Wings of the Parapets

Ramona Lisa

the wings of the parapets
watch over the stage
of love and rage
they watch as I catch a flight
and you fill the fuel
to give me a ride
here above the open ledge
with no control of which to speak
o if love is a dependency
resign me
hear, a dove in the cargo bay
an-hundred miles beneath his feet
o if love is the opposite of free
resign me

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