

3 weeks



*Why have our perceptions of clouds, when they never change, do change, do change, do change...? We know you can't see them, but we can see them, and we can see them, and we can see them, and we can see them...*



leaves brushing the air,  
a gentle wind carrying the pink noise  
over a sustained orchestra of drops, screaming the roof of the tent  
you are safe

*"There are important times"  
the first time you are blown  
with fire & desire*

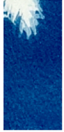
she gave you the time of day, when you couldn't seem to be gifted a sliver of a second  
she handed you a shovel, but never let you dig alone

"naturally, a new meaning to the words 'find your self-worth' "

you think to yourself, holding your prize 5 feet beneath the earth



pour naviguer tout creux.



dans tes yeux  
dans le ciel  
dans les poches de tes  
rêves

Jusqu'au moment que je cède les deux

Tant que les nuages couvrent mes yeux

Je pleû ma peau tant qu'il pleut

Le vêtement porté,  
maut de mon abai-jour  
S'occupe les heures de mon dé

Je ne trouve  
dans les murs



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You are the list trip in that old laundry machine.  
(grey, full, collecting the soft memories from every item like us)

From bumping seats while parallel parking and talking too loudly,  
And the rosey furt swags from the rear-view mirror,

From ten things I'm thankful for to thirty I'm shameful for.

Within the suspended moving boxes that decorate our fanner room are our photos, our teesups,  
and plates.

- I am from these dishes.

Chipped, worn, but sometimes loved,  
still spelling curves in my alphabet soup.

