

# Son Ambulance, Like Billy Budd Or Cyrano De B

You came by yourself but you left in a train.  
Following close to, whatever is in front of you.  
The rails lay in their beds from Boston to Maine.  
And they trick themselves, dream about wakin' up.  
So we fold like paper, into the desktop drawer.  
Like something I was riding into a tunnel's dark mouth.  
Boxes have disappeared, but we laughed out loud,  
For each one we never opened.  
So now the poets can guess at what we might have had.  
All that loveliness, but my page is still just snow.  
So I follow your footprints fill buckets with tears;  
And with that hot water, I will make tea for you.  
Now you say that you're sick but I think you're just bored  
Of my jumbled words  
So when I take you there...  
But you told me one time...  
We were two twisted vines, green and inseperable  
But that sturdy of a weave, just isn't possible...  
So I will change my name, you can pretend you never knew me.  
And we'll fill up our floors with the discarded clothes;  
A skirt pulled from under the bed, something I loved on you.  
Can you tell by my face? Cuz I think that it shows.  
It was confusing here, it feels like I'm in a fog.