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I always wonder why birds choose to stay in  
The same place when they could fly  
Anywhere on earth  
- I then ask myself the same.

I think it doesn't matter if you're aware of it  
Or not  
How tidal everything seems  
That one day you might stand on paradise  
Not move and soon be drowning

Or how some things you left behind  
Wait for you in your hotel room, some place  
For latent change  
To be reclimbed, reassembled  
And unknotted

For me to say anything I must first have  
Listened  
For you to find anything you have to look

Even in some small way  
As above so below  
The blue, the blue, and blue  
Running, tripping, falling

It was kind of like waking up from a dream  
Those lifelike episodes  
You second guess yourself wondering  
If any of it actually happened

The last forever in third person  
A chase cam rolling the current  
Pushed, moved,  
And pulled out of view

And I've been thinking about a change of  
Pace  
Or the pace of change  
Or how the last few years were a singularity  
You were the universe folding in on itself

Information bleeds  
No name  
No location  
No frame of reference  
Running, tripping, falling  
Just echos and a sense that something had  
Happened here

Unsure of what it was I turned around and  
Carried on