

# Apollo

Aaron

I still wonder how it goes  
The harmony  
The drift of things  
The chalk line left in open skies by silent memory lanes of flights  
Mirror the lines traced in my hand  
Once a clear read  
Now faded land  
And that I used to understand  
I wonder where they end

Maybe one day  
I will call your name  
Will it sound just like the rain falling?  
Will it feel just like the rain?

Well maybe one day  
I will read your name  
Will it call me like a rainfallin'  
Will it shine just like the rain?

And when the day breaks  
And gives back the shape to all things spreading onto the concrete lands  
Its quiet razor-bladed beams:

Oh I remember how your gait beamed  
It could be as strong as wind on wings;  
Blowing in a random blaze the balance of all  
Things:

Maybe one day  
I will call your name  
Will it sound just like the rainfall  
And Will it shine just like the rain?

Maybe one day  
I will read your name  
Will it call me like a rain falling  
Will it shine just like the rain?