

Poetry

Moddi

I'll bury my downcast hours in transparent ink
Tie myself to the mast and wait here for the ship to sink
Though I know I've set sail on a wishing well

The daylight is dimming out slowly with every breath I take
Gasps of air become roaring rivers keeping me awake
It gives me no time to think things through
I know words always come before you do

But I can't find no poetry left in these lines
I've been trying too hard, too long, too many times

Is this what a biochemist would call happiness?
Is it part of some unmade promise I thought I could forget?
Is it time that I let some air come through?
For now strangeling love is all I can do

Yeah, I know you have mountains of poems in mind
All explaining how all wounds will heal given time
But these days are no longer my time to spill
And I know that by waiting, I'll make them stand still

I kept it as close as I could through those winter nights
But the ropes only tighten round me as I tried to fight
There's no worth throwing stone in a wishing well
Now I'm out of black ink and true tales to tell

And I know it's all poetry, know they're just lies
But I'll still scavenge on what I find in between those lines
I'll pretend there was happiness, fake to have felt pain
Just to feel there's a reason to read it again
Just to feel there's a reason to read it again

