

## **These Arms Are Snakes "Deer Lodge"**

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Stop this sitting on an overdressed feeling. On a  
morning come down it  
Seems so unfitting. Be caught in a waste lite only by me  
in this into  
The sea. An early malnourished. False in misplacement  
of dry eyes show  
To much of me. Coming or am I going? The city lights  
too bright to  
Save me or be seen. Hum me along. Take me these  
where it seems fit. At  
Least you're in then out. You come around and I use my  
mouth. It's a  
Slow build and you've built it well. The eyes shot a  
perfect pitch.  
It's all in the distance. All in the time and time moves  
slow. It's  
Not in the moment because moments they lapse. But  
this will stay here  
With me. Dropped, picked it up, and put it back down.  
You've seen the  
Low times. You're the fine line. You're the sky, ground,  
wind, pillow  
And sheet. Mouth speech clicking clocks. In a moment  
of absence alone  
On a mattress in an old room. Despite any distance,  
moment or instance.  
You know you're here with me.

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