

Two Toasters

Dryjacket

I used to keep things
Late evenings endless and repeat until depleted
Still don't know your name
We drink from hand-me-down kitchenware
One sided arguments
I'm waking up with new cuts
Another unfulfilling weekend
Casual cries for help and undertones of distress
Hold out your glass, I'll pour until you say when
The unforgiving cycle home
I navigate familiar roads
Christmas lights to left and right
Set on timers to go off at night
Steering into parked cars, setting off alarms
Witnesses on porches with extended arms aiming towards me
I'm sorry
I no longer keep things
Late evenings reckless, repress until deleted
What is to be gained?
We toast with hand-me-down kitchenware
A lack of self-control
No ounce of moderation
It's past the point to where it's just sad
Shall we destroy ourselves with nothing less than top shelf? Hold out your glass, I'll pour until you say when
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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