

Something For Kate, Feeding The Birds And Hop

he sees streets
waiting for him to decide
forcing directions on the air, insisting
and he wants to move it up
and he wants to move across
anything, just anything
in a city that rumbles like an impatient child
he hears everything
and i know the sound of panic
and i know emergency and i know
i've planed it like a battle
but when i'm done shaking i'll be simple
he hears trees
talking about the wind or something
and he can't remember waking up
so he refuses to believe that he ever was asleep
and he's exhausted
he sits under a tree
feeding the birds and hoping for something in return
and i hate the silence in here
it's all emergency and i know
i've planned it like a battle
but when i'm done shaking i'll be simple
and he sees the buildings waiting
he sees them tired and leaning on each other
and all the words i had escaped
and all the things i saw lost shape
and i'm forgetting everything faster than i can remember what i'm missing
and i'm missing everything
and i know i've planned it like a battle
but when i'm done shaking i'll be.....