

## **In The Woods... "Generally More Worried Than Married"**

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What is addiction with absence of drug  
What is grey without the presence of white  
Days remain hollow with absence of night

When I fell into my absence and knew  
Not what to do  
I made a can of coffee - smoked a  
Cigarette or two This is like a  
Hunger - This day is like a feast  
A last supper to materialize the  
Wasted, slumbered beast in the closet

She lives in the attic  
- A floor in between  
My room and the comets -

Of chaos and dreams

I'm awaiting the crack of dawn - the smell  
Of morning - where the sound of her  
Footsteps can comfort and cure

It takes quite a while to get things  
In perspective A bleak, coloured tile  
Upon the wall - so pale and objective  
But how would I gain from this knowledge  
When I know not where to go

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