

After Hours

Christian Lee Hutson

There are billboards in Heaven
And 7-Elevens, and 24 hour arcade bars
A lazy river that runs between the suburbs and slums
And speed limits enforced by radar

I live by myself in a duplex for now
With a pretty good view of the pyramids
At night, I take the train home, sinking to new lows
And picture you practicing pirouettes

I miss our adventures, East Village winters
Acting out True West by lamp light
You looked like After Hours era Catherine O'Hara
You were really on one that night

Saint Simons Island, your eyes cutting diamonds
The water was clear, almost too clear
And embarrassed in Paris to fuck on the terrace
Who cares, you said, "They do have rules here"

There's a Diet Coke fountain, no good Italian
There's free shuffleboard in the main hall
Big budget productions of the lives of your loved ones
The good stuff is behind a paywall

Don't know where you've been lately 'cause I don't watch the da
ilies
But I imagine you back up in Lake Hill
Taking down windchimes, running through stop signs
To pick up Clementine's pain pills

The last talk we had, I know you weren't really mad
But it sticks in my head for some reason
It's crazy, I know, I've got nowhere to go
But up here, I wear my seatbelt