

Burning Airlines, Everything Here Is New

the night is opaque,
spills out and it's spreading like paint.
every city; 18th and k,
blue blackens the grey,
and money is safe.
shell game under scaffolded shapes.
ghost town ends anonymous day;

again you arrive late and all alone,
the exorcisms you once craved now
like a mechanism set in place.
where will you go?
your history's erased.

when everything here is new,
who will remember you?

we're drunk on the changing view.
played just where we fell.
i think we might die in this shell.
know well that we'er shedding
new ghosts like dying skin cells.

vibrating without sympathy,
resonating like an empty glass
and when we break, these ghosts sing softly:
"you can be replaced."

when everything is new,
who will remember you?
we're drunk on the changing view.
now everything here is new.