Witness

The One AM Radio

streetlights spark to life as we pass by, caught in panes of warehouse windows and reflected in your eyes. lying on your lawn on our sides. we'll stay outside. all our friends are all alright and all around. the grass and dust and summer dusk is just settling down. there's nowhere that we would rather be. as day wanes, our shadows stretch below. it's perfect where we are, as the sun hangs red and low. when night falls, there's an electricity in the air on your bare arms that sings of what could be. the city glimmers underneath the fading light. what joy to be a witness, to be alive and with this night. we breathe in the ghosts of loves, waiting above to be once again drea

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