Here I Land Again

Nicholas Stevenson

Here I Land, again
There at Neon Lake Motel, the bird
Wailed to keep away the waking hours

I go there every night just to feel safe

All the time I will
Wait for dark to shape my escape
Getting by, who knew?
We could fly this low, without a scrape.

Here I go, I see myself, a child
Pressing down record and singing wild
Pointing at the blue book on the shelf
I hold him and I tell him he was right

No one meant to fly this low, You and I should know.

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