

EMPTY SKY

In the House of Lies and the House of Song,
unseen architecture blends perfectly
with the geography of heaven and hell.

Freezer burn and barbecue flames collide
in a lifetime sentence of despair
that is the price of love. You led me

to the wrong door and said goodbye,
now I am going where the lonely go,
the most crowded place we can ever know.

Someone was watching out for me
but I have turned into smoke and air,
been forever blown away. No time

to seek forgiveness, make new friends
or walk the endless steps of shame.
No light burns in the darkness.

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