Wet Cement

Craig Safan

we met one day in wet cement
where we glued our eyes shut
and pressed with our fists
and while the trees are shrinking now
they forgot their roots
and sloped in the ground
and while I'm picking out my favorite names
where our future is concerned
in the steady blur of the days
what brought us here, why we try to say
we face back all the way

now the cement's hardened in my chest
a world of wax
scraped in through text
and someone was calling just before I woke up
my broken record spits good and bad luck
and with my broken, pale black eyes
I still see white when the snow falls lightly
in the steady blur of the days
what brought us here, why we try to say
but we face back all the way

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