

Paper Thin

Hot Water Music

Send me up and give me magazine copies of open spaces,
and open ends distant, diverted from the medicine,
and our own ends that we're seeing.
White white walls and hospitals,
all of us feel trivial and relative, tentative and waiting
for our own white white walls and hospitals,
all of us feel trivial and paper thin, tentative and waiting.
For just another day of no answers,
and no promises in the nighttime,
but in the meantime fucking hospitals and medicine
stand towering and cold and pallid.
Send me up into the towering hospitals and their medicine

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