

Fall Of The Leaf "A Waiting Room Snap"

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Awkward in the corner of a waiting room, right next to
the old magazines.

Uneasy, like a fish pulled up against the light.

Black day, curiously attractive white light.

Just as comfortable as watching well-oiled axis of rail
cars ride by above.

Maybe there is something outside the window, maybe
not.

Not.

Ask the lady again for no particular reason.

Hurting like a bitch and wearing a shit excuse for
clothes.

These stains are definitely staying.

Suddenly a voice:

"Snap out of it.

No blood, can't hurt.

Go home."

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