

Hiding

Modern Baseball

Take the train to Frankford
I won't answer when they call
I guess that's just my gift to myself
Drank a lot and danced to The Cure
Holding on for dear life
To the frayed edge of a feeling we misplaced years ago
And knowing we should really get back home

Made mistakes
The plants died young, like all good things
But I wish my small self had known
How much water to use
Still some nights I find
The ideas that bring me rest
Are the ones that used to prod and pester and keep me up
Swinging open doors I swore I'd shut

Pouring pewter
Amassing coins to displace debt to you
My straight-line shooter
Let me learn here
I am in pursuit of all I can undo

Entertain the cancer
We all answer upwards either way
The waiting game is tied again
Backs of hands and phrases
Misplaced gazes
Things we still deny to selves and hesitate to talk about

A call from high school two drinks in
I smiled but you could not see
Your tin can cell receiver hummed its New York static song
The lever pulled and all at once
The floor was false
The center seam divided
Lace and well-pressed cotton
Found the flood we'd since forgotten
We still leave our shoes at the door
Before we wring out our wet clothes
Across your floor and future
Stitch the gaps that destiny assumed
With floral sutures
Are you hiding or have I abandoned you?
Let me learn here
I am in pursuit of all I can undo