

Do You Understand (What Has Happened To You)

Dog Slaughter Beach

Do you?

Today, I remembered all the things that I'd forgotten
Black mold on the bath rim
Haggard bike frames leaned against everything
Annie's anarchist brochures on the sill
Beaded cotton creeping across the blankets
And I saw you in the dead yard
Spray-painting haiku on a trashed mattress
Flapping your lashes at street cats
When every other second, we were fumbling through the interview
But every other second, I was kissing you

Ba-ba-ba, ba-ba-ba
Do you understand what has happened to you?
Ba-ba-ba, ba-ba-ba
Please write down what you know to be true
Or write down your name
Or your favorite band
If you start feeling funny
Don't look at your hands

Today, I remembered all the things that I'd forgotten
How guests arrived at random intervals
(Pitiful) A little sick of their own squats
Looking to drink beer in front of some different pictures on the wall for a change
Now, Annie'd ended up downstairs with the Tyler dropouts
Philosophizing negative space and the inherent value of medical waste
But I'm pretty sure most of those kids work on the docks these days
Inevitably, Ava would appear (Ava)
Both arms binding some weird, bulging bag of freezer pizzas and romaine
And everyone was always owing Ava something (Ava) like eight dollars in change
Depending on how many were present

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Today, I remembered all of the things that I'd forgotten
That somewhere along the way, we maxed our novelty allotment
That blowflies started buzzing
And we moved out of the basement apartment (That was really just a basement)
We crammed the secondhand furniture into her car
Cracked paint flaked off in fat chips on the back seat
With swollen trash bags of T-shirts, swimsuits, old shoes
A violin bow sticking out the window
Annie gathered and bagged the unread mail
As I milled about, memorizing light switches, water stains
Dropped the key in the letterbox and drove off