

Jairemie Alexander

"From The Drain Of A.I.S"

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As the cold floor screams attention (determination.....)
I observe reactions with tears (.....to make us see).
Apologies for broken halo's and imperfection, broken
wings mend. This fall (problems solve.....).
This fall where words vanish (.....thoughts awake) and
problems solve like fallen angels. A new concept (and
coldness.....). What keeps me seated (the winter of my
heart), rooms warm with familiar voice.
To the stairs with hands that pull, they find no
resistance. Shirts ripped and tears, I have no time to
choose my words, that break pictures and wet eyes.
To keep my eyes open takes your faces (for you). This
glass in my head (without a reason) resounds and
echoes. With each dream that screams and dies, with
each of your words my head looks up.
This is all of you, I give all of me to you. Friends that
keep dreams alive and raise me to the stars, to touch
God and say, I'm sorry.

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