

a shooting star in the sky
stopped to ask your name
but you didn't give an answer
always afraid of fame

you're a clip in the paper
you're a picture in her living room and
your scent is vaguely familiar
to her who cradled you in her womb

the magnet mississippi stole your breath
as you sunk into it's lonely depths
this final image of you freezes
where you're surrounded by jewels and missing pieces

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sometimes the daydreams are worse then the nightmares
for in the night at least you reappear
you may be voiceless, disfigured, disadvantaged, but you're here

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