

## Sometimes I Forget What I Was About To

Destrage

You bury your things  
I disperse mine  
Hemorrhage of time  
High, high tide

Sound of water in my ears  
As the light smears

I feel its rings  
I hear its grind  
A fidgety mind  
Knows no respite

The leech is bleeding  
After my bite  
Hemorrhage of time  
Makes high, high tide

Sound of water in my ears  
As the light smears