

The Accidental "Closer I Am"

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The closer I am
To your faded hand
The cold inch of air
That threatens my bed
Where you used to stand

The ghost at my arm
The kiss on my neck
So strange this house that I'm in
It's not what I meant by those things I said

The frost on the glass
The wheels on the road
The soft white machine
That holds you between
The coming and going

The closer I am
The closer I get
The further you drift from this place
While I cling to your face in my head

The closer I am
To your threaded hand
The cold slice of air
That holds by my bed
Where you used to stand

The closer I am

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