

I won't make it off either coast
Backs bend, bows break
Because we hunt each other
I can't shake off your summer ghost
Shapes bend, seas ache
Because we haunt each other

In a former life we were tied
To each other by the string of a kite
We can't take flight tied
To a beached whale

I can't say what I'll miss the most
Headwinds, or crow's beak, filling a wide eyed summer
I can't shake off your lonely ghost
The great end where tides break, before...

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