

Rusiak, Oceans

Sometimes, I sit down with
two glasses of rum,
to count money I've earned
that adds up to a crumb
and fall out on a field,
feel tired and gone,
feeling the earth in a storm,
it still keeps me warm and I -
inhale sweet air but won't
breathe it at all
and dead calm, deep water, feels wet,
and before I -
exhale I - feel deeper within,
then I fall down

Staring at the oceans in you

Deep down, deep down your water
Sail out, the storm will make me
find my way home

Sometimes, I come down from the
high in my brain,
and feel lame, start itching,
need to fill up my veins again
and fall out, lay flat on the ground
and my eyes,
they stay closed, for a while,
but wide open inside, and I,
inhale sweet air,
it tastes salted and raw,
and dead clam deep water,
feels wet and before I -
exhale - I feel deeper within,
then I fall - down

Staring at the oceans in you

Before I sail out

I found a hole in the sky,
and I'm watching you from where,
I love my living

Deep down, deep down your water
Sail out, the storm will make me
find my way home