

Studying "Wait, I'll Get Back To You"

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Touching warm dog shit through the holes of a plastic bag. Looking over my shoulder as the mailboxes turn into people. There are no people around. Goddamn right I'll miss this place, more than I ever thought. And I think about it a lot. Especially during this time of night. I hate this time of night and I know I'm not alone in that.

I'm not fond of goodbyes but I really despise saying hello for the very first time. Nice to meet you for the very first time. These four yellow walls that I've come to know and love, they were all I ever really needed. God, I hope I'm not alone in that.

But I'll do my goodbyes and I'll bring myself to say "Hello, Marlene. Nice to meet you too Kristine." These four yellow walls that I've come to know and love, they were all I ever really needed.

Goddamn right I'll miss this place. More than I ever thought. And I think about it a lot. There are some things I just don't want to change.

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