

Glen Phillips

"David"

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Curious the smile
Tenuous the hold
Embarrassed and uncertain
We enfold
His hands are held together
So it looks just like he praying
But they've never once been answered
And so he's only waiting
Every single word he says
Seems to last a minute
And the faces in between
Last for hours so it seems
And five times he tries
To light his cigarette
But he's shaking so damn badly
The closest he can get
Is a spark, and a breath
Then nothing left
A crucifix on every wall
Forsaking, unforgiving all
Home denied his vision

Drowned in superstition

He burned the walls with acid

So that he could see past them

With a burning rage, a gasping breath

Then nothing left

Saw our games and could not play them

No escaping curious David

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