

Atrium Theatre

Tied Up

Skin fraying at the edges,

Blisters on your skin,

The endless tug of war until one party wins

And You.

Your first beat echoes the whole room

I keep a mental note of how little your hands move

Surviving by that little beat beat inside of you

This is just your interlude.

-Each ventricle compressing into a single memory-

Once you hit double figures, your hazy heart gets clearer

But I'm the one with double vision pondering my existence,

Too much to bear in what we call life

Is one beat all they'll remember about my life?

Life, what is life?

Making memories until you become a memory,

Nothing left to see until your permanent handprint is swept away at sea

The beat finally died within me.

The crescendo of an orchestra

How one organ can define life and everything in-between

Yet be so intertwined

That it plays through every beat and harmony,

To be alive is a state of mind

Death creates us and the living always forget to heal

What I mean to say is-

How can I guarantee I'll be there for every rehearsal when the conductor controlling me
is so unpredictable?

When I look back at all I've done

Heartbeat, save me a front seat.

As you explode so gently,

Let the blood within my veins trickle into another

Let them live

As I deal with the fact that is fear is grief,

When all the lights are off thieves love to steal.

It is almost ironic as if saying

'I liked your performance'

But clapping when I leave the stage

To be alive or dead

We are still ultimately

Tied up.

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