

Change

Nahemah

Those solar explosions
My refuge against your cries
The twisted immersion
Under a layer of fire.

Come up to the trapeze with me
Brush my perspective
My arms stretched out
Like branches into the pathetic truth.

Sometimes I feel my teeth
Falling down my smile,
Sometimes I feel I'm losing my steps
Through this empty desert.

When I achieve to pull out
The fishhooks from my eyes
Bring me back my cycle
And don't show the tattooed wound.

Stay...walk on my fingers
Let out the sun under your tongue
The perfect spiral
Straight up ways again

I don't vow remembering....