

Electricity

Something for Kate

I'm running here
Every focus is splintered
Every attempt he can afford
Rendered pointless and it's streaming down
Senses together they move cleaner than transit will allow
And sometimes I want to move cleaner than transit will allow to
be

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Now in between
Leaving and arriving
I can try to digest this sequence of events
Again I draw it out
And again I get delayed reaction
I get splinters
I watch the people and their cars
It's slow motion
They're beautiful like breaking glass
Not yet broken
My motion is silver on the point
Of a moment, splinter, moment
My vision, the colour of

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Moment, splinter, moment
Splinter into colour
And let me be

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