Note Says Thanx

DESA

Sacred lines melted into one blurry impression.
Note says thanx.
Signed in red.
Pumped here from my heart.
Where would I be without your songs?
Likely making up worse ones.
Colored thoughts planted in fall scent springs to my outline.
Moments filled in with the melodies.
Humans speaking.
Boys and girls making noises from whisper to scream.
I could live off our sounds.

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