

Dear Ephesus, Pinning Dreams

Pin that rose high.
Watch it fly.
Heard them laughing.
Watered eye.
You keep running.
Slow motion.
You keep flying.
Cut that string.
You can't make bread with dirt.
If you wanted to.
You can't make right what's wrong.
You're not that strong.
You bought that T-shirt.
I survived.
They all heard you.
Marching to your drum.
They said you look really dumb.
So unmoved.
They said your shoe was untied.
You went barefoot.
Brilliant my boy chasing dreams right down the street.
As you hold them down and pin them to your sleeve.
Such grand hurrahs as you stand on top of the world.
You're finally there it's the reason you believed.
(Dreams and clouds and blues so true.
Boys climb trees to reach to you.
And then you win and pin them to your sleeve.)