

# Silje Nergaard, Paper Boats

How come these precious things were made to seem remote  
How come the words I weighed were forced back down my throat  
There was no room for honesty  
No quarter that was mine  
No noble cause  
I tried fake a life  
To fool those snapping jaws

From here I dare to launch my flimsy paper boats  
I shove each gently from the shore but guard it where it floats  
They must not drift too far from me  
I still sense danger and  
They are too frail  
In time they'll catch the wind  
And fly with billowed sail