

## Rose, 1956

### Waxahatchee

Sharp hangover, it is Christmas Eve  
It fades and evaporates  
Passing the trains and lakes and trees  
Your breaths are short and urgent and it is unsettling

You got married when you were 15

Now I hide out from telephone wires at Waxahatchee Creek  
Your body, weak from smoke and tar and subsequent disease

You got married when you were 15

No miscalculation, each other's only living means  
Your arms wane thinner  
Your legs surrender  
Sunlight probing, it is christmas eve  
No stitch of shade, we pass by lakes and big mimosa trees  
Your breaths are short and urgent and it is unsettling

You got married when you were 15