

The Deadlights

"G.O.L.D.R.U.S.H."

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I've been taking notes
In the palms of my hands,
In large black print
To remind my self:
Every day that
Slips through my hands,
These ghosts move in.
I watched them dance.

And all their movements
Used to resonate the way you held
Yourself, the one I couldn't help
But never disregard.
These are the words to shake
The years away like leaves,
From the branches of the trees in autumn,
Stolen by the breeze.

I don't think about you anymore.

And the sounds
That I found,
When this vessel ran aground,
They pound
The decks around,
And I'm waiting to be found.
I'm drifting.

They shook me from my dreams
Of past securities,
And fastened me to present tense
So I could clearly see-

These ghosts move in!
All their movements...
I watched them dance!
Like clockwork.

And every note traced on my hands
Serves to help me make amends
With myself.

I don't think about you anymore.

You cannot be
The tide to me,
You no longer navigate these shores.
I'm counting on
The stars this time,
As I cannot trust what once was yours.
I've sailed so far.

We've sailed too far!
Let's ditch the compass.
Guide our lives by stars.

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