

Hum

"If You're To Bloom"

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I'm thinking of your wide open eyes, smiling as they feed the nerves that push the field of silver and the colorful lines, that only you could see, like only you could do. I'm picturing a forcep in ice, that you would see if you could reach and reconnect the ends into the delicate threads, but I just sit and wait for a blip to break the perfect little thin green line.

I dreamt of jet this high, seeding clouds from the other side and glowing softly until the underbelly shines, and the back skims through the steam, feeding upturned mouths and sprinkling awake, like a dusty sleep you took too soon. And you, you need watering if you are to bloom.

I'm thinking of your failing green eyes, smiling as they greet the day, but they can't see me. And now I'm picturing us opening wide, and drinking down our days in haze and bliss together til it tumbles aside, but I just sit and wait for a rhythm in a perfect little thin green line, it's true, so soon.

(and the coil speaks) I'd like to see us together, I'd like to lay my head low. I need to lean on a soft one, and bring the spin of the world to appear slow. (and the coil sleeps) You've been gathering angels, and fading further each day. I love you now as I never, remember my face as it quietly make you're way.

I dreamt of jet this high, seeding clouds from the other side and glowing softly til the underbelly shines, and the back skims through the steam, feeding upturned mouths and sprinkling awake, like a dusty sleep you took too soon. And you, you need watering if you are to bloom.

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