

Forest Fire

Single Mothers

Your feet were hanging out the window
Your hair was blowing everywhere
We turned our phones off and just drove
For the hell of it
Passing fields and farmland
Green and new and full of use
Wondered how in this world
Anything could grow anymore
She said, "I love it when you hold me
I wish you could hold me anywhere
In the middle of a forest fire
In a hole in the ozone layer"

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