

## Wren "Shelf Life"

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I wake up on a mattress, floating in the middle of a  
midnight ocean.

Your voice is suspended in the darkness of the air  
above me.

Above me, but not out of reach.

If I breath in the new air hard enough,

I can taste your closeness,

Your intentions.

I dress beside you for awhile,

listening.

There was a comforting certainty that resides in your  
tongue.

I follow your voice up onto your sailboat.

Lightning like ideas, like boats of reason.

Tiny moments where our faces are revealed.

If I touch your face, I fear the world will fall apart.

I fear the ocean will drain like a tiny bathtub,

And I will be alone, and damp on the ground.

I touch you anyway,

The lightning told me to,

But it was your glance that told me to kiss you.

Instinct over reason,

I strive to change the season.

It wouldn't make so much sense if it wasn't right,

Lightning doesn't lie.

I thought the wave were creating this dance,

But now I think maybe we are the waves.

[[INSTRUMENTAL]]

There used to be music, but rain took it's place.

Thunder stepped into the speakers, and whispered

"May I have this dance?", and so it was.

A sound, and light show created by nature,

Specifically for this moment in time,

For these beans on this mattress slash sailboat.

Sometimes the world will help you out,  
If it's for the sake of discovery.  
Do not discover a single flaw,  
Only comfort,  
And beauty.

Conversation runs as smoothing as hands on skin,  
As finger tips on faces.  
Every curve, every goose-bump.

We know each other entirely,  
The ocean granted us that opportunity.

The only question left is;  
Do you like what you've discovered,  
And for how long?

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