

Anna Aaron

"A Sun Shines On Aimée"

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Was it like a vision
was it like the sky upon the waterline
I had nothing for this
I had not a single thing to know about
And Mary full of grace
full to the brim
mingling your fever with the ghosts
of all that you miss
I've lost every image outside of this
I love her in the spaceship
I love her in the slaughterhouse among the beasts
silence would be wasted
were it not like summer lying on her lips
And Mary full of grace
full to the brim
mingling your fever with the ghosts
of all that you miss
I've lost every image outside of this

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