

Down

Summer Camp

In the summer camp, down by the hill
i'll get some time to think
laying down on the pier, throwing stones to the lake
one stone for everything
that i really miss
like my dog, and the crows, and the smell of here
and i'll keep a very special pile of
heavy and black and polished and weird and terrifying stones
for the nights when i missed you
(and even when i could still see you)
...
for the sweets things you said that i don't want to
know if they're true
for you wearing my shirts and riding your bikes in a warm night
for when we didn't even say goodbye
for when i was stuck in the airport with amazing
lightnings keeping the plane to the ground
(and i wouldn't even call you)
for the anger and the pain that we softly built
for the anger and the pain that we tenderly built
for the anger and the pain that we hug-ly built

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