

Zachary James Dodds "Words, Cranes, & Marks"

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We're a bad wreck, with our bicycles tangeled and our
broken knees.

You were laughing as you fell from your pedals, lying
next to me.

'Cause most girls would just be crying and angry.

I hope she keeps me. I hope she heals me. Hope her
knees don't scar.

I hope she'll teach me just how she reached me...
through words, cranes, and marks.

Spent the weekend on stairwells of cedar, with our
bandaged knees.

Poems, and pencils, and odd paper creatures kept us
off our feet.

'Cause she extracts the pain right from me.

I had hoped in days we'd heal. Days when all that's
empty's filled. As we lay in softly sun, just as when we
first met us.

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