

Ember Swift "Flashbacks"

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Flashbacks of consequence seem worth the blissful eloquence of moments passed between us, gusts of fog that blur the distance. At this instance all is now; In a moment, all will be then. Ask when I'll close the door on "if," stiff shoulders brace it open for gusts of fog that blur the distance. At this instance all is now; In a moment, all will be then - You just never know. What do I want? What do I need? I wouldn't even know what to want from a menu. Put the food in front of me and I will eat, I will eat, I will eat until I am gratefully no longer hungry. What do I want? What do I need? I don't even know what I need to keep me healthy. I'm too young not to feel free, too old not to know what I need. Too young, too old, too lucky, too blind. Everything will be just fine, tomorrow. Flashbacks of consequence seem worth the blissful eloquence of moments passed between us, gusts of fog that blur the distance. At this instance all is now; In a moment, all will be then. You just never know what's going to happen.

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