

# X

*by* Lola E.

We draw a treasure map in the sand  
wait for the waves to wash it away  
I ask you not to leave me stranded here  
If I'm bound for hell, I don't want to be left      behind  
The sun breaks through the edge of infinity  
spills over the line, soaking the sky orange. I've long gone color  
blind  
and you can't hear  
the sound of freedom  
as you smear the dawn across the ground  
We'll find our way to that *X* someday, I'm sure  
and when our hands hit gold  
we'll build ourselves our own small world  
of blue, music, and faulty navigation.

*Written 2015, May 25*  
*08:14 pm*

