

Candy Hearts

"Cracks Beneath Closed Doors"

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For all the words that get lost
In the cracks beneath closed doors,
Entangled in tin-can telephones,
Drowned out by the sound of the radiator,
Singing a song, like your sister sings when she is
drunk,

There is somewhere where what we cannot say
resounds
Like 20 years of late slips and uncertainty.
Somewhere, somebody reaches out,
And someone takes their hand,
And someone goes to bed alone again.

For all the things that get filtered out,
Like the airplanes that fly above your house,
The footsteps of your neighbor when he can't sleep,
The pauses between commas and periods that make
me think

Somewhere, what we cannot say resounds
Like 20 years of late slips and uncertainty.
Somewhere, somebody reaches out,
And someone grabs their hand,
Someone misses their alarm,
Someone's late for work,
And someone goes to bed alone again.

When I was younger, I would reach my arms,
To the heating vent to hear my parents talk.
Now that I'm older, I stand on my toes,
And ask the sky to tell me something I don't know.

For all the things that get lost in the cracks beneath
closed doors,
Maybe, we'll find the words.

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