## throw your hands in the air and wave them like

there is no hearse & this is not for death & we are far more than enough combing through the dusk's thick fuzz with our fists the increase we keep hauling in our coarse palms with hustle here miracle spins a swelling boom to my syncopated massage where there is never a beat down so we only speak in offbeat & retribution, this varsity rhythm of shameless zest all the technique i may never need to know & forever will want to tease any appeal eft into the frenzied peace here fear & i took the same class with different teachers learned how to get pulse inversely here i've only ever known how to be gentle you could find me in the eye with my wrists as altars still of the tornado gritty and present as a pew i think it glad here and all of a sudden the prayers remember the parents' lips while they let go of everything else like the youth always skipping rope and testimony & we all remember organs remain hollow arenas until we're out of tune and sharp so i ask what else can a key be pressed to say about love don't we prefer ourselves like the high notes we never hit something great to cry over soaked & synthetic like a page baptized by a tear & dribble of our stubborn timbre to the touch & the back of the english class here the pulpit are loud with sweat & even the sighs are of a rejoice a delight unshaken in a spontaneous tempo sweet as a rapture of sound & again this is not for grieving matter of fact i want to show you how easy it is to return to this heaven so let's leave this right here & we can start somewhere else pick a place & pick up where we left off it'll be a new dawn we'll do this same routine turn & run just like that