

## **Blue Foundation**

### **"Sweep"**

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The floor you walk on is smooth. There is no ground there.  
Magic begins with blood. Outside, there are trees,  
With concrete under their roots. But I have passed the  
tombs of kings,  
Regaled them with pacing, checked bins for food and  
wrappings.  
I have scoured the seas for miles, cloaked my face with  
ash.  
My fingertips opening, accepting my time.

The dark cylinders of half-smoked cigarettes  
For me, I'm your sorrow  
Calling in your dreams  
For me, I'm your shadow  
Howling in the streets

Water chimes in the space between rocks,  
speakers discharge and laughter is in the air.  
Glass divides us, empty bottles mark the steady sweep  
of days.  
Tomorrow, I will walk the streets  
And steel myself for the familiar. Your eyes  
Will not settle, a hunger. You'd be happier in your  
grave.  
When we meet, share stories, you stretch me. I see,  
I see a semi-circle of teeth.

The dark cylinders of half-smoked cigarettes  
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