

No words allowed

Lovers

planets are drifting as you lay with your eyes closed
sifting through the ground where the corn grows,
levitating from the inside out, your skin is shaking,
you're moving your mouth but no words come out. no words
come out. your pores are they leaking the taste of a corn
field where a jet plane collides with my windshield
everytime i think of you? i've only wanted to lay next to
you with no words allowed. no words allowed. when we're
buried underground meet me in the dead people's lounge.
my skeleton bones will still want to be with our skeleton
bones all peaceful and perfect. we won't make a sound. we
won't make a sound. sixty years later and so far from
Iowa, the boy in the field never dreamed that someday i
would, after all these years and these miles, fall in
love with his grandchild. i fell in love with his child.
i fell in love with you, child.