Fairlee

Matt Pond PA

Under the overpass
Way out in Fairlee they were saying
I'm convinced

The city has its cards
A fuel-less fire will always fade
Keep your hands warm

Lock all the shutters when the wind returns
Brought with it are convictions considered arguable
It turns
In time
Reflects
Your eyes

Beyond the critical
Beyond the highway is not safe
Cars move slow here

Against the backdrop fades
An insulated formless shape
Falling snow builds

There is a bare light that could catch your eyes
Had the whole place on its feet reconsider what is valuable
It turns
In time
Reflects
The light

In a derailment
Article claiming
That you're not fit and you don't have
Names not worth naming

And there is something
Right in the center
You see yourself and you don't know
At least you got mentioned

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