

Fearsome, Though We Are

The Age of Rockets

rain hits the windshield
and tires give way
and for a moment
just a moment ...and you whisper, you whisper
"it's your anxiety" tell me why you're scared
tell me why you cannot sleep
and i won't do a thing and shore lines spread out infinite
in four-four time with wasted breath.
their spinning heads
don't make a dent in you ...
and you whisper in my ears
"it's your anxiety"

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