

Emily Picha

"Kites"

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You say the worst is over now
all you have to do is blink
the drying time is 5 hours
and you're crying over the kitchen sink
and you're trying to make sure
all the brushes are thoroughly washed
from that room you had to repaint
cause all your memories of it are lost

and they're flying kites in Atlanta now
in a park as trains go by
and the train is a daily serpent
people swallow
just trying to get on with their lives

and in that room
is industrial grade carpet
tormented by teething furniture feet
and the bedframe is hiding a torrid little secret
that coos at you in your terminable sleep
you hate to be the doom of your own party
so you're going to get out of bed
the stalemate is leaning on your doorbell
delivering all the things that were said

they're flying kites in Seattle now
in a park as you walk bay
and you tap them on the shoulder and ask
"how do they fly?"

you're flying a kite in San Francisco now,
in a park as he walks by.

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