For Gary Oak

Or crouched in the brush. Cramped, grazing sleeping in tall grass, rare

stars above us, breed a town's edge

or half your charm on me together

cruising, throwing up cut

from error, we'd settle home.

If you would a bridge

the lone path towers ahead

in scenes not ours in hiding, chaste

after you I repeating, after you

over again.

For you'd rather name plaques while I learn your defense.

Always in front of us.

Dashing repellant fleeing.