

# The Nothing

Freelance Whales

The nothing came in little drones  
A darkness sewn in folded quantum tourniquets  
The offering we made to jove  
Was not enough to keep him on the horizon

When all the bridges wave and flex  
With bending pitch in fractals woven  
All your friends will call to us  
They're floating overhead

Give us a tone  
Fill us with sound codes

Let the honey bees ferment  
Glow into a meade inside the lions head  
Delicate species were meant  
The pirouette into the background with the dead

When all the bridges wave and flex  
With bending pitch in fractals woven  
All your friends will call to us  
It's floating overhead  
And when the sonic waves are shot  
From cannons on a flatbed truck  
The atmosphere will shake and shout  
It's cracking over head

Give us a tone  
Fill us with sound codes  
Grace us with deep floods  
Freeze up (and thaw) new perennials