

Defiance Ohio

"The Temperature Is Dropping"

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Would it help to write a letter, as puddles turn to icy lakes? The temperature is dropping; the temperature is dropping with every breath or life it takes. And baby, baby, baby, baby, baby, baby, I guess it wouldn't be bad - if street lights and the cold nights in between - were all we ever had.

[Make] simultaneous maps of cities, states of heart, or the heart of states. And I keep on hoping, and I keep on asking to stay awake or hibernate. And maybe, maybe, maybe, maybe, maybe, maybe, our marks can make it through the snow. But even words can wither in the frost, if all we ever know is this beating pulse that slows to less than one beat per minute before the spring thaw. Do we measure days or years? Or are we tired of waiting? And is it a luxury, or survival, or all that we have?

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