

# Hide and Seek

Dustin Kensrue

Where are we?  
What the hell is going on?  
The dust has only just begun to form  
Crop circles in the carpet  
Sinking, feeling  
Spin me round again  
And rub my eyes  
This can't be happening  
When busy streets amass with  
People who'd stop to hold  
Their heads heavy

Hide and seek  
Trains and sewing machines  
All those years  
They were here first

Oily marks appear on walls  
Where pleasure moments hung before  
The takeover  
The sweeping insensitivity of this  
Still life

Hide and seek  
Trains and sewing machines (oh, you won't catch me around here)  
Blood and tears  
They were here first

Hmm, what'd you say?  
Mmm, that you only meant well?  
Well, of course you did  
Hmm, what'd you say?  
Uh, that it's all for the best?  
Of course it is  
Hmm, whatcha say?  
That it's just what we need  
And you decided this  
Hmm, what'd you say?  
What did you say?

Ransom notes keep falling out your mouth  
Mint-sweet talk, newspaper word cut outs  
Speak, no feeling, no, I don't believe you  
You don't care a bit, you don't care a bit

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