

Spell

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A gentle warning to the neighborhood:

I understand now: I'd always known how. Here's the story
of a when-you-would:

Everyone's talking as they're falling,
always thinking of rides to come.

The same is true: Fad and fuse as you're sinking just
enough onto something coming --- another nothing (fast at
the strike), burned out and stunned.

Years unfastened, left unseen. A spell was moving. I let
it lose me. Things can happen like you knew they could,
without stopping.

Now you're talking: Bring the gone back almost until
finally saying where you're staying (also known as get-
your-fill).

Where're you going? Nothing's open.

Why won't you try? Why won't you trust?