

## Wax on Radio

### "Today I Became A Realist"

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the sad face of dreamers, waking to the life that  
passed them by. they follow forever the flame that  
holds their eyes(?). they march in place, straight to  
their graves. they hold their hands, whispers in the air.  
what fills our eyes is what makes our lives, as they kick  
the dust just to remember the light

the poorly drawn believers, fading in the towing of the  
tide. they sink here forever, stark as stone inside. they  
insure their names, in spots on graves, in the idle  
hands of idle days. as we fill our lives, we all realize  
how we spend our days is what becomes our lives

sail on quick. fly past the world. find me a love  
/ ]

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