

# Enamor Me

## Pianos Become the Teeth

Old trains on Haskell in Arcade,  
sitting silent and strange,  
I let myself rust,  
I've shed a lot of water over you,  
the grass has gotten so flush,  
I let myself harp too much,  
I don't feel any closer to you here,  
I had a thought to make a charcoal trace of your grave and hang it on my wall,  
merely for the sake of being sentimental of another time,  
another place,  
another life,  
it's easier to remember your face,  
I don't feel any closer to you here,  
it's easier to remember your face,  
it's the little triggers,  
your bones were done for,  
I'll leave them alone,  
you're not dreaming, I know,  
empty eyes can't see me, I know,  
your bones were done for,  
I'll drink to my own,  
I'll leave them alone,  
it's all getting old,  
sometimes, I don't stop off of 54 to see you anymore,  
U143, a few rows back from that second tree.  
Enamor me.  
Sometimes, you'd say, "hey ugly," when I'd walk in the room,  
"even the wind is like you,"  
so be the rot in a plot but enamor me.  
I don't feel any closer to you here.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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