

# Claire Voyant, Fear

If you become the odds  
educated in words around the starless nights  
you write and you are speaking to me  
like every word you say can break apart  
something real it is handed down  
the father is educated in life  
through all the brilliant tarts you like  
and you have sewn needily  
I cant make any sound  
I breathe...

its the fear that is in you  
that brings the fear out in me  
its the ghost unaware of where you might be

its the feeling in you  
that brings the fear out in me  
its a ghost I wont wake up  
the next time I breathe

Moving forward on  
I will educate you in lines around  
I will break apart stars you like  
your soul speaks to me in tones  
I have never heard  
this is overly sweet  
I read and plead

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