Lucid Anne

sElf

and in the simplest of words, she knew about forgiveness
and in passing, something true cried out
as the wheel began to turn, there it loomed and burned
in the awkwardness at hand, i don't understand
lucid anne, lucid anne
lucid anne, lucid anne
and when she woke up from the day before
no recollection of events which took place somewhere
laughing only at the lines that now traced her eyes
looking backwards through the glass, i think i missed the point
and in the simplest of words, she spoke the only answer
and in passing, something new cried out
as the wheels began to turn, there it loomed and burned
in the awkwardness at hand, now i understand

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