

Qaurantined Past "Paperback Covers"

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And it said it'd all be alright
If I made imprints in the grass with it, I'd slide into
liquid days by gazing at the clouds.
We got our fingers dirty and left the binding paper
contracts, signed and proof read, to the will of the
wind.
How could anyone

Walk with the cold metal bars of the train tracks,
And never glance skyward for a change of scenery.

My ends been written those days are flat as paperback
covers now.
I guess the shadows made it all look so goddamn real.

I'm designating colors to sins now, it's as useless as
you and your cellophane blindfolds.

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