

It Flies

November, 2010

Hearts open spirits open torn open
opening, it flies
Tide rising spirits rising flames rising
ravenous, it flies

The heart of every paradox
the sparrow fallen on the rocks
The separated twins unite
and leave this world in joyous flight

And, oh, the burden set before my eyes
crushes me until I realize
it flies

We stumble, search for maps
and soar above it all, it flies
Inventing then resenting our catastrophies
it flies

I hold you sweet inside my chest
and rest my head upon your breast
The wine we sip our junky's smack
the goods we got the shit we lack

And, oh, the many memories they rise
the joy, the pain, the wonder, the surprise
it flies

A half a dozen days and then a dozen more, it flies
The brakes we wish we could apply to slow the pace, it flies

A decade in a game of chance
a season in a moment's glance
Improbable in nth degree
the odds one in infinity

And here I lie just waiting for the dawn
a brilliant wave to set my sail upon

