

## 6 AM

### The Districts

It's 6AM, I'm shivering beneath the bed sheets  
The pillowcase fell off last night when I held it in my arms. I read  
Short stories, while you twitched in your sleep beside me, your  
Breath it fell so heavy, as I sat there in the dark

And oh you whispered quiet, making friends beneath the  
Scenery of a sun cracked open sky beneath the dark lids  
Of your eyes. You were skipping stones and I was still alone  
When I turned off the light, scribbling onto sticky notes

I am scared and that's the best that I can say

I work a job to pay the debt I owe my family, to pay back for  
That one time I pushed your chin. All this hope I hold just buries  
Its evil in me out of sight, but it slips through a whole  
In my side, I've seen another of me and you

So we'll climb in that Buick down 222, and I'll  
Close my eyes, the sun goes down each time I see the light  
I swear it's true. Because I've bowed down with this crown watching  
Old dogs age without whimpering, and I find it hard to say that  
I am strong

But I'll be sure with each passing breath to read you  
Stories that are glimmering with the light that reflected  
Off these marigolds that caught my neck when I hit  
The ground

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All we are is all we are and still I will become, all I am and all  
I thought I can't recall because  
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I'm still tugging on your hand, like when I was innocent

We used to only lie when we needed sleep

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