

Bright Eyes, Blue Angels Air Show

Claire's turning blonde for the summer I guess
the sunlight just soaks into her hair
and she sits next to me on the motorboat
and shyly replies as to which boy she likes at her school.
so I am reminded of things I've forgotten.
the way doors can open and people just walk in.
it's not unexpected, no it's just how you planned it.
I'm beginning to think that it might never happen.
but now it is happening.
there's a show we can see at the base outside of town
where the planes they turn circles in the air.
I watch you stand next to me with your hand over your mouth
and join the crowds heavy gasp.
one for each time they pass overhead.
so we've been selected in this beautiful lottery.
we struggled so long but it ended so easy.
it's starting to surface, all golden and godlike
this feeling we had every day and every night.
it bursts in an energy. a door it is opening.