

note to mrs

Milo

I remember my dreams
I remember my dreams
I pen this note to my wife after literal kef
I will meet you again
To skip flat-stones across that moon lake
The mood's young
I will see you again in the field
To pick wild roses in due sun
To handle growth with tender care
I will see you again

Don't stop running if you don't see me ahead
Don't stop running if you don't see me ahead
Don't stop running if you don't...

Your love be where the word 'work' is sublime
My love be thinking of two as technology
Equating the dull with the vainglorious
All occurring on the same channel Maury is
Your love be Jaguar eating yagé
Your love be miracle manna salve
Tabernacle head nods sans Cold War posture
We eat cold olives, pasta, call it process, hhhhhhhh

I'll see you again, don't stop running if y-
I'll see you again, don't stop running if you don't see me
I'll see you again, don't stop running if you don't see me ahead
Don't stop stop running if you don't see me ahead