

Elephants

Austin Basham

The sun it rises
Only to reveal snow fields
With no surprises
We're frozen
Nothing left to feel

But we can find a place
That's warm
Chip away the rocks
Let's bloom
Become undone

Under a tree
Wind blowing we felt good
Just let us be
Don't sell that all for wood
They're rich in ivory we're told
To kill those elephants for gold