

Horse Feathers, Like Lavender

The wall breaks on the phone if at all, if you call.

A hole from which to see your head,
if words are dead.

Some things always stay the same.

How you looked wet from all the rain.

Like lavender the smell of your hair,
silly errs postponing your despair.

And I'll wait, I'll wait.

Take a ticket to my own fate.

Maybe I'm too late.

And this wall breaks on the phone it at all, if you call.

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if words are dead.

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