No Place Like You

Small Brown Bike

sitting on a cold wall i can feel the wind penetrate this thin blue coat. just enough to give me comfort that i so very need just enough to keep my mind warm. i breathe. i want to scream. i want to bleed these last few weeks i wish that i was home. the comfort of that place just seems so far from here. i wish that i had you. we could be just anywhere and id still have you near. id still have you here. sitting on a hard floor i can smell the smoke coming from your thin black lungs. reminds me why i hate this city and the people in between. reminds me why i slept in the back seat.

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