

Sideroad

Pond

tar baked Asphalt
sweat lips suck salt
creep towards the horizon
patches thinning through
no one as pure as you

shoulders dragging dead weight
nothing I can relate
got the Midas touch planted into
dried up husk of day I slowly walk away

road side road side road side road side road
wind undo sick and tired of all of my views

cars making surf sounds
close my lids the waves pound
wade deep into the sea if I walk far enough maybe it wouldn't hurt so much

road side road side road side road side road
road side road side road side road side road

unwind unspool unwind unspool unwind unspool
unwind unspool unwind unspool
unwind unspool