

Plans

Marika Hackman

Who holds the dice in their tight little hands?
I'm not a liar a maker of plans
Who will be lost when the boat hits the land?
I will hold out my hand

There's still rain on the floor
From the first day of the storm
The moment I step out
Of the forest's gaping mouth
The eve of the sun
For a day that never comes
The pains and the aches
Of a wave that never breaks
A wave that never breaks

Who holds the dice in their tight little hands?
I'm not a liar a maker of plans
Who will be lost when the boat hits the land?
I will hold out my hand

The final goodbye
Of an everlasting sigh
The exhale of your heart
When your ribcage tears apart
The block of your tears
From a fog that never clears
A ripple on the lake
From a shake that shakes the shakes
A shake that shakes the shakes