Dragonfly

Dead Meadow

I slowly open my eyes.
They're empty enough to pour in the skies.
Circling down to the grass on the ground,
A dragonfly is seeing it's helped

Lying on our backs in summer grass,
So fast the day go past.
A smoke ring rises up into the sky.
It's blown apart by the wind blowing by.

Feel like I'm blowing the glow of the sun.
As soon as the afternoon has begun,
the sun goes down.

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