

paper shoes

Hawksley Workman

I fly

I soar

This I

Adore

And then like a locomotive

The sound of your sorrow comes

I'm tired of the way that it feels

I only apologized to you to make you feel better

But I think I've outgrown that horsehair sweater

I'd rather be alone

You're about as reliable as paper shoes in bad weather

But pain will roll off like water on feather

You'd fly

You'd soar

But then like a locomotive

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