

Lamppost

Ohbijou

Walking through the seasons
seems so tiring
The air stirs in low hums
of open windows as lives
spill onto the street.

The song plays without guilt
And you were disaster peaking with sunrise.
Peaking with sunrise.

I fold these hands shut
to shut out your glimmering, your glimmering.

So meet me by the lamppost
So we can chat like old friends.