

Tomorrow I'll Be You

Thursday

in the circuit, the frequency's breaking up. the speakers can barely move this is not a test tune to the broadcast. witness the jetlag. look in the mirror. adjust the V-hold shatter the lens. pull out the shards. choke on her words, caught in her throat. how long can the wheels maintain a spin, at this velocity? on every block, a reminder: you can't stop this intersection. at every turn, dead forests of tenements rise like antennas. the miles are adding up and the days are counting down. cut the jet black from my hair before we're bathed in the dawn of New Year's Day. I will change back to myself in the flame, we burn like the paper hearts of dead presidents. we're too lost, to lose hope. maybe the night seems so dark because the day is much too bright for us to see that we are cured. (shatter the lens. pull out the shards). we are cured (choke on her words, caught in your throat). that's the sound of music from another room the piano player hangs from piano wire but the player piano carries on. sit back and tune to the broadcast. this is not a test shatter the lens. pull out the shards. choke on her words, caught in your throat. as the language dissolves and the sentence lifts, a slow alphabet of rain is whispering, "aabcttipacbdefg..." since I replaced the I in live with an O, I can't remember who you are... ..but tomorrow I'll be you. just pick up the phone. I'm calling from your house, in your room, in your name, lying in your bed, following your dreams. I listen to your voice get caught in my throat as I sing, "This Is Just A Dream." on New Year's Day, we will change back to ourselves. in the flame we are cured. we are cured. we are cured.