

# Race The Sun, Solo Tonight

the air is bruised with ghostly fumes of condensed smoke  
but in my interpretation the world's not moved she sleeps tonight  
the harvest breeze will refrain her lullaby  
i walk solo tonight  
witnessing this moving painting  
still i'm the only soul moving  
the only distracted child  
still i'd rather be the one last sleeping  
the one to hear her sigh the trash cans are still on the curb  
enlisted soldiers awaiting departure still no lights reflect dawns intellect  
she speaks with silence  
i've understood every word  
are you with me tonight witnessing this moving painting?