

## One Am Radio, The "Fever Dream"

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dry brush waits for a spark,  
to be transformed into flames bright and true that  
would burn all night through.  
to be reborn is all that it wants,  
but as days stretch, the thought starts to haunt that  
no spark will fly. were you left here for dust,  
rust, and wind, not knowing just what kind of trouble  
you're in? while something still stirs and yearns,  
you can still feel the burn.  
you've lost how days brought you here,  
to stand stranded again. speaking in tongues,  
with no breath in your lungs,  
and calling out. but the names all get caught,  
just as you once knew but now forgot what you've been  
looking for. was it to or from someone that all this  
time you've been on the run?  
or once again, has your memory been wrong, and  
you've been alone all

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