

Nina Nastasia, Lee

I remember
The hail of red clay rocks
From your lame chucking arm
The boys, the hill

And the wild lines home from work
Silent stairs we crept before your mom at the tv had a clue
She never talked to me or to you

But when we would have a game
Up there she would shout your name
And the record we'd hush
She'd go away
We'd dim the light in your room
And we would play

You were more like a girl every time
We'd fall asleep to the tune as the walls spun round

Light flashed, life stopped
With you, lee
Under bed sheets
A tent we had made there
Were things as I remember
Hard things for you as a man you left angry

Oh Lee, how a child can wine
I'm done telling lies to mine
There's no deal in it all
He needs to hear

All the things we're pining for
All that's carried far from sure
We were bitter about what remains
I'm not telling him now
Just the same
You were a dream when you painted your eyes
Mighty you were like a sail on a heaving sky