

Jumping Bomb Angel

"Anonymous"

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I dreamt my shrine had found its mark and carried
shame upon its back
pressed to find the line they crossed but hoped that it
was all an act
backed up in a corner I felt dizzy
hold the door until they say I'm guilty
am I?

woke up to find a martyr running from the soldier's bed
he'd made
drew lines for a reckoning his friends had all been
scared away
"spring's gone," he said, "and it's too quiet here"
but best to stay til no one's left to notice
did I?

they billed me as a traveler but bidders left me here
alone
months keep passing wonder if I'll get to where I have
to go
wrapped up in a chance to end up stranded
should have got a call so I'd get moving
did I?

I'm waiting on a line

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