

Room for Mistakes

Shearwater

Oh Michelle, where we dwell there is room for mistakes.
We'd make love on the fire escape, and,
as the neighbors all drove by, their exhaust would spiral
into the sky.

Now you pick your earrings up off the nightstand
while I switch from my arm to my hand as the morning
streams through the blinds,
then I wake up again and it's 12:09.

And we lived out of town, with no one to come around,
so we slept in all day, until your job took you away.

Now Michelle, your smell won't leave my bed.

I dreamed of a doctor, here's what he said:

"It's just as well as you're going to get."