

Harrison Ford

Darlingside

Dream of chutes and ladders, sleep through two
Alarms, and when I stumble through the doorway
With my hands through the arms of the sweater
That the dry cleaner gave me back a size down, I
Make it to the bus, not a second to spare, but there's
Freeze-frame traffic till the intersection where I am
Scheduled for a meeting with a man who looks like
Harrison Ford

I never can decide
My everyday's always
Everything flies by
I don't know why I try

He says, where have you been? I've been waiting all
Day. I say, with all due respect, I'm only six minutes late
He doesn't say a thing, just nods and pulls out
A sword. I match him blow for blow, counter-parry
And dodge, but as the battle wears on, we're getting
Along. He knocks the sword from my hands, says
Congratulations, you've got the job

All the bright stars in the sky
I can never hold on to
I can't let lie

I never can decide
My everyday's always
Everything flies by
I don't know why I try

Harrison and I are on a bird he built out of old
Sedans, balloons, and duct tape. Projected in the
Cabin, there's an agent he calls the wolf. she never
Shows her face. Her voice as big as a house, she says
Burn your things and meet me on the roof in an
Hour. I think I need to tell my landlord that I'm
Gonna be late with the rent

All the bright planets that hang in the air
Never fall down
Or float away

I never can decide
My everyday's always
Everything flies by
I don't know why I try