

Ebb and Flow

Death

If it feels like this

Voices changed but somehow the same

Unnoticed

Faster but slower

Lonely but together

Homeless but tethered

Only one; uncertain

Burning to touch but cold on the outside

Enough isn't ever

Alive on the inside

At his height but smaller

Ever small

Physical form won't take both sides

Electricity and wires burning

Goodnight.

For the first and last time