

## Holding Patterns

Kind of Like Spitting

Dan and I got stoned  
On my porch the day your ashes hit the river  
I considered irony  
I couldn't quite think of any word  
"B" thinks I should write you a letter  
That it might be better than just lashing out  
So I gave it to a typewriter  
And it was also ridiculous written down

I remember so much light off you  
Every song held a smile for you

I often do these things like you  
Laughing out the side of my face  
Dancing to your old mix tapes

A sweater soft, a hug goodbye  
When you called us three days later  
We all knew you were high  
We all knew you were tired  
But we thought you'd make it through the night

Every song held a smile for you  
I remember so much life in you  
How I never had the guts to make a move  
I remember walking out on you