

Rain Dance

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Speak up!
So that the scribe
may feel your
breath upon
their frozen marker.
In here, every sway
covers the floor,
where our feet
squeak with
each lyrical lie,
thinking that we
have to
belong here.
Where else can
we go before someone
thinks of
keeping
the lights on?
Each spear dies
without hearing
a woman's plea
and bargain.
Spill it out!
and we will
slip across the
floor with its
mess underneath
our soles.