

Sparklers

Tiny Ruins

I wrote your name in cursive on the air
Flailing my arms around me
Conducting down to the wire

I felt our time was a running, a sparking sun
Before we were dying, rained out, reaching for another one
Quick, I only wrote it to the wind
Conjuring no lasting magic

See the haze of sulphur rising on the breeze
I see now you were patronizing
The cause of my chemistries

I felt our time was a running, a sparking sun
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