

She Send Kisses

Wrens

Ten tons against me and you've gone
I put your favorite records on
And sit around
It spins around
And you're around againStruck dumb while drugs run at how high reeds
Cue every memory at half-speeds
Just like.. Charles, hold-me-downs
I'm coming sounds
Cut crap, who's filling shoes like these anymore?Past clumsy crushes beneath Thrill Pier
Hopes pinned to poses honed in men's room mirrors
A sophomore at Brown
She worked lost & found
I put your face on her all yearFrom five rows of photos when you wrote
Of posed you, dressed blue, in a backyard boat
And at the bottom with this quote:
(#4 North Shore) a Cape May address
Your new one I guess
'All's well in hell and here's hoping'

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