

## BEFORE HE FALLS

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### *'I Lost a Friend' by FINNEAS*

his voice steps onto the grainy crunch  
of radio static. deep timbre, simple tone.  
accompanied by waves of piano.  
his voice rises from the pit  
of a lucid dream. the last  
bits of sleep still cling to it.

his voice is a waterfall afraid  
of its descent. he closes his mouth  
before the sounds are done leaving,  
eats stained glass windows for  
breakfast, pockets nighttime in his  
cheeks, so when the night and day meet  
in his throat, he croons in chiaroscuro.

his voice quivers as he shudders under layers  
of covers that force him closer to himself. swaddle  
him in a cool pool of tears and sweat. before sleep  
comes again, he hums himself a tune of lost friends,  
singing their way home.