

Self "Lucid Anne"

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and in the simplest of words, she knew about
forgiveness
and in passing, something true cried out
as the wheel began to turn, there it loomed and burned
in the awkwardness at hand, i don't understand
lucid anne, lucid anne
lucid anne, lucid anne
and when she woke up from the day before
no recollection of events which took place somewhere
laughing only at the lines that now traced her eyes
looking backwards through the glass, i think i missed
the
point
and in the simplest of words, she spoke the only
answer
and in passing, something new cried out
as the wheels began to turn, there it loomed and
burned
in the awkwardness at hand, now i understand

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