

Slacker II

Aidan Knight

Call me slacker when you wake up in the morning
What comes after the yawning glowing screen
The open window streaming light into a corner
Gaussian memory and life is serene

Darkened eyeline rolling right over the soft wave
The flat sheet hanging off the bedding turned around
A sound of the dryer humming somewhere in the background

I'm kneeling with you
With the dogs outside the door
Call me fascist when i'm hunched over the table
Reading atwood as the kettle starts to howl
Perfect in no way it's a good day for this rainfall
We kiss like strangers in the here and the now

Oh my god