

HEAD LOW I WAKE AND WATCH YOU BREATHING WITH YOUR EYES **CLOSED I SIT AND WATCH YOU AND** EVERYTHING YOU DO OR DON'T DO YOU'RE AND WISER AND I I WAIT BY THE DOOR LIKE MY BEST COLORS FOR YOUR PORTRAIT LAY THE TABLE WITH THE FANCY LOVE SHOULD BE CELEBRATED BUT YOU TOLERATE IT WHILE YOU WERE OUT BUILDING OTHER WORLDS, WHERE WAS I? WHERE'S THAT MAN WHO'D THROW BLANKETS OVER MY BARBED WIRE? I MADE YOU MY TEMPLE, MY MURAL, MY SKY NOW I'M BEGGING FOR FOOTNOTES IN THE STORY OF YOUR LIFE DRAWING HEARTS IN THE BYLINE ALWAYS TAKING UP TOO MUCH SPACE OR TIME YOU ASSUME I'M FINE BUT WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF I, I BREAK FREE AND IN RUINS TOOK THIS DAGGER IN ME AND REMOVED IT GAIN THE WEIGHT OF YOU THEN LOSE IT I COULD DO IT IF IT'S ALL IN MY HEAD TELL TELL ME I'VE GOT IT WRONG SOMEHOW I KNOW MY LOVE SHOULD BE CELE-**BRATED BUT YOU TOLERATE** IT I SIT AND WATCH YOU

BELIEVE ME, **ME NOW**