

THE REMAINING EMBERS.... A COLLECTION OF WHAT WAS DRIFTING BY

BY NICK LEFORT

THERE WERE MANY DIFFERENT THINGS THAT LED TO THE WORDS BEING COLLECTED INTO THEIR MINI-COLLECTIONS THAT CAN BE FOUND IN THE FOLLOWING PAGES. BUT OVERALL, THIS BOOK IS BEING DEDICATED TO MY ONE TRUE MUSE: THE MILLS.

I COULD NEVER LOVE ANYTHING AS MUCH AS I LOVE HER...

CHAPTER ONE: MARCHING BACKWARDS

"Thus, I Was Inspired to Buy a Fire-Pit"

Lets get weird
Lets take downers
Lets fly a kite until the sky is gone.
In an attempt to bring me back home
Home
Home..

I'm alone on a planet
Full of patience
I'm alone
On a distant star
I'm alright
In the mist I'm pacifying
I'm alright hurting myself
So much for religion
So much for... just being..
Alone..

Oh I'm just sitting back
Waiting for the sun to fight back
Oh I'm just wasting time
Sitting here in limbo
Within my planet
My favorite star.

Bottle of wine
Doing fine..
Empty
Bottle of wine

Now it's weird
And I've lost my kite
More like I've lost my want for my kite
This star is home.
Home
Let's leave me
alone.

*With Cigar and Wine on the back Deck; Alone,
October 06*

“Flower”

You sit all day within my mind,
Within my heart,
Upon my soul.

Making your way in my field of life
Through all of the petals you've left behind.

Touch me now.

*Appreciating my wife from Afar,
September 06*

"We Hunger for Toxins"

Turkey vultures
Like fat grandmothers in feathery coats
Nip at the corner on some forgotten morsel.

I buy my food in a store.

7-11 at the base of Mount St. Helens
Sells postcards of impending doom.
People flock from all around,
(Including fat grandmothers in whatever kind of coat)
To buy these pictures of doom;
To nest at the base of the mountain
And wait for the pyroclastic reality.

I take my death in the ground.

Pesticides where I park my car;
Walk my feet;
And shit my dog.
Paid for by the man upstairs
Who's concerned about electricity.

Thankfully I wear shoes.
Thankfully the dog is covered in fur.

But not for long.

*Observations on my way home: Post Geology Class,
September 06*

“National Regression”

Set the pace
of exploration.

Your mind escapes...
Buildings fall...
Mountains crawl...
..Amidst this definition of imagination.

We grew tall
while they fell short.
Our minds remained open,
while theirs slowly closed.

They say men are dying
for freedom
in the desert.

I say they're just dying.

All while the man in charge
bathes himself
in his daily amplifying
ignorance.

Set the pace
of how much you can be sure of.
Listen to the words,
but pay no attention.

Our government has the greatest imagination.
They take pills just to sleep at night.

Buildings fall
while I creep slowly into the mountains.

*Planning my Escape.
Somewhere 06*

On and on
upon the open road.
Each breath the cover of a
National Geographic magazine.

We are lost
and alive.

Alone in a cigar bar
with penot noir,
a soccer team,
and ridiculously good deeds.
Awaiting the coming of Heaven on Earth
Proof of the Prophecy.

Old ladies complaining
within this faux book facade.
And I am fucking cocky.
Collared shirt and all.
Taking in the atmosphere
twenty dollars at a time.

I smile through fake flowers
and the adventure is renewed.

Red rings the bottom of my glass.

Missing a rehearsal dinner I was not invited to...
September 06

"So So"

So so modern Americana
A grandmother and her heavy cigarette
Push a stroller full of trouble
Towards a grassy hill within her yard.

As I re-run over a chipmunk
Gotten the better of by a previous
diluted humanitarian.

I'm no better
To preoccupied to honor the dead.

I come across another stroller
Children pushing babies
Pushing the idea that there is
no innocence left in youth;

They've lost that gentle look.
The dog even seemed weary.

So so modern Americana
New England wasteland
With its broken bottles
And condoms in dugouts
on little league baseball fields.

*I walked out of the woods on a rainy day for this,
June 06*

"Correspondence from Afar"
to AMR

*within his words
i found the drug
that polluted his wicked mind
and at that point knew
i was no better than him...*

weird callers at the edge of night

amr,

from the preface you can gather where my mind is at, roberts.
i have taken a turn for the worst and foresee a bright
and multi-dimensioned future on new york's city streets:
within it debaucherous confines.

we will have the fear
and it will be glorious, man. glorious.
i'm thinking of wearing a sport coat.
go out there really in touch
patches on my elbows and whatnot..
but be so far away
that in the end i'll have thought it was a movie.

join me!?!
i know you will.
we've just got to get the other fellow on the same page.

he needs only but a taste.
only a glimpse of the fear.

we will be roman soldiers

mahalo

nel

*Tuesday, At the Edge of Night,
February 06*

"A Childhood Memory"

Driving through autumn farm scenes
I saw Louie Siepel dying on my father's couch
I was ten, on bi-monthly visits.
My father sat beside him
on his smoky rocking chair,
smoky living room,
smoky television
smoky life,
dying in stride.

Louie, king of comedy
Nose like stereotypical Jew.
Pop kicked you out for being a drunk..
Pop, a drunk.
Pop, a hypocrite.
Pop, not coming to my wedding
because of sodden brain:
Wet Brain;
undiagnosed

Pop, on my autumn day
missed by a ten year old.

Louie, beneath the leaves
within the dirt.

Louie,
I gave you coins to give to Charon.
Stole them from my old man..
12 years gone and we're still buying you drinks.

*Remember the Dead and Dying,
November 05*

"Making your way in the world today takes everything you've got...."

We were salivating for our dinner
and wept while you ate
the hinges rusted shut on our cage door.

You,
like great Caesar;
a mediocre Christ,
keep building your social empire.
Embrace and succumb to Moloch.

In our cages,
compared to you,
we are
free.

Spit up your oil madman,
Spit up!

*Pondering our Political Institution,
November 05*

“Oh, The Humanity”

When the soft reality of the human form
collides in the rain with the unfeeling machine...
The machine feels no pride.
There is no Romanesque victory.
There is only shock,
Silence,
And a motor running.

*After watching a car bounce off of a girl on Campus,
October 05*

"The Writing Part of The Dream"

I drive through thick scenes
of an autumn metamorphosis..
just before my car disappears around me..

Destitute women speak desperate words
to their children on their graduation day.

I crawl by with peanuts crunching beneath.

Returning home.
I'm greeted with horror show movie scenes.
So real on my coffee table
that I remove the bloodied sheet.

The little girl beneath says she's only practicing
to be a zombie, as her face changes back to innocence.

As the sheet turns back to white
As the scratching stops on the door before me

replaced by morning...

*Stuck with the Lingering Dream,
October 05*

"A Response From Enlightenment"

My cat smiles
Like my mother would
Sometimes smile

Quietly
Across a room
Only between her and i.
Spontaneously

Though the cat is on my lap
and I'm really looking this time.
Really trying to get a hold on what my cat looks like,
It's all still really spontaneous.

*Couch-bound,
October 05*

“Electric, Sexual, Social: We”

We moved together
in waves of variation.
Mirroring and complimenting each other
Beneath a starlit sky.

You touched my heart and blew my mind.
100 amps pulsed on either side of my soul.

We could have powered the world
But we were only concerned with ours.

Always us.
Forget everyone else.
We're the only sure thing.

Infinity.
Infinitely.

*Letting Our Bodies Remind Us,
July 05*

“We Alone....”

Each night is enchantment.
Hinting familiar, but always new.

Body against naked Body.
Soul against naked Soul.

We alone are a galaxy.

Your soft dreaming and breathing.
Random murmurs that I've finally learned a reply for.

Every night is as good as the next;
Better than the last.

We alone, make the world go round.

And each morning one remains.
While the other supplies a departing kiss.

Leaving the one in slumber
with waking happiness.

We alone are a galaxy.

*Daily Ritual with Millie, Reflection,
July 05*

“Baptism”

The Axe
flows gently through the belly
of this late Elm.

A Chip
of damp sampling
catches in my beard.

It's the smell
which comes from that solitary chip
that grounds me.

The Center of the Tree
is bone dry.
Perfect for this fire.
For this feast.

Beneath this Canopy
we will soon be consumed
by the burning breadth of the timber.

Embers
to dry my eyes and warm my mind.

I will sit in this smoky meditation
only to later walk through town
stepping into the bars of the city

Drenched in the smell of campfire:

Wrapping around threads in cloth
Combing in my hair.
Stationed in my beard.

Lingering in my future
the past not far behind.

Ceremony..

*Remembering the Mountain's Giving, Ragged,
July 05*

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*Daily Ritual with Millie, Reflection,
July 05*

“Emily In English”

What are you scraping upon your paper?
Disregarding the lines provided for you?

It seems too intricate from over you shoulder.
You turn your head – I’m staring.

But I am not staring at you.

Assaulting the page, your pen is a weapon.

Intrigued,
I try telepathics
and quietly beg you to move.

You do – and a border is revealed.

Though your breast is still somewhat in the way.
I catch a glimpse of

your name surrounded by crudely drawn demons....

*Befuddled, I Quickly Retract from an Obsession,
April 05*

“Stampede”

Colors cascade across the ledge of this once familiar mountain.
The flowers are collected in randomly placed bunches.
Some shoot out from the remaining snow,
leaving the unknowing eye to a beautiful surprise.

I sit against a rock.
Neighboring another colorful bunch.

Though it is still cold,
You can't defeat the coming stampede of Spring.

I am thankful.

*Ragged Solitude, Warm & Alone,
March 05*

"Human, why do you have to be such a tiger?"

Last night I had a dream that I was Japanese.
Living in the time of the samurai..
I was a boy, sewing a garden of coyotes..
Filling fresh-dug pits with them, and covering them for winter..

My mother was there,
also now a Japanese woman..
She was helping me with the garden,
which lay under a canopy of bamboo.

The sun was setting.
Everything was covered in
red, orange, harmony, and brown.

We had a tiger which we called "Human".
She was helping us with the garden.
When she was done digging the pits
I thanked her.

She grazed me with her paw and I bled.

Wrapping my arm i said:
"Human, why do you have to be such a tiger?"

*Metaphorically Speaking. You Dig?
March 05*

“Within My Cerebral Parts”

Pressing the illusion
of figures moving
in the current blend of white and night
creates a symphony of thought,
that borders madness in the cerebral parts of me.

And even if such is so;
a figure creeping beyond the fresh embankment,
I'll let them creep upon me
and make them an illusion.

For what is real and what is not?
Sometimes I would rather not know....

*Somewhere out there,
January 05*

"And You're Still Looking For Applause"

you wore your heart
like many'd cufflinks.
sharing everything
while staying
just an inch out of reach.

you wanted smiles
while you were serving frowns.
you wanted heroes
while upon your throne.

we all waited patiently
for you to come down
and will always wonder
how you got yourself
up on that cross...

nails and all.
nails and all.

*In the awe of some who think they're the One,
December 04*

Coffee,
safer than
Cocaine
cheaper than
Good speed
pushes me on in to the daze.

As if on some ultra-personalized
Disney ride
I watch everything go on.

Words leave my mouth
in response only
But raise more questions.

I am on day two of my strike
against sanity.
I am not sure that I am
alive right now.
I am quite possibly in
a posthumous caffeine-propelled animation.

A corpse amongst the living.

My neurotransmitters replaced
with French vanilla beaneries...

Realizing my habits are habit forming,
November 04

“My Home”

I'm seeped in the salts of imagination.
Deep within the dream that is laced with you.
Every turn I take sends me into ecstasy.

You are my ticket out of this place.

Lay your hand upon my heart.
Rest your mind upon my soul.
You are the reason I keep breathing.

Wherever you are, I find my home.

An ode to the woman, who one day, I may just die for,
November 04

“Envy”

The mellow sunshine pushes through the coniferous sprigs
and lands gently upon my shoulders.

Warming me
on this stereotypical Autumn day.

The trail ahead is blanketed with
discarded Technicolor foliage,
But I can still make out the contours of the trail.

To me,
these are the days where one is truly alive.
Mixed in with the feeling of cold and the smell of woodsmoke,
or maybe nutmeg .

I am out here today to say goodbye.
For there are only a few days left like this:
Still a little warm.
Still a little alive.
Still.

When the season is over,
so am I until the next equinox.

If I could hibernate I would.
(I envy the bears)

*Contemplating a nap,
October 04*

CHAPTER TWO: A TRIPLET FOR MY FIRESIDE FRIENDS

“Elegy to a Relocated Friend”

for Natale

I woke up this cold morning
warmed by the leaving dream;

We were in the mountains.
You'd returned from your “westward expansion”.
I could hear your voice without a telephone.

I got out of bed,
Showered,
Had a meal,
Went on with my morning.
By now the dream was just as it was,
a dream; images floating into a fog in the back of my mind.

But then I passed on old picture frame:

Two best friends,
Long hair
Beards,
Tents in the background,
Contemplating their future.
Smiling.
Stuck in some thought in one another's eyes.

And I cried.
I cried a good,
hard cry. As if I had buried you in August.
Even in this composition I find the tears falling into my beard.

Do you still have a beard?
Did you grow your hair out again?
Will you one day become that astral image we all see?

With everything I have,
I am empty. For the depth of me traveled cross-country to find you,
some time in September.
While what was left tried to fill the void with alternations in time.

When you can,
please come home.

"Welcome Home"

for Vincenzo

We walked a mile by the lake
while trees fell on buildings in town
And watched the water burst over the edge
of the receded shore..

When we reached a bench
we sat and ate ideas from one another's brains.
While we passed around tea,
with nobody near,
except for the occasional mad wanderer.

After an hour
we realized the sun was growing old
And soon she would dive behind the mountains
To save a little grace,
Add a minute or two to the next day.

We were cold
And we knew it.
The wind blew too hard to be beneath the trees..

But we sat and lit
while time waited patiently.

A welcome home to two lost souls.

"The Welder and The Writer"

for NDW

You are missed my friend,
these nights by the fire.
As the cold moves in
and the colors change.

Yet I keep your place
where you have left it,
In case you want to
come up from the rain.

The timber smokes
like we did in summer,
on the rumbling shores of
the Great Champlain.

The leaves fall around me,
and you miss them
While the wind whistles the music that we played.

It's a subtle piece that needs some tuning,
but it's the only song we know how to play.

INTERLUDE: OPEN LETTER TO THE S.L.F

march 14/06
before your beautiful eyes opened

Booba-San,

I figured I hadn't written you a letter on the computer in a while I would write you one this morning. God, you're hot!

So this is what I had to say:

I know our new apartment in your parents' basement is small. But, I like to look at it this way: The same size apartment costs like \$1500 a month in Manhattan. And we get our own bathroom and semi-convenient parking spots. Oh, and a fire pit – we could never have a firepit in NYC. They'd think we were mad **hulligans** or arsinists a combination of both. And will have our yellow and our green and maybe our red (if I can split the kitchen off of the living room). Anyway, we'll make it rad. We always do.

You're my favorite place to live.

Let's have that tag sale. Sprawled down the side of the driveway on a nice Spring day. I've got tons of things to sell. We'll start with that black lamp in the "brewery" and go from there.

You really are my favorite place to live. (Sigh)

Love Always,
Papa San

P.s. Perfect Breasts. Seriously.

CHAPTER THREE: THE THICK OF IT

"Thoreau had Walden"

Some dew, a rock, two sticks, and a leaf
All live within the cave beneath
The oak, the laurel, and their coniferous cousins.
Atop of a mountain that touches the heavens.

Some roots, and some ash, an old paper bag
Are all that remains of the fire I had
Late last night that warmed up my body,
My mind, my soul, and the spirits around me.

These walls of rock now echo my dreams,
and make me wonder if I should ever leave...

Last night I found my calling in this cave
Hiding from the reality of the falling rain.

“Realistic Breadcrumbs Trailing Back to Our Bed”

In the frame of the door,
the cat has strategically placed
multicolored neon jack-toys
and catnip filled landmines, some with little bells.

Your shirt sits against the back of the chair,
along with two years of memories,
and my winter hat,
which at some point became yours.

On the rug
a small red elastic has coiled itself into a ball
and is advertising a strand of your
maple leaf in the middle of October colored hair.
Or is it my hair?

Next to it your pants cascade over my boots,
my boxer shorts are mysteriously shoved in the side pocket.
Though the empty bottle of wine
tipped against the foot of the night-stand
quickly solves the mystery.

The bed is a wrought iron palace
at the base of a sage green mountain...
The sky above is a galactic tapestry,
that even still, after years, I cannot comprehend.

In the midst of a sea of blankets there you lie:
Queen of our slumber-castle.
Mid night pillow bandit!

I jump in for a swim
and proceed with a back-float into slumber.
With little sleep noises
you swim your way over to me.
Resting against me to stay afloat...

"I Peek From My Morning Sleep"

You stand in front of the mirror
observing your precision crafted female form.

The sun flows in from an adjacent window
layering you in a heavenly light.

The reflection you see reminds me
of any day in the country, mid-spring,
fresh blossoms in bloom.

It reminds you to smile.

Your hair falls just below your shoulders -
like auburn silk it flows with the movement of
your essence, in a wave.

Somewhere in heaven,
an angel wishes for this kind of perfection...

"Folding While You Were Away"

As I fold your small cotton panties,
I obviously begin to think of you –
miles away in a set of cat ears.

We spent all morning together
only to have to spend all night apart,
but it's the way things go these days...

Being mature and all..

Even though they've been through
a full wash cycle,
and a high-heat drying period,
your little shirts still have you all over them...

It's an autumn smell,
that fits you perfectly....

Accenting the mood outside..

This is some form of torture...
This is being in love...

"Whores"

Random parcels
from our after party
cling to the walls of my brain.
Flashing random photos of
intermingled virgin flesh.

We danced all night,
and went home to dance some more.

We didn't see a dream until
the sun popped over the hills.

We spent a night being
one another's whores.

"We No Longer Need To Dream"

aka "Stranger In The Shower"

through the vines I peek at you
bathing like an angel,
no, a nymph...
in the mist of a long forgotten waterfall.

your eyes sparkle the richest blue,
while I fall in love.

i remain still and quiet.
the water collects on the small of your back.

i could weep at your natural beauty...
...your cooling harmony.

butterflies suspend themselves
within your aura.

it's as if everything around us has stopped...
...the axis of great mother earth has taken a pause

all for this panoramic daydream.

would you go with me to the astral fields
where we could gather stars
in hopes to construct the perfect night?

i would only ask you because
you have already made the perfect day.

would you let me hold you
for the rest of our lives?
after all your enchantment holds me
in so many ways.

i push through the vines
expecting your startle...
...you smile.
you knew I was there the whole time...
...and you too were waiting.

we no longer need to dream...

"Absorbing You"

The spot has dried
on the plastic river bed.
Your spot,
a remnant of the female life cycle.

Though the blood is beneath
two inches of luke-warm water
it remains whole.
Pacifically resisting.
Defiant to dissolving.

I turn the handle and
the man-made cascade
rushes down the side of the plastic valley.

The spot does not dissipate quickly.
Instead,
it breaks down slowly
like Indian clay in a child's hand
becoming,
if you will,
a multi-granular sand of life.

It doesn't follow the whirlpool to the drain.
Instead it breaks down
smaller
and smaller
becoming one with the water.

Absorbing into my feet.
Becoming one with me..

“Bang Bang”

You've got your soul shaking
under the moon's shine.
And your mind is almost gone.

So who is the rain to try and interrupt on your day?
The day you finally let yourself free.

Quitting your job at noon
was the best thing you could do.

And setting a flame to your own flat,
was ever more the same.

Your awakening.
Your day.
And now the rain
as you dance naked in a circle
bordered by every
local police car
and its officer....

GUNS DRAWN!

You shake your bloody fists
and stick out your black tongue.
And you scream your screams
And you dance your dance –
Like no one has done before.

And no one around you knows what to do.

You welcome the rain.
You have finally won.

Behind your back you shape your hand into a gun....

Time to go out with a bang...

“Dementia”

In the very recent
past, my grandmother has begun to lose a little
and gain a lot
of confusion.

It's difficult to watch this happen,
but I have never seen her so happy.

Today I talked to her:
A story she brought up about the baby.
It was short,
but a conversation I could remember.

Ten minutes later,
she rummaged the same conversation up again.
I answered the same exact way as I did before

Only this time her response was more excited
and she laughed.

But she didn't know that she didn't laugh before.

“Anticipating the Mongoose”

For months now, I have been anticipating the mongoose...
Ever aware, so as to not let it get the drop on me..

Little rabbit..
Little rabbit..

The mongoose thinks nothing of me.
I am just prey.

But this little rabbit is anything but..

For, to me the landscape may be new and native...
But to the mongoose, the landscape is a mystery..

While he hunts,
I explore..

In exploring
I unearth secrets and stories..

Poor mongoose..

This little rabbit is the master of this land.
For, this land is nothing more than the rabbit..

And you are nothing more than what I allow you to be..

CHAPTER FOUR: HONEYMOON HAPPENINGS

“Balcony View to the Poolside Bar”

Ahh..
To sit in the driving rain,
Double-fisting Green Parrots like a bastard.
Looking well in Jamaica.
Cloudy Jamaica
Linen-clad Millie.

New Wife to my New Husband..

We're liberated by libations
and drunk on the tropical scenery.

...The thunder truly does roll here
and people don't leave the pool.

Back to being liberated.
Over and out.

*Honeymoon. Getting Our Money's Worth.
May 2006*

"A Road Trip In Jamaica"

Mansions split poverty
in Saint Elizabeth.
But poverty recovers in the Middle Quarter.

Girls slip through barbed wire fences
dressed in tropical colors,
while old Rasta-fishermen sell
red fish and Red Stripe.

Asian plum entrepreneurs
line the roads with their
too-sodden-for-profit industry.

I saw a group of donkeys graze in a soccer field.

White bastards we are.
Simple on Appleton's.
Invading this culture,
Who are happy to have us.

*Honeymoon. Being a Tourist.
May 2006*

"White Spirits in Chocolate Town"

One week ago,
Orville Looking Glass and Jesus Christ
blessed our marriage.
Making us,
at the time,
the two most spiritual beings,
in the universe.

Now we find ourselves,
officially Mr. and Mrs.
in the land of No-First-Names-Just-Handshakes,
listening to the lives of these drunken strangers.

While the natives pause in awe to the buffalo tooth around my neck.

On a beach
with my petite brunette,
linen-clad gypsy and mystic.

We watch the ocean reach for the coming storm
as casual pelicans search for some bread.

There is a neighborhood of
Jamaican crabs that float from the tide
and sprint to their perfectly round
homes beneath the sand.

They enter sideways.
It's quite religious.

*Honeymoon. We are Important.
May 2006*

CHAPTER FIVE: TO BE READ IN THE CHURCH

“Shine On”

for Josh and Marci

Two souls in communion
On the world's most beautiful beach;
Beneath the night's most beautiful sky -
both thinking the same beautiful thing.

Or maybe they're on the perfect mountain?
Beneath a perfect citrus sun...
Or perhaps within the perfect rainstorm
during the closing days of a perfect spring.

Maybe he's up on a lighted stage
Sifting through a song
While she sits and darns her feathery wings
Knowing the next word before it's sung.

The place is not important.
Location doesn't mean a thing.
For wherever they go they are within
One another's hearts.

Transcending merely feeling:
Their love is what they're doing:
What they're in to: This love is their reason for being.

It is the house that they will one day build,
And the children that they will one day raise.

For, love is writing this beautiful story
That tells their tale of harmony.

Love is the guiding light
For these two souls in communion....

May it shine into eternity.

CHAPTER SIX: KEEPING WITH THE CHURCH THEME; HYMNS

“Chemical Vacation”

for Yojimbo

Setting into motion
The waves of intoxication
We ride them into heaven
A chemical vacation

I look back into mystery
While I perch upon this wave
And yell out into skylines,
How did we get this way

No one seems to answer
Laughs heard all around
From the way it seems we're going
We'll never come back down

We're living through our visions
With colors we can't explain
And riding into the future
On our goodtime friendly wave

"Myself"

(the cold play song)

v

I used to be needed
but I was mistreated
so now you can find me
alone on this shelf.

v

I used to feel wanted
but now I'm just haunted
of memories in autumn
and being myself.

c

I've never asked to be alone.
but for everything that I have done
it's a surprise that there's room here
for me at all..

you know..
she couldn't mean what you meant to me
she wasn't real like we used to be
but you could not forget...

how could you forget?
how could you forget?
I want to forget....
I want to...

v

you used to be needed
but now you're defeated
I wish I could find you
alone in my dreams

but you've gone on living
whilst I sat here hiding
because I've got this thing
about being myself...

**END TRANSMISSION.
AUGUST 12TH 2008.**

COMPILED @ THE SPRING