

Matt Pond PA, Summer (Butcher Two)

summer (butcher two)

saturday night
the summers here
under clothes hands disappear
buttons slip
theyve gone stray
with them thoughts have gone away
too far to see from the back seat
where sleeping is the enemy

in our hands
is more sense
than butchered words we dont understand
to ourselves
our skin sticks
our palms sweat
our teeth click
flashing glimpses do not see
when daylight is the enemy

i can barely see your blue eyes
i can barely make them out
its alright in this red
your mouth tastes perfectly like cigarettes
its ok
it is fine
theres nothing just one thing on our mind

saturday night
summers here
the sound of breath is in our ears
guess the coast is completely clear
into water we disappear