

# The Wind and Son

## The One AM Radio

for the boy who's left behind: you are the air. you are the heir, and you've inherited the sky. it's slowly filling  
up my eyes. i can't hold on if i try. the sighs of size, oh. the size of sighs. i'll lend you a hand you my heart in  
my mouth has run out of things to say, of secrets to give away. for the boy who's left behind, this comes to you  
by air mail. whispered in you

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