

As If By Design

Dawes

The stars were just the holes punched in a shoebox
That gives the creature all the air he needs to breathe
As if every constellation was just a form of innovation
From a captor too enormous to conceive

The moon beamed like a coach from junior high school
When players hacked their way through each opposing team
And the brighter it was shining, felt like the wider he was smiling
On a season that he loved too much to leave

When you stare off in the night sometimes you see a little too much
Sometimes there's a world behind the mirror, sometimes a razor
and a toothbrush
When in those fleeting moments when the stars all seem aligned
It all runs together, as if by design

The boat out in the middle of the ocean
Is like the butterfly just breathing on the sea
Giving all of its attention to this new and strange reflection
Not recognize that's what it used to be

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Every day getting a little
More acquainted with the riddles
Until I'm looking for them everywhere I go

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