

## **The Horrors**

### **"Little Victories"**

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I press your hand in mine however cautiously  
I keep a smile right to myself  
And I lapse into the grasp of an overriding obsession  
And I get sick as I watch my interests fall into  
suspension

This winter, so cold, creeping around your arm  
Stealth soldiers, creeping around your palm  
And it's harder, hard to understand  
Little victories won creeping around your hand

The sickness has taken hold through violent, blurted  
syllables  
Escape my mouth under my breath  
The voice of pricking dread is whispering insistent in  
my ears  
My paranoia has galvanized by your gaze, so austere

This winter, so cold, creeping around your arm  
Stealth soldiers, creeping around your palm  
I know it's harder, hard to understand  
Little victories won creeping around your hand

I pinned your crest to my chest  
Hoping it might start to look right

There was hushed talk of young boy's corpse  
Lying face down in the river, his hands used to move  
like mine  
I can't stand myself this morning, I am practically that  
boy  
No strength to endure, ghostly insecure, pallid through  
lack of choice

This winter, so cold, creeping around your arm  
Stealth soldiers, creeping around your palm  
I know it's harder, hard to understand  
Little victories won creeping around your hand  
Creeping around your hands

