

Faded Paper Figures

"The Cold Wars"

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See the wrecking crews go by
Leave a broken piece of you outside.
See the smokers out to breathe,
Coughing secrets as you start to leave.

See your words hang in the cold
Clouds of chatter from inside your soul.
Every story stained in glass
Starts to shatter on your way to class.

The cold is nice, when love is ice
Our solitude will warm the room.
We'll melt here like icicles,
Electric and lyrical
Our solitude will warm the room
So let's never leave the room.

See the Blakeans on fire
Campus poetry or real desire?
Elbows covered for the freeze,
I feel it coming with your Western breeze.

The cold is nice, when love is ice
Our solitude will warm the room.
We'll melt here like icicles,
Electric and lyrical
Our solitude will warm the room
So let's never leave the room.

My lips still unused to you
Chaps all come on to you
Tongue on the icy steel
Stuck like we used to feel.

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