

# Lee

## Nina Nastasia

I remember  
The hail of red clay rocks  
Fom your lame chucking arm  
The boys, the hill

And the wild lines home from work  
Silent stairs we crept before your mom at the tv had a clue  
She never talked to me or to you

But when we would have a game  
Up there she would shout your name  
And the record we'd hush  
She'd go away  
We'd dim the light in your room  
And we would play

You were more like a girl every time  
We'd fall asleep to the tune as the walls spun round

Light flashed, life stopped  
With you, lee  
Under bed sheets  
A tent we had made there  
Were things as I remember  
Hard things for you as a man you left angry

Oh Lee, how a child can wine  
I'm done telling lies to mine  
There's no deal in it all  
He needs to hear

All the things we're pining for  
All that's carried far from sure  
We were bitter about what remains  
I'm not telling him now  
Just the same  
You were a dream when you painted your eyes  
Mighty you were like a sail on a heaving sky

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written by Nastasia, Nina  
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