

Mia Shaw
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Desert Father

How do you picture it?

The tide wanes once and then it's gone?

The air is drowning in us?

We might come together again in the worst
longing and loss.

Something's definitely dawning;

Much farther from each other's eyes.

The singer can't hold her tune.

The last of the ten fingers counting down;

If you will, you can become all flame.