

Eleven Weeks

Vansire

Since we last spoke
The past eleven weeks
The stacks of paper left me feeling
Like sentience is not quite what it seems
When we last wrote
It was the sun and me
With cliffs as high
And fears as deep
With my magnum opus, my starry-eyed recitative
The color on these trees
It's like something from a movie
Last night I smiled
While laughing at a moonbeam
We're all moving
I felt awake
Our summer music spree
My reflections on being cut free
It's turning out to be the strength I need
I hope you know
That there's still joy for me
In fleeting moments
I take relief
In my suspicion that these past months
Were a dream
You should see these trees
It's like something from a movie
And when she smiles
The earth's no longer moving
The thought's soothing