

Untitled train

Poem:

April 10, 2011

- how come you're down on your knees
how come you can't get up on your feet
I just tried to get up early and make the morning
something

make your motion
pour your gasoline right on the road
and fill your tank again
you won't hear that one from me again
no
you look like you're afraid but you're just alone

little timing takes the motion drives them home

list of things to take
trash, cloths from the floor, all my thoughts of you.
you and I cool down
as they heat up
it comes to you in a dream like that the phenomenal
experience
that is your life
what I mean you get of it
there it is there
there it is there
you saw the weather change and you were like that.

so what - where was your heart when you were slipping and
falling

how can I make love to myself if you're too restrictive with
your definition of it, my love

something's coming

something's coming

you'll never turn to it again,

it's just a dream.

not fearing the dark dark forest

who knows but the same ways home