

Both Hands

Jay Brannan

I am walking
out in the rain
and I am listening to the low moan
of the dial tone again
and I am getting
nowhere with you
and I can't let it go
and I can't get through...

And the old woman behind the pink curtains
and the closed door
on the first floor
she's listening through the air shaft
to see how long our swan song can last

And both hands
please use both hands
no don't close your eyes
I am writing
graffiti on your body
I am drawing the story of
how hard we tried