

Despite our predicament,
I'd choose to be stuck with you,
even now.

The birds scatter,
the seals feast,
the car sank deeper,
into the grain.
You could have
encompassed yours in mine,
could have embraced the world
You brought me to,
where alps met their reflection,
and the land consumed you.
Would you still condemn me then?

Did I overstep?
Did the end begin before it could start?
Still, I am
consumed by you.
When I wake,
years from now, I'll see your solution.
To pull you out of the grain
dust you off, erase the creases,
centered on my pedestal.
Despite our efforts,
I can't bring you back.

I suppose we sank too deep.