

Union Chains

Proud Simon

Pinching pennies as saviors and casting horseshoes.

On the open road the bell jar broke, the storm starting blowing right through.

It cast my life into orbit, now the world is split in two. Back home, in a boarded market, stained glass scattered in
the room

The shopkeeper swept the leaves into the street with a broom. Every exit was brilliant on this fault line.

Every goodbye, advice worth taking but I never tried.

Every twist was a reason to bring you with me but not this time. All that mattered was up those narrow stairs.

Through the darkness, past the girl trapped in the mirror.

I know there's cardboard boxes suspending time in air.

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