

# Bright Calm Blue, Two For Treatment

A break to breathe in everything.  
And make a promise you cannot keep.  
Drive out east for ceremony.  
Reveal spaces in between.  
A new season without guilt.  
Repaired and mended self respect.  
Creation of a better reason  
to see there's so much left.  
And I'd give all to it, the last and through the end, for warm hands and a straight back that bends.  
You can call it medicine.  
You can call it anything.  
In a brave new compliment.  
The way your mouth condescends.  
I took a breath to think of someone.  
Making ways to fake it better.