

## Shannon Wright "Fences Of Pales"

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This drone you sound alarmingly meek  
Is inside my head and plummets my bed  
It rallies and summons me in my sleep  
The sun is groggy and upon your plate  
Arms do fumble they're out of their frame  
Luster has moved and opted your space  
When you call a caddy  
I'll be the kind you use  
The sagas pose their levee  
That's the kind that floats to you  
And after all i idle to carry on  
The clocks married the dated  
Operas sails salutes  
The planks are calm with boredom  
It's the kind you tend to coo  
Every gala's a blanket in flight  
And i'm the kind you use  
And you with all your ready is a horror  
The recital is staged and ready to recite  
Stating the flaws and running you wild  
But i'll be any stable you like  
The radius is starting to stumble and fright  
The loveliest station is wailing from sight  
But i am ready to part from you

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