

Jordan Reyne

"Breathe"

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Hope springs like a rare disease to my lovers eyes.
Doesn't know if he cuts the trees he can't reach the
skies.
Will he touch my face again like it's made of gold
Or run like the yearling does when bullets break the
cold.
Love twists like a rusty nail in the flesh of the young.
The fear that you will fall and fail lies frozen in the sun.
I just twist in suspended bliss in a whirlpool of time
Perpetuate in your images because hope is blind.
So where are you when the sky falls?
You stand in a feild you made of stone.
You looked for crucifixion
So choke on fears you chose to own
And I waste my time because hope is blind.

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