Tug

Christbait

Little miss runs away.
Didn't think you would ever come back.
As I turned my head.
I find my newest complication.
She won't run.
Won't fall.
She don't talk to.
Anyone at all.
Am I your sleepless dream?
Can I whisper soft advice?
Am I the wind rush through the trees?
Turning leaves of observation.
She won't run.

And won't fall.
She don't talk to.
Anyone at all.
River rushes towards.
A south city left behind.
The Tug is moving at a walking pace.
Slithering up her spine.
I won't run.
I won't fall.
I don't talk to.
Anyone at all.

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