

# Electricity

## Something for Kate

I'm running here  
Every focus is splintered  
Every attempt he can afford  
Rendered pointless and it's streaming down  
Senses together they move cleaner than transit will allow  
And sometimes I want to move cleaner than transit will allow to  
be

Electricity  
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Now in between  
Leaving and arriving  
I can try to digest this sequence of events  
Again I draw it out  
And again I get delayed reaction  
I get splinters  
I watch the people and their cars  
It's slow motion  
They're beautiful like breaking glass  
Not yet broken  
My motion is silver on the point  
Of a moment, splinter, moment  
My vision, the colour of

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Moment, splinter, moment  
Splinter into colour  
And let me be

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