8 A.M. Departure

Piebald

come on sleepyhead, it's time to drive to nowhere. i love it when you smile and aren't afraid to ask questions. don't you tell me to stop my breathing. malignant silence that dulls the senses tries my tongue. respiration without permission. pale yellow light on the ceiling, her faint cries on the end of the line. my eyes expel alcohol, come on sleepyhead. it's time to drive to nowhere, we'll find a playground and swing on the swings. put our hands out the windows, wave them up and down, let's have a picnic in a wide open field.
then we can run across & spread our arms like we are flying. let's go camping and watch the sun come up. we'll drive around with the windows rolled down. let's dress up and go out to eat at a fancy restaurant. let's find the most comfortable couch, we'll climb trees because they won't bleed no matter how hard you climb them, let's make this the last time. when i told you everything was fine i meant it. i guess it's just strange when everything comes true. tear down my posters. strip down my bed. i'm never coming back. i know what i said to you, in the pouring rain, without pouring lies, this time could last forever, this could be the last time

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