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left me on the edge, looking over. you said i was wild
but i just felt tired. it's hard to care, just like it's hard to
remember, sometimes. and you can't help but drag me
into the hall when he is standing right there. everyone
can hear you talking. i'm turning inside out. i'm sinking
into the floor. i know he's listening and he's following a
lot more than you or i. there's holes in the carpet but
that's not why we're here. i was getting ready to throw a
bunch of garbage, about to say that he might care,
about the holes in my outfit enough to thread my life
together. needles are flying around the room. welcome
to a museum i can't explain. there's no guides today.
today. i refuse to speak. my impression's pretty weak.
sometimes the past seems way too present.

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