

Ida, Shrug

what is this weariness that waits for you shrug
you press your ankle against my arm
this is the pressure that i love
you always recommended it
could be the door
could be the phone
for any intent or purpose
your not home
your up against the wall
no real impression like breath on glass

ive got the apple in me too
people are bluer then they ever imagined they might be
looking through the boxes in the basement
who were you then
your restlessness is emptier
then the room we used to live in
here's wishing you the best
the rest is always better left unsaid