

Wait until the day says it's closing, and public is put away.  
Write by the light of a pay phone your list of "I meant to say"  
. Like "Winter comes too soon", or "Radiators hum out of tune".  
Out under the Disraeli, with rusty train track ties, we'll carv  
e new streets and sidewalks, a city For small lives, and say th  
at we'll stay for one more year.

Wait near the end of September. Wait for some stars to show. Tr  
y so hard not to remember what all Empty playgrounds know: that  
sympathy is cruel.

Reluctant jester or simpering fool. But six feet off the highwa  
y, our bare legs stung with wheat, We'll dig a hole and bury al  
l we could not defeat, and say that we'll stay for one more yea  
r.

Bend to tie a shoelace, or bend against your fear, and say that  
you'll stay for one more year.

With so much left to seek, the lease runs out next week.