

Heartland

"Ms. Elanious"

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She pulled my moon along, like a child with a balloon,
tied to a string. With every step she took further away,
she became closer to her dreams. It's nothing now. It's
nothing, don't cry. The lights become blurred out, as
limousines pass by. "Tell the onlookers, it's smoke
burning your eyes." Thinking of the slow dance, we'd
never share. Everything we declared, in the name of
high hope. When we believed. Her shame, was glory, in
my eyes. When we believed, it was never what you
said, but how you said it. It was never what you said. It
meant everything, when we believed, a few days ago,
it meant everything.

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