

PVC Divide

Gordi

One, two, three, four

She said that she watched him die on FaceTime
It all took about three days
No, they wouldn't let her keep the bed sheets
Folded hospital corners

Like a leech to feed on tenderness
Like a PVC divide
Like a concrete backyard caving in
And from the lowest rung you climb

Spent forty-four minutes on the telephone
Weeping in gratitude
That they were first to let you go
Before you knew you had to lose

Like a leech to feed on tenderness
Like a PVC divide
Like a concrete backyard, caving in
And from the lowest rung you climb

Went to his room
I told him the news
He said he didn't mind
I'm used to it
Is it bad?
Yeah, it's bad, it's bad
How long? How long?
How long? How long?
How long? How long?
It was written for me
It was written for me
It was written for me

Went to his room
I told him the news
He said he didn't mind
I'm used to it
Is it bad?
Yeah, it's bad
How long? How long?
How long? How long?
I was wrong
How long?
It was written for me