

# Alejandro Escovedo, Notes On Air

The interview where you spoke  
To the bleach in the stone  
You should have brought some tea  
Outside where the light  
Coats us in marzipan  
In pools of breast milk  
I had to bury my daughter today  
And I can't think about it too much  
You see a buck from the sky  
Trample a wandering doe  
You see a buck from the sky  
Trample a wandering doe

I am down to the beach  
Smoke condensed from telling stories  
Strolling through the neighborhood  
Clanking steel and discolored  
Because you made a truce of rubber  
Because you made a truce of rubber  
Because you made a truce of rubber  
Because you made a truce of rubber  
You see a buck from the sky  
Trample a wandering doe  
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Abiding in the unborn is symmetry  
And that one is always the refugee  
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