

Shannon Wright, Fences Of Pales

This drone you sound alarmingly meek
Is inside my head and plummets my bed
It rallies and summons me in my sleep
The sun is groggy and upon your plate
Arms do fumble they're out of their frame
Luster has moved and opted your space
When you call a caddy
I'll be the kind you use
The sagas pose their levee
That's the kind that floats to you
And after all i idle to carry on
The clocks married the dated
Operas sails salutes
The planks are calm with boredom
It's the kind you tend to coo
Every gala's a blanket in flight
And i'm the kind you use
And you with all your ready is a horror
The recital is staged and ready to recite
Stating the flaws and running you wild
But i'll be any stable you like
The radius is starting to stumble and fright
The loveliest station is wailing from sight
But i am ready to part from you