

# The Author

To the Chairman of The Tortured Poets Department, you truly are our daylight.

Why should I take advice from you?

If your castle's crumbling just like mine,  
but what if everyone else's is too?

Who do I turn to when you're out there,  
in this enormous sky, shining like fireworks?

Untouchable, unreachable.

And still your whispers take me home after the exile,  
and I feel an invisible string tying you and I together.

But I have always been on my own.

And I still am, I know,

but I feel your words holding me wherever I go.

The colors you show me make bit more beautiful  
whatever goes on in this great war;  
and they can only be seen with you.

When you take my hand,  
dragging me through your universe,  
flowing through piano strings,  
seagulls flying through the salty breeze,  
water down my trachea filling my lungs with peace,  
leaving me clean from every pain I've lived.

Counting down every star  
drawn around the wound they left in me,  
you'll take care of it, without even knowing;  
without even caring what or who was the cause of it.  
Because you do know, you've been through it all:  
the feeling of flying and the following crush of the bones.

If I ever bleed you'll be the first to know,  
and while I'm hurting I'll vocalize the songs  
of that mess of a dreamer who once was also hurt,  
but has fearlessly risen, putting herself first.  
In your lyrics I find the place where I belong  
and poets have never seen a faith so strong.

Oh, what a mastermind you are...  
dressing for revenge or to impress  
while you couldn't care less about what they think;  
and still you break down in order to shine,  
reflecting every version of every person under the lights,  
a mirrorball, dancing just for us.

Tailor of your silky verses,  
made to measure versatile words,  
swiftling through all of your experience,  
you write everything and its reverse.  
So I will go back and keep asking,  
to the author of a life so full:  
tell me, who should I look up to  
if I can't look up to you?

Why can't I look up to you?  
If your bruises look just like mine  
and you have beautifully expressed them  
without anything to hide.  
So I will follow your footsteps  
my every verse, my every rhyme,  
will hold a tiny speck of you  
hidden between the lines.