

# 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