

Parquet Courts

"Yonder Is Closer To The Heart"

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Pocket contents: Rizla pack, spare change, receipts in wads.
Stacked in camps across my desk, each day another pile.
Time was measured in balls of lent, laundry claim tags and number of cents
It takes to drown your brain into a just-dowsed former fire.

Coffee breaks and lamb's tail shakes aren't arbitrary marks.
Paycheck stubs, good sex and drugs can fade away distractions of the
Mantras of "keep going" that are lodged into my thoughts.
They replay on days when yonder is closer to the heart.

This thickness is just enough to wade through. [x2]

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