

Move:

Was it a shadow, or was it upon the air?
An open window scatters me everywhere, and nowhere.
Saturated in blue, the inky fingers stretch out to shock you.
Take my hand, and we'll move.

Was it a tremor, or was it an open mind—
The icy shiver shooting an echo through my spine?
You complicated the truth. We'll break the surface to reach what we once knew;
Compel the universe to move.

Make it move.

The world stops in my hand. The moon is in my hair.
I'm every breath, and every moment left to share.
A surge of iridescent genius fills my veins.
The rolling water, sovereign mountains take my pain.
Divination in the tide, sweeping every fear aside.
Swallow all the oceans, the change set in motion.

Was it a vision, or was it the cutting edge—
A single minute clutching the soul of every life you led?
I'm reaching out to the muse. She turns to me, she cuts me loose.
It's mine to choose. I'll speak the truth.
Lift my eyes and watch it move.