

Olympia Autumn Morning

Shorebirds

Nobody knows except the seagulls and the crows.
Some say the heart is a lonely hunter.
I say its more like winter roadkill.
In the future they will find
the silly little scribblings of Mr. always-left-behind.
One day the earth will cough and sneeze and fart
and it won't have mattered that my heart had never played the p
art.
It's hard living on your own when you're all alone.
It's hard living alone when the world's so cold.
The world's so cold you can feel it in your bones...
I want to go home.