

Maine Island Lovers

Okkervil River

To cheat on Maine islands – days of laughter, nights of sighing
.
To love without ceasing – flowering orchards, salty sea-things.
To say without shyness “unreal city, you have killed me.”
When you walked out on her love was it easy?
When I left him while sleeping was I dreaming?
We take each night's journey to the hotel in a hurry,
where we love without worry on a bed that's five days dirty.
And we read without irony from a book my husband bought for me.
When I fell on the concrete it was lovely,
because you could see what's been running so hot in me.
But when I fell on the concrete, you went white as a sheet
and wished that nothing in this world would ever hurt me. Well,
keep wishing.
Because when I look in my future, I don't see you and don't wish to.
Idle talk made when I'm lying by your side on some Maine island
is too funny to me, honey, so let's drop it.
If you really want to love me, well, then do it.