

For Katie

Casey

The anecdotes that I recite
About the first half of my life
Are shrouded in verisimilitude
And now it feels naive to ask
But do you think about when we were young?
Would you say that we were happy?
Because I barely remember
Anything before my twenties
When I think back I only see an apoplectic wreck
Numb behind the eyes but scared to death

Still running away
No closer to anything

So overcome with apathy
I know that you can still see it
I've been low for longer now
Than I care to remember
Just tell me when it's too close to home

Do you ever stop and wonder
About how much you hurt your mother?
The debt of love you owed
For the blood that you borrowed
Too great for you to ever repay

I have photographs of us when we were kids
It's the only reason I know you existed
You existed
Your lips were pursed to stifle laughter
Don't recall what happened after

So overcome with apathy
I know that you can still see it
I've been low for longer now
That I care to remember
Just tell me when it's too close to home