Take Care

Small Brown Bike

he said just to let him go. no ropes attached. this is how he wants it. this is how we want it? im holding back my tears. my throat is dirt. the four of us. time to discuss. what will we do in thirty years. is it this weather? have the clouds ran down inside your head? soaked in cynicism. you dry me up. the time is always green. the eyes all squint. it comes out red and blistered. screaming for completion. when time stares back. let the sun kill you. when time stares back. let your son live you. take care of me.

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