

Owen

"Gazebo"

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Alone on a train, you're running towards
or maybe away from a reason to wake each morning.
Your thoughts again drift to us and what we have or
haven't become.
Your head shakes and you think, "Never again."
It's true what they say about fools who leave too soon -
they don't ever really move on.
You put your hand in your bag;
You pull out the Carver book you grabbed before
leaving.
It's then you realize, 'In this, too, she was right.'
You make an excuse.
You make up a lie.
You sell what's left of your soul,
like the best friend you just sold to sleep easy at night.
It's true what they say about fools who speak too soon -
they don't ever really know what they're getting into or
out of.
You're on your way with the taste of blood from a bitten
tongue.
You're in need of some new teeth that won't cave in.

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