

## Admiral Fallow "Beetle In The Box"

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Hold your tongue the unwilling and the safe  
Make your mark in your own tiny way  
Your own miniature firework display for one

Fear of facing the shadow on the shore  
Tied in knots and hung out on the backdoor  
The 'boy-done-good' thoughts of valour and the all-for-one

It's the beetle in the box that shakes in your hands  
And it's formed out of feelings I don't understand  
They're mapped in the gaps and the spaces between  
The worry of bearing the ghost in the machine

I eat your words and you mark my mistakes  
We set the dictionary up to fail  
The work of poets is a vapour we exhale it's gone

Fleeting fondness is a flicker in your frown  
Spilling out in adjectives and nouns  
A mess of letters once it's chewed and swallowed down  
all gone

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How do you feel pain?  
(Tremors through the floor)  
How do you hear sound?  
(Tapping on the walls)  
I wish I could feel it all

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