

Kind Of Like Spitting "Grapes"

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despite what you recommend
despite what you implement
this just can't stand anymore
3 A.M. at my door
with no one to tell you that it's wrong

drugged for some seasons
sure we were pure
like cancer's quick miracle
or resin chalk spectacles
party after party
the laughs they just told you that you were on
and the luckiest asshole I've ever met
is playing music on my bed again
sharing wings and boulders
bringing me back in

those who all give advice
those who all recommend
those who know everything
kitchen philosophy
those who speak quietly

words wide and sympathy
they don't know of your eyes
six inches from mine
or the taste of your hips
with the windows wide open

so here we hang loosely
and dry on the vine
I put my hair up and think of us marrying
this garden's the same but these fruits have new
names
I have wanted you for so long
and the luck of the lasso, for once I wept
never seemed to get more than a glance
and the feathers and boulders I once possessed
they found a home in age and circumstance

