

# Self, Lucid Anne

and in the simplest of words, she knew about forgiveness  
and in passing, something true cried out  
as the wheel began to turn, there it loomed and burned  
in the awkwardness at hand, i don't understand  
lucid anne, lucid anne  
lucid anne, lucid anne  
and when she woke up from the day before  
no recollection of events which took place somewhere  
laughing only at the lines that now traced her eyes  
looking backwards through the glass, i think i missed the  
point  
and in the simplest of words, she spoke the only answer  
and in passing, something new cried out  
as the wheels began to turn, there it loomed and burned  
in the awkwardness at hand, now i understand