

Shapes I Know

Dog Slaughter Beach

Every day, the bus comes, and I start to lose it
All the other kids stop making out when I sit down
Staring at the TV in his socks, she leans in
Tying up her bathrobe in the dark of the early morning

Blow my breath out on the window
Use a finger to fill in
The frame with shapes I know
The road is slick with snow
And the grocery store is closed

Yuppies in the prefabs holding hands at midnight
Fuckers in their fast cars trading head by moonlight
Finger in the buck, knife in my bag from granddad
Jacking up the rent all down my block, so I don't feel that bad

Blow my breath out on the window
In the cruiser with the lights off
The station looks the same
The night clerk calls my name
And the phone accepts my change

Emily decides she's staying home this evening
Mama doesn't like that kind of lip, she's steaming
Caught cutting up the dress Aunt Julie bought from Boscov's
Back of Daddy's hand on Christmas Eve in the moonlit garage

Blows her breath out on the window
Use her finger to fill in
The frame with shapes she knows
The road is slick with snow
And the grocery store is closed