

Notes On Air

Alejandro Escovedo

The interview where you spoke
To the bleach in the stone
You should have brought some tea
Outside where the light
Coats us in marzipan
In pools of breast milk
I had to bury my daughter today
And I can't think about it too much
You see a buck from the sky
Trample a wandering doe
You see a buck from the sky
Trample a wandering doe

I am down to the beach
Smoke condensed from telling stories
Strolling through the neighborhood
Clanking steel and discolored
Because you made a truce of rubber
You see a buck from the sky
Trample a wandering doe
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Abiding in the unborn is symmetry
And that one is always the refugee
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