

A Weather, Hanging Towers Of Baltimore

try locking the doors
when there's no need to
try turning off the lights
when you leave the room
try opening a window
when you close a door
try leaving your clothes
on my bedroom floor
say "walking away" instead of "leaving";
say "nothing much has changed now that the locks are,"
and now,
nothing will blur,
nothing goes blunt
because of how sharp you were
we broke all our beaks,
broke all our noses
on all the mirrors; i'm
flapping my wings,
flapping my arms
like i'm putting out a fire

and i
watch the way
the rain
gets pushed around
into shapes
by the curve
of the wiper blades;
how
the fields
are grey
when they're far away, and
are green
by the road

try standing all day
on the highest branches
try crossing your eyes
to see the hidden picture
i'm gonna see what you meant
when you said "i love you best";
i'm gonna shake all the trees
to make it snow once again
i'm gonna see it dissolve
into the pavement
how cold do you have to be
before it sticks to your
chest?

it's nice how things break,
so you can fix them
and feel really good
about fixing them;
it's nice how things end,
so you can feel good
about starting them
all over again;
it's nice how things break,
so you can fix them
and feel really good
about fixing them;
it's nice how things end,
so you can feel good
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all over again;
it's nice how things break,
so you can fix them
and feel really good
about fixing them;
it's nice how things end,
so you can feel good
about starting them
all over again;
it's nice how things break,
so you can fix them
and feel really good
(and i
watch the way
the rain
gets pushed around
into shapes
by the curve
of the wiper blades;
how
the fields
are grey
when they're far away, and
are green
by the road)
it's
nice
how
things
break, so
you can

try
not to breathe
so hard
there's glass between me
and you,
and now,
it's fogging up
i
can't see
the way
you're missing me,
what
it does
to your eyes

it's
nice
how
things
end, so
you can

trace
what you want
to say
on the condensation
some words,
a line
from your favourite song;
but write
it backwards, cos i'm
on the other side, and i
see the mirror

image

i
watch the way
the rain
gets pushed around
into shapes
by the curve
of the wiper blades
how
the fields
are grey
when they're far away
and
are green
by the road