

# Badlees, Running Up That Hill

(naydock/badlees)

when the rain is sports arena loud  
in the evening of a self-inflicted day  
and you're contemplating sides that might collide  
the hemlock society and life insurance salesmen  
and you discover all your coupons are for things you hate  
and all your pennies are canadian and you curse that paperweight

drown it all and leave it still  
you're a millionaire of words  
hand in hand as light as birds  
we'll go running up that hill

when acquaintances drain your reservoir  
of cigarettes like bad construction  
and all your phone conversations slither  
into a sales pitch from the world of don lapre  
and the love from a close-as-sisters friendship  
up and dies like it too often does

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the funeral directors' trade show crowd  
strangles parking so you drive a while  
past streets and neighborhoods and ghosts  
of incidents that now define you  
when the weight of expectation cracks  
cracks your countenance in the damndest places

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