

Another Boring Story

The Lawrence Arms

displacement, the basement, isolation commented
relented six stairs down naked bulb, tired lungs,
tired eyes, crooked thumbs not up but sideways
for now. the rise and fall and gentle drops
precipitation never stops i pulled the clouds
inside me and now it's raining again. cried in
my sleep last night for the first time. dying while
i live, living where we die. futility abounds six feet
deep within the coffee grounds. there ashtrays
are volcanoes now apartments burn in red and
brown salt the earth and never grow notice
ashes look like snow falling and just sitting there
more trash than the county fair the smell of
crowds, a burning nose a smell familiarly morose
half-assed attempt only to fail half-assed reflection
ghostly pale you're waving while
i disappear---ashes cementing my fear ...