

Zine



Saffronauts

KNF7Botany003

Zine

"I was never meant to be found digging through old earth. But when you touch the threads of the crocus, sometimes the old you unravels just enough to remember."

- HATTIE MAE WILDER



Zine

Three to Keep the Dark from Death

Threads of flame in frost-kissed earth,

We pull them slow, for all they're worth.

One for sorrow, two for breath,

Three to keep the dark from death.

In silence, saffron stains the dawn—

Thought about
Delphine when
I read this.

Zine

Saffronauts

[Verse 1]

Brewed a cup in a coffee can pot, Color gold, but
the world was not. Took a sip, let the noise
subside, Then reined my thoughts for the quiet
ride.

[Chorus]

We're saffronauts, babe, flyin' low, Floatin' high
where the wild roots grow. Stir that cup and drop
what's heavy— This bunker heart's still bold and
ready.

[Verse 2] Dirt on my boots and a tune in my
throat, Strands of light in a mustard coat. Didn't
beat the ache, but we kept the climb, And bloom
like rust in bunker time. [

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Saffronauts

[Chorus]

We're saffronauts, babe, flyin' low, Floatin' high
where the wild roots grow. Lemon and flame, with
a soul that steeps— Dreams stitched tight where
the rush don't reach.

[Bridge]

Got no rocket, got no plan, Just a battered mug
and a busted fan. But when the dust feels like too
much sky, We burn a trail, and we rise up high.

[Final Chorus] We're saffronauts, babe, bold and
bright, Glowin' through that bunker night. Salt in
the sweat, steel in our song— Still flyin' steady
when the grid is gone.