

High-Strung Poets

The Evan Anthem

You wrote yourself in camouflage
to see your eyes spelled out just right and you
fired your last cannon ball-point pen.
Across your parchment battlefield
so toiled in rhyme and meter and
your war of words began to meet its Hell today. Hold your words against the sun.
It's like high-strung poets on a porcelain string.
Tied to one another, always searching for something. You'll throw your weapons down again
and see the ink spilled through the page and you'll
surrender your last thoughts to the machine again. Hold your words against the sun.
It's like high-strung poets on a porcelain string.
Tied to one another, always searching for something.

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