

# Everything Is Eventual

Jason Reeves

birds are bullets from flower guns  
and ships are anchors and planes are bombs  
when the war is over we are gone  
will our love live on  
and buldings burning and disintegrate  
and trees like armies redominate  
with the concreate craking  
and silent streets  
reveals the beauty beneath  
reveals the beauty beneath  
when we leave  
when we leave  
when summer rains go dead and drown  
and tanks are treasures beneath the ground  
when walls dividing are broken down

will our souls be found  
and streetlight stars that coat the dawn  
and clouds stop crying their endless song  
when (???) can belong  
will our love be gone?  
will our love be gone?  
and we deserve our fate  
yes it is too late  
we deserve our fate  
we deserve it  
we deserve it  
and birds are bullets from flower guns  
and ships are anchors and planes are bombs  
when war is over and we are gone  
will our love live on?

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