The Vacuum

Small Brown Bike

Our signal is breaking up.
I'd like to focus my attention on something bigger than my thoughts.
Watch where you point those words. Same saga.
Our hero never wins. (Hardly a hero at all) My eyes won't focus.
I'm standing crooked at the wrong place and wrong time.
Air sweeps through my ears like a vacuum.
Pulling life from view.
Draining me from you.
Welcome to our vacuum.

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