

When We Become

[Clem Snide](#)

There will be laughs and also joyful twirls
Your painted toenails kicking in the sand
Lazy fish crisscrossing endless seas
Will lay their golden eggs right in your hand
When we become, when we become
When we become what we're running from
The storm clouds swallowed by the ocean sway
Will smell like watermelon and cut grass
We'll build a bonfire with whatever's dry
And leave our cold, wet bodies where they lay
When we become, when we become
When we become what we're running from

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