

Parade

The Antlers

Right when the blizzard ends, they throw a fucking huge parade
A great excuse for celebration of the mess they've made.
But then when the streets get flooded, we know what proximity's
worth,
'cause we're already here, in the same place when our phones do
n't work.

So then we lie down in our field and just do nothing at all,
and I'm getting ready for when everything is wonderful
for just a couple pairs of broken bones with broken feathers in
blood,
in a meadow, uncut and understood.

We can be an island apart from a ceaseless war on our heart,
Harbored in a fortress insurmountable,
Taller than affliction, safe wherever we are.
Erasing horror and disgust,
Rewinding the sorrow and the rust.
Before our suffering's suffering, hadn't we suffered enough?

On the morning that we're both 19 and newly on our own,
and all we know is "each other" and invisible homes,
we find two empty seats in the back of a car in an empty parkin
g lot,
where all our bridges are abandoned and the cops have forgot.

And I can feel the difference when the day begins,
like all I know is, "This year will be the year we win."
We smoke the paper from the banner from our past parades
and start again, before the memory of the mess we've made.