

## Math The Band

### "My Favorite Chords"

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They're tearing up streets again. They're building a new hotel. The mayor's out killing kids to keep taxes down, and me and my anger sit folding a paper bird, letting the curtains turn to beating wings. Wish I had a socket set to dismantle this morning. And just one pair of clean socks. And a photo of you. When you get off work tonight, meet me at the construction site, and we'll write some notes to tape to the heavy machines, like "We hope they treat you well. Hope you don't work too hard. We hope you get to be happy sometimes." Bring your Swiss-army knife, and a bottle of something, and I'll bring some spray paint and a new deck of cards. Hey, I found the safest place to keep all our tenderness. Keep all our bad ideas. Keep all our hope. It's here in the smallest bones, the feet and the inner-ear. It's such an enormous thing to walk and to listen. I'd like to fall asleep to the beat of you breathing in a room near a truck stop on a highway somewhere. You are a radio. You are an open door. I am a faulty string of blue Christmas lights. You swim through frequencies. You let that stranger in, as I'm blinking off and on and off again. We've got a lot of time. Or maybe we don't, but I'd like to think so, so let me pretend. These are my favorite chords. I know you like them too. When I get a new guitar, maybe you can have this one. Sing me a lullaby, sing me the alphabet, sing me a story I haven't heard yet.

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