

By An Ion

Raised By Swans

When you crawl to my side,
you're like a wounded bird,
with your wings weighed down,
you're somehow smaller than you were,
but all of it was real to me,
'til, you showed me,
we were make-believe.

Why are we not accelerating,
pedals down,
our pulses racing.
Particles kaleidoscopic,
fireworks dreamed by an ion.

Now the charges are laid,
the poles have swung away,
and right at the split,
you might just feel some pain,
or maybe you will realize that,
I'm small enough to slip your mind.

Why are we not accelerating,
pedals down,
our pulses racing.
Particles kaleidoscopic,
fireworks dreamed by an ion.