

In True Pisces Fashion

Rosaline

It's just the season when the air drops far below bitter
I've scanned for miles and miles and still it rains a haze of sliced light
Tough Midwestern skin shields our weathered hearts for the time being
And false hope fuels us like a machine
Into a rhythmic dream, I've known, I've known
Once we're full of life and literature, we'll find that we connect
and I think that we'll long for so much more than we ever gave.
Imaginative, intuitive, and so compassionately alone.
I've scanned for miles and miles
I've scanned for miles and miles and even though the air is frozen,
I know you're right in front of me.
In true Pisces fashion, I've faded from this