

## It isn't him

Stingless the mirror's razored face,  
flat as the treacherous truth it tells –  
nothing behind it,  
all as you find it

As in the world, all you see is a face  
flat as the nimbus on the sea –  
stinging the wind blows,  
knowing the depth goes

*And the best friend whose thoughts you numbered  
And the lover whose soul you catalogued  
It isn't him*

So summer's less encumbered limbs,  
flying their freedom in my face –  
a soul concealed,  
a sartorial shield

*And the best friend whose thoughts you numbered  
And the lover whose soul you catalogued  
It isn't him*

*Every day that he tries to get through  
Every day that he tries to be the man,  
You're further off*