

souls swallow rocks
when they feel
they'll never reach
ground again
trials of wasted
wings on black lit skies
pigeon headed walking
still eating rocks
rain drips off the tips
of every end of you
comfort in the gallows
waiting to reach
always with hands tucked
deep winding winds
with no hope of still
coined phrases
empty faces
you're eating rocks
sometimes you don't
sometimes follow me
correcting mistakes
calling upon shortcomings
un-realizing until I'm
putting down the rocks
I see me
you see nothing
I can fly through black lit skies
leaving blue and sunshine
in my wake

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