

Ten Foot Pole, Nova Scotia

i watch the objects form in cloudy skies
a bat, a pirate ship and then her eyes
so i pound a shot down
punch
my arm and set up a new round
till me, myself and i cant concentrate

the clouds conspire to show me what i miss
her
hair, her cheeks, her lips puckered up to kiss
the wind blows
drags her nose
through her forehead like a horn grows
the omen
clear but years too late
nova scotia's so damn cold yeah
i moved here to give her space
drinking stoli to kill my
memory
theres not enough to lose her face

she poisoned our hometown
so i moved a half a world away
where frozen
winter chokes the color
leaving black and white and gray