

Sorrowseed

"A Reunion Of Sorts"

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Break out the champagne,
It's the kind we drank last year.
On the shores of your acquired house,
With twilight drifting near.

Can you recall the happiness
Or get back the years?
Nights around the kitchen table
Saturdays in cars with myths and aspirations
Mouthing many secrets with useless connotations.

I had a dream last night
Of the day your brother died
He was cold, alone inside his car choking carbon
monoxide
Does he come to you when you sleep?
Do you shake instead of dream?
Whisper that you forgive him.

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