

## Amorous in Bauhaus Fashion

The Faint

Her brow: pensive  
Her knees: away  
I stand beside her  
But i look straight ahead  
And dissolve

Before the night began on Herring Street  
A book from school kept me wandering  
This may take a while  
I might never see this through  
And they said that chapter four repeats itself  
Along with three so far  
Where are you tonight?

It's crowded at the sokol club  
And tonight will be the same  
I want her walk to scream her confidence above me  
I try to hide my thoughts  
I stare blankly through her face  
This seems so senseless  
She sees me breathing  
My hands are crippled clay  
This could have been different  
I hear myself saying again again again