

## Matt Pond PA

### "Summer"

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Saturday night  
the summer is here  
under clothes  
hands dissappear

buttons slip  
they've gone stray  
with them thoughts  
have gone away

too far to see  
from the back seat  
where sleeping is the enemy

in our hands  
theres more sense  
butchered words  
dont understand

to ourselves  
our skin sticks  
our palms sweat  
our teeth click

flashing glimpses  
do not see

when daylight is the enemy

i can barely  
see your blue eyes  
i can barely  
make them out

its alright,  
in this realm

your mouth tastes perfectly like ciggarettes

its okay  
it is fine

theres nothing, just one thing on our mind

saturday night  
the summers here  
the sound of breath  
is in our ears  
yes the coast  
is completely clear

to wonder, we dissappear.

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