

The Dreamscapes Project

"Act V, Scene I"

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I bet that's her on the other line and I'm concerned that
its come the time all was perfect just behind the wave
that rose up from below the brine and the salt in the
water like the salt in her hair rolled down her cheek and
leapt in the air reached out held tight no longer afraid
wanting nothing more than to die by the mother that
made them you say no to is it clear and this bar of soap
has all but disappeared this frantic washing is my only
hope until I learn to cope her essence in a sentence
independence and I am only watching from a distance
like a menace I seek penance for this cycle I am locked
in like a sentence it keeps on am I wrong like its all
been put here just to write a song all alone look around
she's gone the stains the blood it won't come out why
don't you see it

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