

Later July

Cliffside residence, straight up and straight down,  
The sky's stretched thin against sewing needles.  
We can't seem to find the steel and  
Choking in between the ley lines.  
They're razor thin caught up in speed.  
But the air never fell, falls  
Like bodies between names,  
Its same explosion has lashed  
The ocean for all time, for right now.  
It was a dazzling flat glass before  
Anyone saw water.  
Drive me home.  
Highway astronomy  
–Don't think about the water–  
Orange and white and red,  
Paint my face with gaslamp stars  
And the moon can't touch me  
On the leather with a GeekBar,  
Who's afraid of Yellow and Blue?  
Stripped of feathers, you are no owl  
Coward for a day, propped up for a night.  
Just drop me off.  
I'll take communion at the front door  
And footsteps shake older sleep,  
I'm ashamed.,  
I wasn't always,  
But there's a foreigner in the kitchen  
And a child in my bed.

-Devan Marcus Aguirre (swerve)

