

# 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 seed  
Come 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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