

Green Meadow Island

Jeniferever

We moved like steady figures detached from the shadows that night, when we were princes for a little while. So far away from here, longing for more, until the light of day.

The night began to end and we seemed to disappear again. Only the crowns left.

We're stuck in similar little spaces in which we breathe the morning in, in which we breathe the morning in. The cocoons in which we reside while missing the places we missed. The grounds never kissed.

The night began to end and we seemed to disappear again. Only the crowns left of the kingdoms we'd always rule.