

## Mapmaker "Bruised Architecture"

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If only I could mold the space before me  
Into dreams and wordy thoughts  
I wouldn't be so lost.  
I'd see our neuro-vibrations  
Building the architecture of ink  
Into the clouds.  
There'd be a skyline blue with choppy logic  
Against a white sky of potential mistakes.

The forms and fire of this black and blue  
Landscape are sleeping always, always  
Sleeping in this city of dreams  
Realer than color and realer than the light  
That's vibrating  
And yearning to explode  
Into the peace of black and blue architecture.

I am a blind man running in this city.  
I lack the strength to give or take or to listen.  
I thought you were my guide but you're not you're  
stronger than me  
Where can we go?

Instead I'm painted tainted black and blue.  
Stumbling fumbling mumbling my questions only  
Bruised by the answers grey ruins without walls.  
But I love you yes I do.  
But I love you yes I do . . .

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