

## Phonte

### "An Apology"

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This is what I know,  
The canopy loss of our home  
Is a far cry, while I'm away.

Tethered to finding a rope,  
We walk in precarious ways.  
And go alone at night  
To Misery's bed.  
In Misery's bed, we stay.

So far away

Here in the tremble and pulse,  
With the rush and the weight of the world.  
I am a cannibal, known,  
Begging the lashes to break.

You find me awake in a dream,  
A scream in the dark, so it seems.  
Or is that just how it leaves?  
The shadow I cast now the breeze.

So far away

So this is how it goes,  
With the loss of our canopy home.  
That falls with the leaves from the trees,  
As we pass.

And I wasn't there in the last,  
But I was surely there from the first.  
Here, in my chest where you burst,  
I keep the crush  
And the weight of the world.

So far away

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