

Circles

Soul Coughing

When you were languishing in rooms I built to foul you in. And when the wind set down in funnel form and pulled you in.

I don't need to walk around in circles.

And when the ghostly dust of violence traces everything. And when the gas is drained, just wreck it, you insured the thing.

But I can't sigh now that you made the move; it has gone and gone to dogs; lay down on the floor. For the right price I can get everything; slip into the car; go driving to the farthest star.