

Foals in winter coats,  
White girls of the North,  
Fire past one, five and one  
They are the fabled lambs of Sunday ham,  
The EHS norm

And they can float above the grass,  
In circles if they tried,  
A latent power I know they hide,  
To keep some hope alive,  
That a girl like I'm could ever try,  
Could ever try.

So we just skirt the hallway sides,  
A phantom and a fly,  
Follow the lines and wonder why  
There's no connection.

A week of rolling eyes,  
And cheap shots from the trite,

And we're off to Nemarca's porch again,  
Another afternoon of the goat head tunes,  
And pilfered booze.

We wander through her mama's house,  
And the milk from the window lights,  
Family portrait circa ninety-five,  
This is that foreign land,  
With the sprayed on tans,  
And it all feels fine,  
Be it silk or slime,

So, when they tap our Monday heads,  
Two zombies walk in our stead,  
This town seems hardly worth our time,  
And we'll no longer memorize or rhyme,  
Too far along in our crime,  
Stepping over what now towers to the sky,  
With no connection.

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