

The New York Room

"This Is As Close As I Get To Love"

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Cold winter night
Between sheets and ceiling bed and floor
I took the sharpest knife
In my drawer and went for the kill
And as you doubled over
Reeling from the cut
The feeling I won faded fast
Like the last bits of summer into fall
Like the sand from the ocean with the tide
I gathered up your body
And pulled it close to mine
Felt you sobbing in agony
Felt your heart turn to stone under mine
You said through dying lips
You'd wish me well
I left you laying there
And headed out
Into the night
Feeling the bitterness that comes
With winning another fight
With blood still on my hands
I walked on through
Avenues
Alleyways
And
Shadow littered streets

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