

February

Tomberlin

I woke up laughing at my own joke
In my dream last night
Still know the punchline
But not how to be right

Cutting slits in brown paper bags
Pretending it's my neck
Okay I'm sorry
I didn't mean to take it there again

Someone I almost married
Is doing that this month
And I'm ignoring my reading
And living like a ghost

Simple times will come again
Of this I am aware
But when will someone hold my hand
And say that they care