

# For Aegis

## After The Sirens

I thought of writing you a song  
in a tired repetition  
of the words I meant to sing you all along  
but never did. I have some great appreciation  
for lunar tides and roses  
and my heart always intends to beat for you  
but rarely does. Well, here are fingers  
that have reached for  
anything they've wanted;  
how often have they broken in the door?  
And here are wings that I unfolded  
at the bottom of an ocean  
and wondered how I never left the floor. I always gravitate toward comfort  
but I'd kill for my convictions  
so long as you don't ever make me move.  
You always do.

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