

Kashmir

"Undisturbed"

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I'm so tired
It feels like my head has been fried
You don't have to ask for the night
hanging under my eyes

All I need
is a blanket to cover my feet
and a touchdown lit up and wide
enough for me to descend upon

Undisturbed
The evening is undisturbed
Free from words
of those who necessarily
had to honk horns
at the freeway ghost. Who has

no place left
but the vacuum of everyones thrift
and the sounds of an anxious world
who'll never make it on time
time

In this home
there is solitude by telephones
of fifteen different take away menus
I slabber on

Undisturbed
The evenings are undisturbed
Free from words of those who
necessarily had to speak up
when the lights were off and all
"notrihgtnow" signs called the sounds
to stop

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