

We Must Start Again

Velcra

The more we build the less it lasts. We must start again.
The more we build

The calming surface is still rippling. The last reminder of the storm.

Now blowing inside another soul. A blinding force.

I close my eyes and dream I see I'm drowning. Slowly floating in the stream.

All my lonely nights waiting to come out

We hear the locust arrive.

Your fingertips are cold and tickling. Your kisses on my neck like little fish

The blackbirds sing of loss and teardrops. The greatest of joys

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(We hear the locust arrive)

The forces unknown.

We hear the locust arrive.

The last reminder of the storm. Now blowing inside another soul

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We must start again. To let it out.