03/16/2022

All of this change has got me thinking of leaving the city

Cold wind coming down form the north

Crawling all over my skin again.

All of this blame has got me thinking of leaving the city

Sometimes I know I just have to go

Maybe there’s a place for me down below.

You said you were surprised when I left

That there was suddenly a weight released from your chest.

The besat in me went east towards the sea

And your feces spurred the way

Getting easier every day.

I left under duress, so I’ll try and forget you and your yellow dress

White flowers strewn all around the middle passage of my schooling

Blank, smoking, moving shale rock by the ton,

Pine highway home in my Bravada

When the day is done.