

# Kid

## Mother Falcon

sally, we've been thrown in  
into a limestone riverbed  
roots that, in the cliffside  
give up growing  
when I grab on the way down  
But I woke, sharp and hungry  
still a summer, in the afternoon  
raised up, from the water,  
but our brother  
couldn't carry me

...

ka! ka!

...

but I'll find my own way out of here  
I'll find my own way out of here  
later, in the hallway  
killing crickets, with my oldest friends  
we laugh, free and feral  
with the power  
in our innocence  
oh, is this so cruel?  
how fare you?  
but I'll find my own way out of here  
I'll find my own way out of here

...

ka! ka!

...

Is this so cruel?  
How fare you?  
But I'll find my own way out of here  
I'll find my own way out of here  
January grows so strange and dangerous  
Feral children hide their songs in all of us.

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