

Hopesfall, Owl

when the owl breaks the light beam in
a nights dream ride. am i seeing in slow,
am i driving too fast for the sound to
finally break past time spent following
straight lines to death.

behind my eyes in a parallel sky she
belongs in the shapes in the clouds try
to take me to the grounded ones
skyward there's a fog that casts a
planetary haze to hide the white lined
aggression in our eyes.

in a season of collapsed lungs, there's
a dark holiday and we are following
straight lines to death.