

We are watching apparitions of ourselves  
Two inventions with no earthly tongues to tell  
Still suspected, we lay the surface to repel off of  
We are mirages, a trick of light, a sleight of hand  
When what we want is to be touchable again  
All five senses emerging from the fog  
Let's be human while we still remember how

It is not a failure to be flawed  
It's beautifully symptomatic  
I am not afraid of being more  
Than what I've been  
I want to see how the light falls  
I want to feel it on my skin  
So how do I begin?

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We are breezes chasing after wind  
Two unjoined pieces searching for a way to fit  
Sleepers waking in the half light up till now  
Let's be human while we still remember how