

## Prelude

Miley Cyrus

Like when following an image from a train  
Your eyes can't keep the passing landscapes  
From being swallowed into endless distance  
Like when holding a fistful of ashes  
Your hands can't save the things that have already been dissolved into air  
Like when facing the sun through a window  
Your skin feels warmth  
But it can't be in the world that its warmth has made alive  
Like walking alone through a lucid dream  
Like saying your name aloud in an empty room  
Like witnessing my body standing in a mirror  
Aching to be seen, aching to become real  
But the beauty one finds alone  
Is a prayer that longs to be shared