

# Brittany Kusserow, Last Rays

Looks like a mild winter,  
although the streets are cold,  
the streets are always cold.  
Burning tires pass us by  
like they can't wait to be somewhere new.  
It was a riotous summer.  
Thunderheads hot like a fever  
on my sunburnt brow.  
When I took that vow, I thought,  
this must be somewhere new.  
Glory fades like the last rays  
of the last sun on the last day  
in a lost town.  
When a month goes by without you  
I think of thunderheads  
and young souls  
on an old ground.  
And maybe time will test you  
until the rains wash you  
down  
down  
down.  
Or maybe you'll stand and bow.  
Across Ohio she's writing reflections.  
I can see my own reflection, as I stand  
to leave the room.  
How can I stand who I've become,  
when my past isn't kind?  
I've got this fear about living,  
'cause it comes with dying.  
I am dying to be good to her  
in the time I have, my God,  
what will we do with all this time?  
Passion fades like the last rays  
of the last sun on the last day  
on an old ground.  
When a month goes by without her  
I think of ice cream on a gray day  
in a cold town.  
And maybe time will test us  
until the rains wash us  
down  
down  
down.  
Or maybe we'll stand and bow.  
I'm watching the haze  
of the last rays of an old sun  
fading to brown.  
When a month goes by, I question.  
Was it real? Or did I miss  
what I should have found?  
Time can make us all  
a little stronger, if we break the walls  
that cause us not to see round.  
And we turn to face what's now.