Some Trees

Cymbals Eat Guitars

And now a road connects the cul-de-sac
To the adjacent development
But there used to be trees stretching back
And there was no way throughAnd I was thankful for the mystery
But by the time that girl had hanged herself
I could have looked out my back window
And watched her neck just snapBaseball field lights that shine
Over the shedding pine
Each bulb's a blinding sphere
In the secular nation
Unhurried sirens moan
Pitches that glaze my eyes
She's just a pale fleshy typewriter-light advertisement for a wind chime that emits rays which resonate in the polluted skyAll entrances to the
Merritt blocked off I mean
I'd love to believe that death's
Just the beginning as the
Shutters fly open and the
Breeze gives me pause
I know what's out there
morning phone calls silence and resentment and craters a new moon built in a line

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