

## (In My Dream)

Hail the Sun

I dreamt I found you hanging  
I didn't know what it meant  
Your eyes would follow me, though  
Everywhere I went  
The pupils were engulfing  
They seemed to only grow  
But nothing made me tremble  
Like the stories that they told  
Swaying back and forth you  
Pointed to my neck  
You told me that it was yours  
And that it would constrict  
The window on the 5th floor  
Shattered as you wept  
What am I witnessing?  
What stories have you kept?