

# The Chariot, Goodnight My Lady, And A Forever

This horseless carriage leads me home.

My hands remain folded.

My life remains a Sunday.

Brick by brick I built this staircase.

Brick by brick I walk on.

Situated just below the ground and just above your head.

Throw your roses, throw your tears down.

If we don't meet (again) this side of heaven, make sure you're right.

Stutter.