

Ximena Sarinana**"The Jim Yoshii Pile-Up - Birthday Cake"**

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Let's go out tonight. I feel like picking a fight.
I feel like starting a brawl and then slipping out the
back door.
Do you think that's funny? I don't think it's funny.
But our backs have been broken too many times. We've
seen all their tricks and we know all their lines and it's
not free, but it should be.
So we risk our necks and reputations. When we hit the
ground, the needle skips.
I put a file in your birthday cake because a cheap cliché
and a half-hearted
Gesture is what you asked for this year. I spent a day
on that damned mix tape.
I should have known that you'd have Nick Drake.
The saddest songs are the oldest news to you.
The saddest songs are the oldest news to you.
But our hearts have been broken too many times.
We've seen all their tricks and we know all their lines
and it's time. Oh, it's time.
So the saints are all lying on my kitchen floor, drifting
in and out of consciousness and hanging on the screen
door, saying, "Life is not free, but
It will be." And they close their eyes and smile their
smiles of bloody lips and broken teeth.
I put a file in your birthday cake because a cheap cliché
and a half-hearted gesture is what you asked for this
year. I spent a day on that damned mix tape. I should
have known that you'd have Nick Drake. The saddest
songs are the oldest news.
But do you find you're so different? Have you never
met your own friends?
Does the time move slowly only for you? Were the
police reports, the articles, the eulogies written only for
you?
I dreamt that I kissed you. I dreamt that I kissed you
and then let you go.

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