

Crime in Stereo, Orbiter

Tired stars navigate the tiny storms teeming on the far shores of your waist.

You tired of waiting for my stationary third world to rotate, so you filled it with oxygen and watched a

How could you do that to me?

I start to relate as the meridians trace lines straight up through your face.

I orbit around your personal space.

Tunnel out through your psychology to escape.

These are the sirens having come to test your hope, saying

"Oh, we've sewn stones in your throat, thrown you overboard the boat...now float."