Yawn London

Braid

resolve
the wavelength tiredplane
am i doing something wrong?
it's not enough
right
the windows are
the darklight mirror
sentiments
are jet sized
when we get
london-eyed
the pilot liedsurprise
the clouds invoke our actions
and we're yawning back the chair
almost there
miles high
let's ignore the others
blankets blue
and so are you
here we come
london soon
ninety twoand the engine and tonic didn't help
the rocking of the relation boat i
spilled my drink on ryan effgen's head
that's just fine
twelve a.m.
london time

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