

# 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 you heart when you we slipping  
and falling

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