

Rubber Legs

Mineral

i remember little town and the big gray house with the burgundy door the lawn shaped like a boot and the boy who liked pretending that the island in the middle was a shore time is a clock ticking it stops my heart to think of it i remember the magic in your eyes i'd stare at them and you'd say the silliest things like "christopher i'm crazy about you" and "matthew i love you monstrously" and it's my favorite time of year how i wish that you were here (or how i wish that i could be there) to watch the lights blink on the tree give thanks to god for everything and lay down all my fears and it's too late to call you on the phone and tell you that your boy is all alone tonight but i will never forget how you taught me to stand on these rubber legs and fight.

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