

Kite Tail Strings

I'm turning nineteen for the seventh time next winter
I'll be trading in my horses for a car
Run my hands along the world (wood) collecting splinters
Driving constellations in a jar

The air smells sweet, and drifts in sideways, slowly
I close the window, start to rub my eyes
I can sit for hours now, my thoughts get rare and holy
The sunset melts much faster than sunrise

Counting all the resined rings
Sweet restraint, and summer flings
Straightened wires turn to springs
We grip our slipping kite-tail strings
And fly

Concision is a symptom of our failures
It doesn't take much thinking anymore
Talking to the capsized midnight sailor
Reaching for the railing before the door

Counting all the resined rings
Sweet restraint, and summer flings
Straightened wires turn to springs
Forget our slipping kite-tail strings
And fly

You're laughing now, I'm speaking like Fitzgerald
You're smiling now, mocking fading brows
I'm charging rent, I'm clean and I'm appareled
Constellations walk where light allows

Counting all the resined rings
Sweet restraint, and summer flings
Straightened wires turn to springs
We fear our slipping kite-tail strings
And fly

Counting all the resined rings
Sweet restraint, and summer flings
Straightened wires turn to springs
Release our slipping kite-tail strings
And fly