

Amy Seeley, Gravel Lines

What do you expect from me
After these takes, after this
What do you dream
In the afternoon
Ill never know
Whats in your head
Out past the cars on the railway
Out past the citys finery
We see our breath and connection
Underneath these gravel lines
You
You stole a page from the blanks
How do you weigh
All of our fears
Typical
Isnt it typical
For someone like me
To invite you in
We took a drive in the country
Your photographs were never mine
Slapped in the face by the questions
Posed by these gravel lines
Out past the cars on the railway
Out past the citys finery
We see our breath and connection
Underneath these gravel lines