

weak
at the best of times
there's not much else for us to be
cross country smiles cutting through time zones
like thieves in the distance holding ransom in the cold
an incision loud and mathematical

spin
every letter's in disarray
fall over words stretched out in the way
looking for the truth

mine is the one with the rust and the chest pain
stole through the window like the wind through the back lane
can't you here the sirens?
we're standing right beside them

tear up the sidewalk between ambivalence and fear
ask the dead man, "why do you always sleep out here?"
"I'm not frozen, i'm only standing very still
getting old
I'm only standing very still

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