

cartography

alright, let's go.

her last words were silence.
you and I and our last days on Roosevelt Island,
the Creamsicle twilight set the 59th Street Bridge on fire
and seated beside me was my last sorry that I ever got.

She slept safe and soundly then sobered in the morning
in sister cities, New York is haunted with old bones and running mouths,
tall tales and taverns
and I'm awake in the Bowery and lucid dreaming

subway sequences and sends, like diodes in happy hearts,
off to Coney Island.
The little ghost-moon watermarked the pale blue sky on high over the park,
like I bled to death in Rockefeller Center or froze to death in Times Square.
Here's to a waste of our best sex,
geography we won't forget,
a sad song remixed to sonic boomin window flex,
to breaking points where we can't take much more disrespect.
So here's to good health and swiftly mending heart.

She slept safe and soundly then sobered in the morning
in sister cities, New York is haunted with old bones and running mouths,
tall tales and taverns
and I'm awake in the Bowery and lucid dreaming.
and lucid dreaming.

her last words were silence.
you and I and our last days on Roosevelt Island
the Creamsicle twilight set the 59th Street Bridge on fire
and seated beside me was my last sorry so I let her burn

She slept safe and soundly then sobered in the morning
in sister cities, New York is haunted with old bones and running mouths,
tall tales and taverns,
there's no more to it's skyline than her iris unraveled,
and I'm awake in the Bowery and lucid dreaming.