

## **Cymbals Eat Guitars "Some Trees"**

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And now a road connects the cul-de-sac  
To the adjacent development  
But there used to be trees stretching back  
And there was no way through

And I was thankful for the mystery  
But by the time that girl had hanged herself  
I could have looked out my back window  
And watched her neck just snap

Baseball field lights that shine  
Over the shedding pine  
Each bulb's a blinding sphere  
In the secular nation  
Unhurried sirens moan  
Pitches that glaze my eyes  
She's just a pale fleshy typewriter-light advertisement  
for a wind chime that emits rays which resonate in the  
polluted sky

All entrances to the  
Merritt blocked off I mean  
I'd love to believe that death's  
Just the beginning as the  
Shutters fly open and the  
Breeze gives me pause  
I know what's out there  
morning phone calls silence and resentment and  
craters a new moon built in a line

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