

The Progress

"Every Breath Is Gold"

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She tripped on concrete. scraped her knees, hand and feet. the moon looked down and said "look at you now. won't you look at you now?" then you picked yourself up the ground and made a call. it was busy. it's always busy. it's never busy what's the meaning of a painted sky? your brown eyes gleaming every single time it falls apart. it falls apart. when you smile your cheeks blush one-thousand times more than mine do. I'll wish one more time on you. I'll wish eleven more times than you can afford. and it held more meaning, than the painted sky. the red blood on your hands drew the bluest sky.

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