





BREATHE IN

I looked at you this morning with no memory of your name.
The sheets and pillows piled between us curled into a question.
Air light and blades hit chips and trindle us into today
I beheld you blue and turning ruddy, and I watched in silence
Breathe in / what's your name? / Breathe in / do you want to know me?
Last night moving into you I saw your face gone far away,
and no slow gentle angle I found brought us any closer.
Our thighs and sex and bellies joined in distant communion,
I beheld you blue and darkening into brown, and I in silence -
Breathe in / what's your name? / Breathe in / do you want to know?
I see you this morning on your way to catch a plane
you're talking all the way across forgetting to some place you'll come
when you arrive with shades upon your eyes and one absent leg behind,
you'll look upon each living day and disregard the silence
Breathe in / what's your name? / Breathe in / do you want to know?



SINGING IN THE STREET

A man wants a roof above his head when he sings
The beams might be rotted, in the rain it might leak,
but if there is no roof above his head I guess he
sings in the street. I guess I'm singing in the street.
A man wants a lover to hold his hand when he weeps,
who might not understand, who might not even speak,
but if there is nobody to hold his hand, I guess he'll
cry himself to sleep. I guess I'm crying myself to sleep.

I'm grown so tired of the sound of his own voice
trying to rise above the din, the noise,
trying to recapture the faith he's lost.

Tonight I am awake, though my body is too weak for sleep
They hoist in my room just wait let me be
They circle around me, their voices surround me
they confuse, they confound me

A man ~~wants~~^{needs} a friend to tell him it's time to let go
of a bottle or a memory, or some foolish hope,
but if there is nobody to send him home
he might keep drinking till he chokes, might be gone
before you know / might end up swinging from his
own bitter rope.

LATER ON

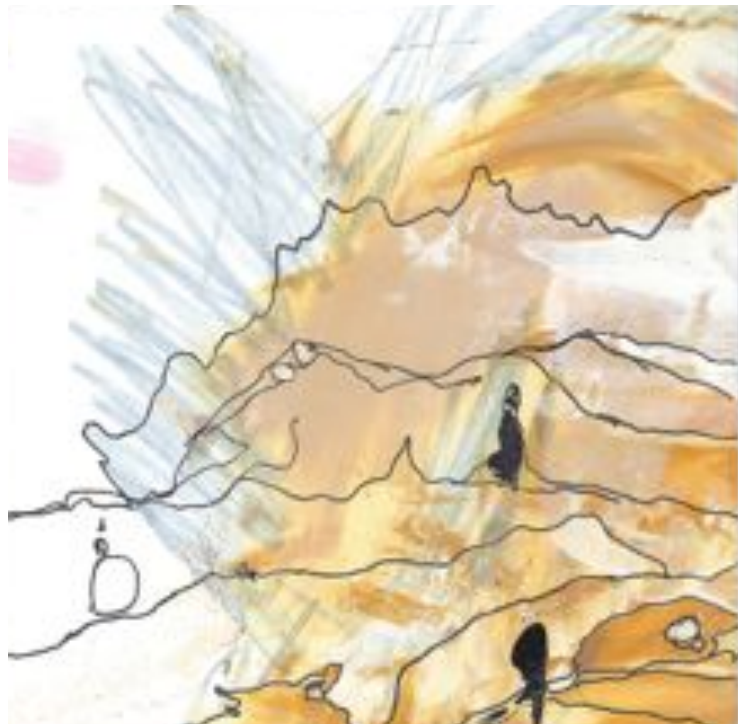
Later on, later on I'll be fine
but not tonight
You're done wrong, you're done wrong and you've
set my heart amiss,
but not like this.

In the past it was alright
but not this time.

When you're gone, when you're gone
and your seat and sound and your
body leave my dreams,
then I'll sleep.

Later on I'll be fine,
Later on I'll be fine,
but not tonight.





OH MY HEART

Oh my angel, do you hear? Lancers had the soldiers here.
Oh my angel do you hear the boots upon the stone stairs?
Who gave up our sweet place? Who, my angel, did that say?
Heartless who betrayed for silver just to glance at her own face.
Quiet, angel, will they pass if we can stop our living breath?
And our hearts / Oh, my heart....

Show me, angel, that last act. Show me and I'll do it now and like any
without a sound. All those nights I'd listened at your breast,
you have the secret.

Silent angel, do you meet my will brother, when only as they close in,
I search your eyes and find no hope. Angel, have you brought me
here to face my enemies and to be torn apart? Oh, my heart....
Angel, as you strike me down, never did I falter in my faith
in your divinity. But was that my fatal error--
midnight angel must be human 'till the day.

And who first called you by that name? Was it I?
Oh, my heart....

Ruin'd, I lay at your feet.
Have you made yourself from all those things
I needed you to be?

HIROMITSU & YUKO

The Earthquake came at a quarter to six/ but no notice like a lifted mistress/
kicking off all those bonds we built and leered to keep within our midst.
I ran to you, like a doorway/ you held me till the shoving stopped
then the wave came crashing down upon us, & ran outside our shield of rock rafters
to watch our whole world get washed away.
Now this house is a shipwreck, drifting with no mast, and I sit upon the ruins
to contemplate the massive face of the water of the world upon which we ride
with no compass and no rudder and no time for folk.
I don't know anything of any use in this madness. All I have to offer you is
questions & petitions. I wish I could say, 'at least there's a way for you in all of this'
but then I'd have to leave you crying and go away and write it.
The day ends and I know I must sleep. I hear a glowing sun below at night
up at the ocean's incandescent lips, or the god of great darkness come to claim
the one who never meant to get away! I felt like a straw when they
took me on the third day and let you slip the sea's cold grasp. And still
I write you all these letters that I carry in my chest.
Now this life is a shipwreck, drifting with no home, and I'm clinging to the ruins
to contemplate your absent face- just like water, all around while thirst chokes my dog
in the darkness, in the noise, I hear you sigh.
I don't know anything of any use in this madness. All I have to offer you is
questions and petitions. I wish I could say, 'at least there's a way for you in all of this,'
but then I'd have to leave you crying and go away and write it. Well,
I can't leave. It's got nowhere to go. You see, I'll sit out this storm, and if
the only good thing about this time is that it's gonna end, then when
it begins // I'll only sleep to wait for you.



Skye Steele
Glorious Sunshine

All artwork by ladypajama.

Liam Robinson and Ilusha Tsinadze also played and sang.

Shahzad Ismaily and Liam Robinson mixed, recorded, and shared ideas.

Mike Lavelle and Angelica Allen workshopped H&Y and OMH.

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