

The House We Will Make

The One AM Radio

in the house we will make someday, we'll sleep in on sunday. the sheets and the sun's rays will close all around,
wash over like ocean sounds. we'll stay in the bedroom until slanting sunlight tells us it's afternoon. won't it be
sweet? we'll want for naught. all that we'll need will be all we've got. and we'll never speak of days when we'd
desperately seek shelter from terrible storms, trying just to keep safe and

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