

Simian Ghost

"Sparrow"

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you walk through the crowd with a curious smile on
your face
you look like you're keeping a secret
you stroll past the park and the houses and cars
it all seems to pass right by your consciousness flare

and you rush home
with your hand over your pocket
you gently shade it
keeping safe what it contains

you slide through the backdoor and rush up the stairs
and you sit on the floor next to your bed
you're lifting it slowly to see if it's dead
the wings rest in silence over it's head

and you cry
and you feel so powerless
but at least you tried
you tried to help and in your heart
you know
that's rare
these days

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