

Bright Eyes

"The Movement Of A Hand"

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You follow the footsteps echoes leading down a hall to
a room. There is music playing tiny
Bells with moving parts. Here the shadows make things
ugly, an effect quite undesirable. The
Bold and yellow daylight grows like ivy across the wall
and bounces off of the painted porcelain,
Tiny dancing doll. Her body spins, as she pirouettes
again, the world suddenly seems small. On
An off white, subtle morning you stretch your legs in
the front seat. The road has made a vacuum
Where our voices used to be. And you lay your head
onto my shoulder, pour like water over me.
So if I just exist for the next ten minutes of this drive
that would be fine. And all the trees that line
This curb would be rejoicing and alive. Soon all the joy
that pours from everything makes
Fountains of your eyes because you finally understand
the movement of a hand waving you good-bye.

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