

Zoey Van Goey

"Escape Maps"

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The boy with the smile and the curls doesn't smile like
He used to
Neither would you if you'd been through what he went
Through with her
The drinking and fighting, the fighting and drinking
The quitting, restarting, the snarling and spitting
When I ask if he still loves her, he doesn't reply

I offer him money, escape-maps, bus tickets,

He asks "why are you so kind to me?"
I say "I just can't stick it to see anyone so hurt" to
See him so hurt

And though my thoughts still move at their glacial pace
The pieces finally drift into place,
I can't hold his gaze so I look down
And that's how I know he's not long for this town

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