

A Distance

John Floreani

I've held my breath
For twenty fucking years
And hesitation brought me here
It makes it harder to believe
That I'll see you again
I'm so scared of growing up
I still act like I'm fifteen years old
Too early to give up
But too old to come home
I found myself at a distance
Empty highways and freezing train carriages
I never thought I'd see myself like this
Starving to death in this fucking city apartment

Well, I'm twenty-one
And so alone

Well, this distance it gave me an option
In the form of a shiny red apple
In it's dark red skin
I saw my reflection
But I couldn't take it
I sunk my teeth in

I watch your tail lights fade over this stale town
Your arm still waving from your windows
I can barely make it out
Barely make it out
It'll be a cold and quiet month
To spend alone in my head
But when you finally return
We'll be stronger for this
Stronger for this

I keep a tiny coloured print of you and I
The one that we took
At our friends engagement
Sometimes I catch myself swimming in your smile
And the crease over your eyes
If I try
I remember what they look like

I keep a tiny coloured print of you and I
Folded and creased like a bill
In the paper compartment of my wallet
A worthy home
For something that comes and goes

Oh, I now know why I've never felt at home
I'm happy and healthy in my head
But I've never felt so alone
I spend my days counting the lines along the road
They disappear right under me
Like all the places that I've been
Just thinking of you