

The bright lime green walls
watched me sit in silence.
And everything that had happened
faded into nothing.
Four a.m.-concrete bed.
Rented car-thoughts in flames.
I didn't know what I was even doing there.
Afternoon. Market daze.
Crowded night. Glowing streets.
Around me everything was buzzing.
All alone/Sushi train-
I wandered through the streets again.
Lime green walls. Sake dreams. In and out of
restless sleep-
It was a Long day/killing time/long day...
So I waited for the morning-
for birds and cars to come alive.
Slightly sick at sunrise, coughing hard,
I went for a drive.
The sun warmed my skin and cleared out my
congested head.
I found myself alone in the museum.
And I felt some way I'd never felt.
And I wanted to share it with someone else.
Poorly lit payphone booth.
Friendly voice. Shredded throat.
Lime green walls laugh again.
Thoughts erupting from my head-
Last day, salty mouth-
Ocean breathes against my skin.
Chinatown. Killing time.
maybe someday this will all make sense.
Why the lime green walls just laugh again.
Long day. Killing time. Long day. But I'm still alive.