

I think of you before dawn
sleepy still awake and dreaming

You are stranger than imagination
with all the corner monsters lurking...

Always lurking
like a load stone creeping
Changing the north point of my compass

And the dreams of hurting,
the crying and screaming.
They never really did reach us.

Shadows creeping from the corners of dawn
Laughter fades 'til it's all but gone
Promises made by the queen to the pawn
And content is the fool who stares at the lawn

Creeping, dreaming, imaginary futures seeming
weaved from moments chaste and fleeting
made of memories
unrelenting
with the fox-coloured hair
and legs like trojans creeping.

I am melting
into every moment
that brings me closer
to that morning when we're
swirling sweetly in bedsheets
with this notion
they call happy

Only known as fleeting
Sparrows and the breadcrumbs seeming
just another notion dreaming

Slipping,
dipping,
dripping,
bleeding.

To the paranormal I am scratching,
srying, trying, breathing, believing.

Hoping to mimic hearts true beating.

But happy...

Happy.
You're so very fleeting...

*A poem titled 'A Song Without Music'
by Andrew Spencer*

