

## Irving

# "Crumbling Mountain Tops"

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She's drawing pictures with a razorblade she says  
she wants to spend the day with me  
she tells me of the time she went to rescue all her  
pills from the empty corner pharmacy  
I wonder how she feels

And as I lay I heard the crumbling mountain tops  
inside my feeble wandering restless disposition

wondering if she's been here all along  
wandering in and out of all the hallways of my mind

And so I lay beside her on a mattress in the kitchen  
and we watch the sun come up and she takes my  
hand beneath the blanket to her body and she whispers  
softly  
that she was glad that we had met

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