

Lifeboats for High Hopes

Southcott

My spine can be,
the piano keys,
that your fingertips play, wide eyed as the ships collide,
 along the docks of the lower
east side, and we're on this cruise,
of self abuse, we're highlights on
 the evening news, and we're
sweating out our sins, through
 our ordinary skin,
although I love your touch,
 I'll tap my wristwatch,
 This has been fun love,
But your tongue can be so cliche.

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