

The Visit

The Cyrkle

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

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