## Race The Sun, Aquisces

You poke too hard. there you would murmer. not audible enough...a tremor undetected I guess I did tap your shoulder too hard now I've pushed out off shore, vanishing off screen

parallel, we live so parallel lines that eventually touch parallel. we're blind and parallel could I prove these lines could collide My dear, did I cast you off? Distress signals fade away. lost by an echo and you're just drifting without a paddle, without a compass. without a compass against the wind like a bouy

maybe I have all wrong could you navigate with constellations? you are a dim light, gleam bright my abandoned light house more than a floodlight

Parallel. we live so parallel
Lines that eventually touch
parallel. we're blind and parallel
could I prove these lines could collide
My dear, did I cast you off?
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We're falling in love in all the wrong places commencing ties with random hands we age by the mile, so we play pretend. cross my heart wedding bands you are more than a dim light