

Notes

Modern Baseball

Dear long, dark hair,
I write cause I know you'll forget
You could be
Sea green in a wastebasket tomorrow
No repulsion toward my premature indulgences
If you can't recall a word I said
Not like those cheekbones
That crooked nose
No, those fellas stick around too long
Perpetuating every pathetic word that I skew into song

She was my trophy shelf of slip ups
My untamed hormonal Loch Ness shitshow
On late night rotation for months on end
A brick boot swimming lesson
In the deep end of my adolescence
Scrawling notes on the backs of my hands

But I'll start fresh with you
Extracting the rusted attachments
Keeping the diehard nuts, bolts, and screws
We'll go from square one
With the wit of an old pro
And you can fill in the gaps with whatever you know
My long, dark hair