Abscense Makes The Day Go Longer

Cursive

Please hang my raincoat
I guess that I'll stay a while
While I wait on the return
It seems the distance you've made
Has since lost its meaning
Meanwhile, I've meant to ration my thoughts
To help quicken this sloth driven day
As I wait, my joints slowly stiffen
They're warning me that something is nearing
Disaster...
Disaster...
Hailstorm...
Memories like fireflies
A green hue of imagery

But much too random to see clearly
And I don't recall much between you and me
Grey and cloudy
This tragedy plays itself over again in my mind
What's my line
Where are the cue cards
Memorize my actions, my discourse
Like a discontented fool...
This just won't do
It's no use
These crushing days
Absence made your heart bruise
You're all bruise
You're all bruise

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