

Hourglass

Viza

Last night I dreamt of holy lands with unholy laws.
Last night I met an acrobat without any arms.
The shortest straw will win her hand in marriage.

Tonight I long for fairy tales and heavy hearts.
Tonight I turn over every stone that you wore out.
The shortest straw will win her hand in marriage.

I'll find you, then hide you, in my hourglass,
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Fickled seasons. Seasoned demons.
Rumi's reasons got me thinking now.

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