hands working making signs

Write me another letter, dear
Write me another letter, dear

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