Dream House

Dane Cook

Hindered by sober restlessness.
Submitting to the amber crutch.
The theme in my aching prose.
Fantasizing the sight of Manhattan;
That pour of a bitter red being that escapes a thin frame.
The rebirth of mutual love.
The slipping on gloves to lay tenderly."I'm dying."
- "Is it blissful?"
"It's like a dream."
- "I want to dream."

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