

## Talk About

### Dear and the Headlights

You're like a constant crowding consonant  
I'm a claustrophobic; I, I said  
We're as comfortable as wool warming naked indifference  
Thank God your words have come to rescue me from my sentence  
You're like a two stepping tongue on a flesh dance floor  
You're the eulogy I can't avoid anymore  
That tumor in my side celebrating malignance:  
"Surprise! I'm moving in; I think I've grown on your parents"

You want to talk about all the feeling I'm feeling  
I'm a passed out priest in an AA meeting  
And they're checking my pulse, trying to make a decision  
I've got those rolled back eyes but nothing's clouding my vision

You're like a knock at the door in the middle of dinner  
From the friendly registered sex offender  
All equipped with a mustache and a windowless van  
You're telling me how much you've changed  
I'm trying to hide the crayons and no you can't come in

I'm like your neighbor's hands on your father's throat:  
"Sweetie, you go back inside, see this is just for adults"  
So adult is what we'll be, domestic violence in denim  
Each tumble down the stairs appeals your puff paint addendum  
You say I'm your backpack caught on a chain link fence  
But dear I'm a thank you card in the future tense  
I'm jumping out of cakes serving divorce papers  
I'd say I love you too but I'm all out of favors

You want to talk about all the feelings I'm feeling  
Like your chalkboard wrists but I don't tally the meaning  
You keep forgetting the plot, let alone the long sleeps  
My eyes, they only know three words and each is pronounced "Please!?"

And I would walk you home if I could find my crutches  
Probably listen more if you didn't talk so much  
Why don't you show yourself out  
How can you cry now, this whole thing's been such a drought! Alright!

You want to talk about all the feelings I'm feeling  
You're a phone call home after eight long seasons  
There's a mail order bride and a baby that's teething  
Said the smog, it hurts your eyes, so on the next train you're leaving  
I'm not certain it's the smog, more just the constant grieving  
But first you're dropping off the kid, sticking me with the feeding  
I said, oh God damn it you're so mean  
You say I'll lose the Christian crowd if I say things like these  
But I've already lost them, I couldn't care less  
I guess my path, it just got wide, so I'll just wish you all my narrow best  
I guess that's it