

## Single File Suicide

### "November In Brookline"

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Fate flickers like a newsreel.

It's dancing across the dark wood restaurants,

the empty sidewalks,

and the hotel lobbies that have started to fade

so that the deep reds are now a dirty pink,

and the elegance they had before has been stripped  
and covered in dust.

And there are countless yesterdays

that were supposed to be something more.

But as time blurs them, the edges soften

and you can carve a monument out of broken glass  
and sand.

Nothing is uglier than former beauty.

It's the curse of the starlet.

Sunlight can be a horrible thing.

Fate still smiles demurely as the leaves clog the  
gutters,

and the red bricks chip and sink further into the  
ground.

Time wears you down.

Time will spit on you.

Time marches on.

Its promises fell through,

and there are countless yesterdays where promises  
fell through.

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