

Swim

Surfer Blood

Quit hanging over me,
Look at the hair on the back of my neck.
Standing up on the rooftops,
Remembering everything she said.

Swim to reach the end,
But I am steady not to offend,
On whom can you depend?
Swim to reach the end.

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Lucid afternoon dream
Cosmopolitan scene.
Look at what's in store for me.
Heads will turn in disbelief.

Relish in your energy.
That's the line of symmetry.

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