

Pictureplane

"8 A.M Departure"

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Come on sleepyhead, it's time to drive to nowhere. i
love it when you smile and aren't afraid to ask
questions. don't you tell me to stop my breathing.
malignant silence that dulls the senses tries my
tongue. respiration without permission. pale yellow
light on the ceiling, her faint cries on the end of the
line. my eyes expel alcohol, come on sleepyhead. it's
time to drive to nowhere, we'll find a playground and
swing on the swings. put our hands out the windows,
wave them up and down, let's have a picnic in a wide
open field.

Then we can run across & spread our arms like we are
flying. let's go camping and watch the sun come up.
we'll drive around with the windows rolled down. let's
dress up and go out to eat at a fancy restaurant. let's
find the most comfortable couch, we'll climb trees
because they won't bleed no matter how hard you
climb them, let's make this the last time. when i told
you everything was fine i meant it. i guess it's just
strange when everything comes true. tear down my
posters. strip down my bed. i'm never coming back. i
know what i said to you, in the pouring rain, without
pouring lies, this time could last forever, this could be
the last time

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