

## Notes

### Modern Baseball

Dear long, dark hair,  
I write cause I know you'll forget  
You could be  
Sea green in a wastebasket tomorrow  
No repulsion toward my premature indulgences  
If you can't recall a word I said  
Not like those cheekbones  
That crooked nose  
No, those fellas stick around too long  
Perpetuating every pathetic word that I skew into song

She was my trophy shelf of slip ups  
My untamed hormonal Loch Ness shitshow  
On late night rotation for months on end  
A brick boot swimming lesson  
In the deep end of my adolescence  
Scrawling notes on the backs of my hands

But I'll start fresh with you  
Extracting the rusted attachments  
Keeping the diehard nuts, bolts, and screws  
We'll go from square one  
With the wit of an old pro  
And you can fill in the gaps with whatever you know  
My long, dark hair