

# Elephant & Castle

## The Age of Rockets

Around the bed frame hollow cans  
and rings from coffee cups line the pages on the desk  
monday spent mourning the sun  
while taste still lingers from something lost along the way and you're the worst  
at what you love the best  
and up till now:  
an experiment around the staircase pools of dried blood  
singing you to sleep  
the dishes will know to do themselves  
I can't remember places but I do recall the name  
of something lost along the way and we used to know where we all would go when where gone  
and whispers of doubt that escaped our mouth carried home  
and as the night kept our parents in bed we burned new york to the ground  
and we used to know where we all would go when were gone

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