

She Doesn't Believe In Summertime

Carry me through the water,
let me feel the rush of cool on my fingertips
the sound secrets of the water on my skin
be careful not to splash, that makeup will run, son
or those thoughts you so carefully hoard,
like a middle child with only so much room to spare
trust me when i say that ill be running far away
feet pounding, pavement beating like the members of a runaway heart
like the heat of a sun in the middle of july
beating past the windows of main street
with the promise of a good cleaning, the watching windows characters stay
silent
so a visual cheer: open up your blinds, give me your tired, your poor
which convey neatly do not blind, taking one for the team,
so the doors dont have to
but rush, they do, hopeless, they cry
but our fickle friends can come and go as they please
a mess of ambiguity
doors are either open or closed, they cant change their minds just
because
so one second thought
throw in the towel, ill throw in myself, drenched with the many
mapped memories of years passed
fences jumped,
faces mortified, watching the scene, the chairs and the cabinets
burning in the wreckage, now reduced
to a fond cloud of smoke

but on this run ive met some good friends

ive encountered some lessons

oh howmany lessonshave these ears heard

drum to the floor, heartstillinside, however still split

keeping company the very person who pulled it out

and why do we lovethose who hate us so,

who care so little forour tales

whose immediate reactions sting, so infantile in their process

ive changed my mind ab out that secret,

i think ive changed my mind abutt you, too.