

Pines

Karate

Down the street
I'll park the car
You go ahead
Meet me inside
There's no reason for us to both go through with it
On the way
I'll call about this guitar
Don't want to sell,
but I'm in the red
Plus I just don't know what to do with it

Had I been more awake this morning
I would have seen the coming warnings:
The calendar,
the pens,
Sunday on the phone again

Today we'd stand alone with pines
Instaed of with produce,
in endless lines
How does preparation for the week
require the entire weekend?

Shop for gloves among evergreens
Long woolen skins in unsubtle themes
And entire season on a credit card
Observing loves, rare freindships seen
manifest their greatest deeds
With facing feet from numbered dressing stalls

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The next time you say to me
"This week's just a day too long"
Well your days are getting shorter,
and as a gentle reminder
Under boots tan needles break
Every Sunday I pray you'll see
That you're doing this thing all wrong
Because down on the corner,
among the pines
Hopelessly small and still,
they defy the rake

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