

Wait

Don't be afraid of color

Red doesn't make a sound

Don't drown beneath the squalor

Don't listen to the ground

I used to watch the sunset from my windowsill,

And rest my head against the glass, pretending that I could feel its drowsy heartbeat.

My own skipped steps as the sun slid past the hill

And the ground and the sky merged into a single, black sheet.

Don't open your eyes if the silence yearns

I know I will be late

Don't reach for your heart if the silence churns

I hope that you will wait

Other times, I'd watch it rise.

I never slept before it did so. I guess I couldn't rest without knowing it would be there.

But sure enough, vanilla tendrils would swing over the mountains to pull up curious eyes,

And I had tried so hard to hold their stare.

I'd like to think that friends don't lie

Don't turn your back to them.

I crawled across the pale sky

These thoughts you can't condemn.