

Emm Gryner, Boy Races

You are not of this world
Not of the great dead sea of bodies
Without sight, minus spine
All the thieves I left behind

These words tell only half
Of the way this come alive
I only find all my senses
Are beckoned to your side

My stadium held boy races in rain
You ran the length and blew them all away
Have I said I never been here
Before

And I fade into a sleep
You're creations all around me
And I stain to believe I was ever
Somewhere else

Out of this space where I'm high
Without bleeding my vioey dye
And I should be silent and let you read it in
My eyes