

## Photograph of a Cyclone

Searows

I've pulled it up  
From the root and far beneath me  
Solid enough, give me anything, please  
I've seen it happen  
You forget your words without me  
Poisoned and unlucky

Photograph of a cyclone  
A spirit moving cycles was masterpiece  
Destroyer of what's in front of me  
Old machine, headlock  
Wasting hours in outlaw country  
Sing the anthem absentmindedly

You lay down to sleep, dreaming  
Treading careful, God, you look so evil  
Letting some big monster in the room  
And you can't mean it  
No one talks like that without their reasons  
Pardon my affliction, won't you?

Like that's the worst you've ever heard  
And I go quiet when you're mean to her  
Sit there, wordless, like you do  
God-awful without permanence  
I convince myself to need you  
Circling the corner of the room