

Claritin

Runner

I left my shirt back in my room
And I spread myself in dying bloom
Till the sun came up and dried me out
And I held my tongue and quiet down
For a moment
For a moment

Awake outside the ceiling lights
Move dust around on phantom lines
And I'm comatose still reaching out
And that plastic taste hangs in my mouth
Losing focus
Losing focus

Is it so discouraging if I don't feel anything?

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