The Visit

The Cyrkle

My eyes went up
It was sunrise
The sky turned black
It was noonA ship of the silverest
Metal
Shadowed out
All of the moonA shape
That was golden and crimson
Extend a claw
To my frameI sunk in the sand
Like an infant
I screamed
But my tongue was lameMy heart on a platter
They`d stolen
My eyes
Were all fiery flameA sound like sweet dove
I did stutter
And then the ship
Swum the skies again

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