under the overpass
way out in fairlee they were saying
i'm convinced

the city has its cards a fuel-less fire will always fade keep your hands warm

lock all the shutters when the wind returns brought with it are convictions considered arguable it turns in time reflects your eyes

beyond the critical beyond the highway is not safe cars move slow

against a backdrop fades an insulated formless shape falling snow builds

there is a bare light that could catch your eyes had the whole place on its feet rethink what is valuable it turns in turn reflects the light

in a derailment
article claiming
that you're not fit
and you don't have
names not worth naming

at that is something right in the center you see yourself and you don't know at least you got mentioned