

Checking In

Covey

Teary eyed in the courtyard
In the car by eleven
I curled up in the back seat
Face wet against the leather

I saw closing the gate
And the cast iron cut right through me
That's when I felt the weight
And the pain that was all consuming

I don't think you understand
I'm never getting over this
I'll be laid out as an old man
Singing songs that make me reminisce

I don't think you understand
You're the last face I think I'll see
When my body checks out
And nobody's checking in

I walk out to the porch
On my house outside the city
And there's an empty patch of grass
Where you were meant to grow your chilies

I sit down to my left
And drink coffee from a table
That's placed between two chairs
And overlooks the coop

A puppy runs through the yard
Chasing after a pigeon
As a voice I've learnt to love
Calls me to the kitchen

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