

The One AM Radio "Fever Dream"

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dry brush waits for a spark, to be transformed into
flames bright and true that would burn all night
through. to be reborn is all that it wants, but as days
stretch, the thought starts to haunt that no spark will
fly. were you left here for dust, rust, and wind, not
knowing just what kind of trouble you're in? while
something still stirs and yearns, you can still feel the
burn. you've lost how days brought you here, to stand
stranded again. speaking in tongues, with no breath in
your lungs, and calling out. but the names all get
caught, just as you once knew but now forgot what
you've been looking for. was it to or from someone that
all this time you've been on the run? or once again, has
your memory been wrong, and you've been alone all

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