

# Honey

Drifting on my own in  
my old haunt on Canal  
old then, new now while  
my baby's eyes were now near  
(Didn't used to be)  
following like the moon  
making texts, making papers  
all over the ground—  
thoughts of her following me.

I had nothing in my head;  
nothing in my pockets.  
What this place used to be,  
this parade on no day going by  
with no wave from the  
Queen of my parade—  
it's odd and all I want  
is to see whatever she sees.

Like maybe I'm not looking  
really, and my baby's eyes  
are like the moon, just  
a place I'd rather be.  
And the trip, the trip?  
It takes 100% of me.  
It's worth it,  
Every orbit.

I'll get back to  
those blue moons of mine  
Kidnap her to get her

where she wants to be  
Give up what no longer  
matters to me &  
get out of my own way

She will take a bit of time,  
Like honey poured from a jar  
Slow, requires patience,  
Then when it pours,  
It covers  
And tastes so sweet