

California

Noah Gundersen

California
Golden morning
I can feel it in the silence of the room
On the carpet
Shadows creeping
From the window its a room without a view
Just the creeping
Endless traffic
Stretching off into a wash of hazy blue
On my mattress
Killing hours
Trying not to call you

All the vampires
Of the valley
Are cracking jokes and blowing smoke like cigarettes
While their mothers
In the suburbs
Are taking pills with wine and trying to forget
In rows of houses
Empty windows
Lit with silent signs of light from the TV
While the water
Is disappearing
Down the cracks in the concrete

But if you look
You will see
I got blood
On my sleeve
And I can be
Anything
That you want me be
In California
California

I'm tearing at the seams

Don't make me make up my mind
I'm running out of time

In california