

Everyday

Modern Baseball

You hold my hand
You hold your liquor
Projection screen
Had ceased its flicker
You gave me a tiny taste
Of your truth
I was starved and you were full
I drove back home
When you got sicker
Disputing claims that you still held the TV clicker
Hannah's face was flushed still in my mind
The waiter asked if she was high
You need to hide
It's in your framework
Look me in the eyes and act like I don't know how shame works
Your compass spins in reverse
The trees do timelapse speed growth
The sky is lost behind a sea of green
She's acting like she knows what's up
She's tipping, tipping that devotion stuff
Breaking like her bread won't puff
She's sipping, sipping from that holy cup
Waking up everyday is all about
Doing things you don't want to do
But your reward is
You get to wake up

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