

The Crowd that Doesn't Exist

by

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I am from Halloween Town
From the crowd that doesn't exist.
I'm from the family that doesn't have anyone
From the streets where everything is peaceful.

I am from a sick alcoholic
From a loving mother.
I'm from a Red Maple Tree
Whose branches are dead.
I'm from Maria and Samuel
Knitting and Viet Nam,
From the heart that was once alive.

I'm from the man who made it safe.
Inside the ottoman was a box.
It released all the dead memories in my head.
I'm from the times where everything was...perfect.