

Subterranean Airports

Nahemah

Did you know all truth?
I only tried to walk over the frost
But this time there was no mist
Making up your eyes.

Now I know your lips always blink
In synchrony with the marionette
Knitted lips to your chest
Mimetic, "rising" different each step.

Which word do you belong to?
I always thought we looked at the same face
Too many words on your back
Now the airport is underground.

Too many words on your back
Now the airport is underground,
Flashes from a dead past
Now the airport is underground.