Bulb, For Later

Snowblink

Have you ever walked into a room
to feel the feel of someone you used to know?
Someone old, someplace new.

I come home with six cold keys
from a closed Hilo jail;
six cold keys the size of forearm bones.

We plant three bulbs for later.
When it's later we pull one.
It's a hot day, it's a hot day, it's a hot day
and we are so amazed how slow it is to wilt.

I wear my crush just like a plaid on a vest
that I never take off not even when it's hot.

There are some days
that leave the taste of an orchard
so I bake them into something sweet.

Lyrics submitted by Serena Jo.

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