

The Secret Machines, Now Here Is Nowhere

geing eyesore
Nearly nowhere
Found, unearthed
A moment burst with all of us
Reflecting dust from the oh most high
As morning light bled
Burned out the daylight
Over glass white plain
And just as I turned
It thrust its softly worn
The newly born
In the hardly there

Who rests in dust?
Who moves in air?

Swollen nowhere breathes, laughs
Don't you see?

All this time
All this space
All these words