

DEAD CANARY

How long have we played with fire?
There's a dead canary in my heart.
She sang a song of silent warning,
to make this fall sound like art.

I'm the preacher and the choir,
assuring us it will be fine,
preaching sermons of survival
while my soul and sins preside.

Sometimes a bargain costs a lot
if you didn't want it anyway.
Hidden fees and broken dreams
are collected in the light of day.

I never wanted you to know
how little I cared for what she made:
a vessel of flesh and squishy parts,
where shadows always found their play.

You get under my skin so deep
in ways both wonderful and strange.
The color of warning in your touch—
my hair about to change.

A dead canary in my heart,
singing songs that sound like despair.
I'm the preacher and the choir,

chanting hymns to empty air.

Sometimes a bargain costs too much,
but what's the price for peace of mind?
How long can you play with fire
before you're ash just left behind?