

## Tide

Junip

along the quiet narrow streets  
canals are still in high tide  
whatever needs to be will be  
when there is nothing left to hide  
whatever remains will set you free  
a crater left as a divide

all of the memories will return  
in the sleep like shallow scars  
whatever remains will set you free  
a crater left as a divide

there will soon be time to meet them all again  
for once at eye level and for once as friends

there will be time  
time to return