

# Highbird

## Daniel Norgren

The room had an old table fan,  
a red telephone and a beer stained bed.  
The streets were filled with drums and smoke,  
they were playing songs for the dead.  
And the bands went on and on,  
while we danced and fucked and drank up in our room.  
And the sea layed like a big black toad,  
in the light of the moon.  
Came down the winding road,  
???? on the radio.  
The sun was like a jungus grown with a fever,  
and a big white halo.  
She sat back with her eyes closed,  
beautiful like an eagle.  
She is the apple of my eye and the eagle  
of my life.  
I get to marry her  
I get to marry her  
one day.  
She promised.

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