

## **Because I was feeling through the front of your nightgown**

Because I was feeling through the front of your nightgown,  
When I first walked into your amnesia,  
When the crunch of the snow was all that I heard  
Because of the role of my imagination,  
I felt a light as warmth filled my soul.

And when you dealt your pretty words like blades,  
Because no heart could deny you,  
Because reality was so easily altered  
When passion and desire seemed to fog your vision,  
You heard distant cries echoing through the barren halls.

And because we poor were nothing but bad tidings,  
When better weather brought happiness to us all,  
Because a firing squad of words when a street light darkened  
Was like a cigarette burning regret into darkness,  
We all heard that universal prayer, that  
psalm to ourselves dissolving.

And that is why I'm telling you now, "Don't die, I'm here.  
Hush now, Shh."

*—Ruth Albright, Kyle Brown, Brock Gates, Denise Hoffman, Brit-  
tany Long, Melanie Waits, and Stuart Lishan*