

## Haste

# "Room One Thirty Four"

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Missed every detail (just move on) but now the wait is up. I'm lying and I'm begging that it is done this time. (Could it be done this time?) "Engine" still turning, why can't we shut this off? (And it seemsâ€¦!) my patience is running thin. Now it seems that this is more than just our Friday nights. All familiar things left so far behind. Even if it all comes down to bittersweet goodbyes, it feels like we are close, for at least tonight. Our temporary blueprint (is useless) is bathed in nicotine. It took a lot of mileage just to come this far (yet we travel on). No precognition, and don't make any plans (and it only seemsâ€¦!) to walk away from this. (â€¦!That here we will stay.) Now it seems that this is more than just our Friday nights. All familiar things left so far behind. Even if it all comes down to bittersweet goodbyes, it feels like we are close, for at least tonight. Holding my breath at every turn. Anticipating the end of premature regrets. Now it seems that this is more than just our Friday nights. All familiar things left so far behind. Even if it all comes down to bittersweet goodbyes, it feels like we are close, for at least tonight.

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