

## Distance

## Smog

The curtain slaps in the wind  
A human sound of fleshy flesh  
Little fists pummel absently  
To birth the spirit in the room

The wind it seems to lick  
The wind it seems to suck  
The wind is a great big woman  
That makes the hair on the back of my neck stand up

My body seems to be lacking something  
I remember the taste  
That on a night like this  
Was only ever shed in haste  
All these moments have passed through me  
I have turned them all to waste

There are women on the street  
They shine before me like teeth in a mine  
And there are voices on the street  
One of them is mine

If I watched from a high hidden window  
I'd hear myself say  
Oh I can't make it out  
I'm too far away

But the conversation is like the beating  
Taken in a dream  
Where no real blows are landed  
The only harm is in memory

All these women have passed through me  
I have turned them all to waste