

Eleven

"Howling Book"

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Another wailing wall
A slip, a fall
An emptiness that holds it all
I know it blinded
A star that travels into holes
To get a sense of how it ends
It's better than to shine uncounted

Is this my howling book?
Is this all that you took from me?
I wrote it as a way to say...
Enough
I wrote it as a door
To take you away
So far away from me

Another page to turn
A word, a space
So many feelings with a face
I know it blinded
Another soul you sold
To try to feel
It's almost like you thought me real
And so I vanish...

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