

Condition 11:11

Defiance, Ohio

I had no idea what I was after, I'm just preparing for disaster with everything feeling so far away. Familiar faces, familiar lips, is there any point to this hanging around?

I was upset when that glass broke doing the dishes. At 11:11 every night I make wishes. Habit and superstition feed my foolish fires; they've been burning for a couple of months.

I stay out all day to keep these thoughts away. Why don't you give my feet a break and come back?

I remember in the kitchen when you told me your grandma died. That's when I realize it gets worse. I want to wish things last forever, won't you thicken my soft skin, you comfort me so and I remember, remember

When I walk through that door I won't hear the happy sounds any more. This year took so much away and won't give it back.