

## Post Tropical

James Vincent McMorrow

Will not come home.  
Tepid and cold,  
crawling lessons to the fold.  
Trace it by line,  
light in the ground  
feeling the face to the sound.

Now I can't walk.  
I can barely run and the walls will travel on.  
Tear it into you, loss giving it all to you.  
Here have wait and here we sit.

All the help gathering now,  
learn to be fly through what's left.  
All they sell, got it in me.  
Floating the soft in the stream.  
No one can run, I can barely walk.  
Move on now, travel on.  
Terrible but I'm giving it all away.  
No one here I say.  
Forest me, best to give.

Hold on, hold on...