

# LISTEN

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I said clatter me catch me it's time I said few a fever it is time write it  
are you a medium are you mark the page a conflagration can't you a  
burning sheet a shroud you can't see sound it makes make it up to me  
if I a conspiracy if I a condition something nameless a little nauseous  
under the weather whither it blows sky full lightning what does it  
show tangle of branches drawn out of night a cage for the mind and  
then it goes dark the eye a storm the raged wheel turning someone  
riding shotgun someone writing start at the end won't you it only  
gets better voices in the backseat what is going on listen up it's hard  
times listen in