

# Tacoma

## Hot Cross

i have better memories of you during worse times  
days you planned  
with your head in your hands  
and your feet beneath your thighsim sure youd recall  
that stretch of mills wrapped around  
rockier peaks  
back home where your diary leaks  
the names of those you forgot to possess  
the wretched figures that youve never sewn to your dressyou are much more  
than i'll resign myself to  
you are much more  
than i'll assign to myselffour hands are wrapped around  
tongues youve bit  
and its easy to reword failures  
that no longer fiti forgot your name on that very same day  
i wrote away the symptoms youd have me betrayand i'll never invest a sick sense in anything this  
immenseminds that turn pale  
from conversations and innuendos you struggle to find  
they grow out of themselves on their own  
through words we findpills that are easier lost than swallowed  
when we've buried all the roads we had left to follow  
over and over and over and over again

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