

Falling Cycle, I Still Dream (Part I)

If I decide to swallow your words to the back of my throat
will you watch me choke hold it in so my lungs collapse
my dreams will blanket my heart I'll find our ocean
I'll find our sleeping sunrise

I still cry

I still dream

The wayward stars will guide my hands

my fingers outstretched to our lonely constellation

Only a warm breeze and collapsing sands to catch my falling figure

No eloquence can be found in these parting words I pray

your ears shall find

You're beautiful

and I am alone