

# 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 awarm 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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