

The Wall

The wall wouldn't come down
So, I sat in front of it
Thinking of how I wished things would've been
Dreaming of how I hoped things could be
And drawing pictures in the sand.

Ghosts Across the Street

I can't look at all the pictures on my wall
Because they're gone
And I'm still here
Stuck in my old room
Like it's a sealed tomb

I hear echoes through the trees
The only thing that keeps me from them are dead branches and leaves
They're not what they used to be, just remnants from my memories
When I see ghosts across the street
I try to run on tired feet

But souls don't have to chase you to catch up
No matter how far you think you've run
So I guess moving away never would've worked, anyway
And I have to keep the peace with
These ghosts across the street.

The Cut Off

Locks grow and curl in a matter of weeks
Trimmed ends even out
Eventually splitting and breaking
Then falling off and down the drain

Style changes many times
But the new layers only ever cover the same things
And delay the inevitable

The journey of a single strand
Is rooted and strong and flowing
Until it meets death at the end

Quick snip, condition and dry
Makes outrunning look
Pretty and fun.

After the Wall

Fingertips all scraped away
Feeling the best kind of pain
Crawling down a white-hot beach
Sweat dripping with every reach
Don't look back or up or down
They don't know who you are now
All that remains is sun and sea
And whatever else you carry.