

tears of white and grey fall upon your handle-bars and
mix in with the rain. oh what a day. you'd never seen a
brighter star, you'd never be the same. cause when we
touch, the shadow of a bicycle is no more beautiful than
us. so at dusk, meet me on old summer road in the autumn
cold to talk. kid genius, you built me a radio, said when
i feel alone, turn it on, and i'll find you there
somewhere with a tinfoil smile or like a star. with no
one ever there you'd laugh each time they didn't care but
now your sides ache and i came too late. with glitter in
your eyes you'd laugh each time you would've cried but
now your sides ache. you laughed until the tears came.
and now you've gone away, and in a little room i dream of
you and the picture in my brain doesn't fade like the
circles of a radio signal float out into space. and
before you left you came and hung a string of lights
around my bike as i slept. a sweet planet where fireflies
zoom like a hundred moons around your room in orbit is my
wish, and a ten-foot-tall mirror-ball hung from city
hall. and good magic. my constellation kid, i plotted the
routes you'd traveled through and the line i drew
connecting it made a clear image of a lightning bolt
through your childhood home, like the stories told on
your wrist. tears of white and grey. i'll never see a
brighter star.