

# 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.