

The City On Film

"Kind Of Like Spitting - Out Of Harm's Way... Finally"

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Salt and sugar sustains through the freeze. Your phone calls never bring me out of thick dreams. I cant be reasonable, say come here alone. Pull the phone from the outlet, and collapse in the hall. A hell of a ride if you seize it. It won't be the same if you leave it. Sleep with your door ajar, for the sound of any person or car. I slept on the sofa bed I never will again. I crept round the living room to tire my limbs. She hated that her balcony, that I could never be ok. When it broke us forever it all resembled TV. You know where you'll go when you leave here. You look tired with the keys in your hand. Afraid you might have missed her call. Ashamed that you missed her at all. Its not over by any means, but you cant do anything. I know it feels like shunning family, but some bridges are worth burning. Let i

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