

Circle Eights

Kendra Morris

Circle all the names
How to play the games
Sometimes I think I win
Bright lines chase me
I want in, movie
Making in my mind
Zoom in, slow down, take what's mine
Stars cross out, everything is happening

Sometimes it's better left untold
Shadows will line a brighter road

Dancing silhouettes
Forget who they met
Glasses toast the night
Mirror telling it's alright
Friendly no ones, money gone
Tip back, fade out, nothing's wrong
Float on, find a place to land
Pink cloud drizzled memories

Sometimes it's better left untold
Shadows will line the brighter road
Breaking through shade unto my room
Nighttime is sometimes what I do