

Satellites In Fists

Anatomy of a Ghost

Stop to question satellites
Lost in vast expansions of space
 Place it in fists
 Finding more than we asked
 For 'misconceptions' reflective
Glance into what we should have known "it was right there."
If you could have just flown by unnoticed, unchallenged
 We would still have careless wonder left in our eyes
 Now we just wait to see behind yours
 Behind eyes these sidewalks twist and tremble
 Under the new found failures
 Swirls of red and gray mixtures of the brick inlay,
 Tear the clouds
 Bring on the rain
 Watching faces fall everyday
 Letting it wash them down
 We never thought too little
 Just not enough
So now back to present found at the tops of rock walls
 Where the spires climb so tall
The wheat fields growing all to much importance of fate,
 Of faith bridges collapse behind us
 Leaving no way out
 Still lost in thought
We find none of this bothersome not troubling whatsoever
 Claim what's ours
The headlights ahead are in blinking confirmation
 Offering reassurance we were right
 Take it back down
 This is me hanging from a nail,
 Missing the broken frame
 And burnt edges
Face cut out between two worlds,
 The first so obviously surreal
And the other so lifelike yet so dead
 And true
 But which should we choose,
 Holding our feet,
 Building our cities

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