

## The Latency

### "Northside, The L&L, And My Number Of Crappy Apartments"

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Snow piled on tables, up on scales, into bags. latenight  
beer and smoke, too sleepy and awake. crazy eyes  
over eggs, crazy eyes like mine, cloths from a  
streetcart, too much beer for the time at hand. night  
time passed by me again. phone calls that should  
never be made. phone calls that speed last night into  
today. so, where will you be in ten years? this is the part  
where you don't stay right here. smoking pain's a pang  
beneath the left ribcage. gasping idle breathing,  
burning to these thoughts of leaving. was it cold hands  
gripping fears of being all alone ni the world when i got  
there? i'm choking in my sleep. fostered aching  
tension, demented bruised inventions. unbelievable,  
burnt out and seasonal. and i've been saying this for  
years. packing bags, not cleaning all of last night's  
empty beers. a war of words waged by the faithless.  
screaming in deep sleep. unjustifiable stagnation so  
where will i be in ten years? hopefully i won't be here.  
/nose and eyes betray/you never did believe me/under  
my own skin/this is the part where you don't say, this is  
the part where you don't say

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