Perfecting Loneliness

Jets to Brazil

I'm a long list with no time, sunset panic on the street.
Sugar and light bulbs,
the milk of kindness is behind us now with all those stones in your coat.
Did you think they wouldn't know?
The tea leaves of trashed sheets, dirty needles and sweets.
Zero to heaven in seven.
A lifetime. A nanosecond.
All the sand in your glass is going by so fast.
The radio is playing our tune.
I love it, could you turn it down?
The thought of you crying in my room.
I miss you, could you come around sometime?
When the night comes down,
the world becomes a room under the microscope with a lab coat and glue.
I'm fixing this hole with everything I knew.
The music is making my head split.
I love it, could you turn it off?
The thought of you is tearing me in two.
I miss you, could you come around sometime?
This list is what went right.
Your name is written twice.
We live like astronauts and our missions never cross.
The stakes are high.
We're standing by.
There used to be a hundred ways to put my arms around you.
Every one seemed new, natural, and true.
Perfecting loneliness 'till nothing's holding us.
Consider earth.
We could be the first.

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