

Things That Make The Morning Call

The Little Flames

Fragile you,
Blind and grey,
Showed up once
Then hid away.

Saw the sun,
Saw the sky,
And how the sunlight
Burned your eyes.

Fled from the day,
Hiding away.

Dig so deep,
Bury all
The things that make
The morning call.

All the same
Day will break,
And you deny
The sky you crave.

Your walls are so high
To block out the sky