

## June Of 44

### "Have A Safe Trip Dear"

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In the kitchen, in a chair  
Above the vent where the heat is  
The man sits beside her  
She's baking their daily bread  
And living through each step with direction  
He watches her with admiration  
Unable to make sense of her magic  
The magician sets the oven at 350 degrees  
And lets her work do the trick  
He grinds the beans for their coffee  
And they move to a different space  
Where they wait  
Gone to a different room

In the

Riding there, riding there

I'm trying...

Waiting there, waiting there

It's been so long, it's been so long

The man lies down beside her  
She strikes a flame to kill the absolute darkness  
"calm and disjointed", she says  
"exactly the way it should be"

And then it all comes down around him  
Sleep is hard and the flames keep burning  
Until the clock went blank

... on both sides  
Smoke gets so much thicker  
So much thicker that it goes unseen

At the station  
Waiting there  
For the front door  
Waiting there  
Running there

I'm station, I'm station  
I'm station, I'm station

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