

Tide

Junip

along the quiet narrow streets
canals are still in high tide
whatever needs to be will be
when there is nothing left to hide
whatever remains will set you free
a crater left as a divide

all of the memories will return
in the sleep like shallow scars
whatever remains will set you free
a crater left as a divide

there will soon be time to meet them all again
for once at eye level and for once as friends

there will be time
time to return