

## Howards Alias "Wrong Note"

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In air we find both life and flight.  
Both can destroy when treated lightly.

This time we'll find we can't end on the wrong note.

A piece of me was silently taken from this argument.  
It wasn't meant to be like this.

Fall endlessly but think of me.  
The ends not near but I am.

What can I do now?  
This silence can't last.  
How did we go this far while pushing away from what  
they call love now?  
Will we speak clearly?  
Put our problems to sleep and fill hearts  
That are empty of anything like things we could call  
emotion or forget it all?

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