Ribbons

Heliotropes

Come with me
my imaginary
ghost in hiding
specter in the spring
You're the sky held aloft
by ribbons unseen
you're the harvest in the fall
and the sickle in the seedCome with my
my imaginary
I've stoked all the fires while the dogs they did sing
you're the fires kept alight
by cinders unseen
you're the whispers and the prayers to all their gods in the trees
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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