

Cara Beth Satalino

"Can Kicker"

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smiling sunshine, pass the days by
kicking cans in my backyard
blue balloons and yellow bellies
throwing stones at sunken cars
we get home we smell like spring
we sit and watch the sun get lost

tiny sailboat in a stream
we'll only take you out so far
then you just sit back and dream
of things you've never seen before

steep, the edge, let's get too close
let's come too close to falling off

when you think about your life
you never know
writing letters from the coast

when you drift out to see
you're gunna miss the things you lack
then you finally realize
those things are never coming back

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