

# Hypothetical

I FEEL URGENT I FEEL URGENCY  
we shall make our insurgency,  
iconoclasm, you and me  
cataclysm of the earth and sea.

The past has passed, so leave it be  
to sleep in peaceful reverie.  
It's over now. It's history.  
Just tiptoe onward, cautiously.

You see, the sky's between us. We  
have drifted on the lunar sea.  
We were not saved by piety,  
nor gathered to the Trinity.

But here at university  
our lives are changing quietly.  
You sit beside me; I am free  
to love you (hypothetically).