

Sunday's Best, Indian Summer

I can't believe he's such a sore loser,
"maybe someday you'll learn that 'coffee is for closers.'"
Raise up the glass and toast the motherf---er,
"just move along."

How did you get that brusie up on your shoulder?
You are so "Sisyphus." Just pushing on your boulder.
Someday you'll take a break.
When you're older you just move along.

I had a dream her teeth were butter-colored
and they crumbled to dust as she kissed her former lover.
So I severed his hands and glued them to her Mother.
Just glued them on.

Just what is it about Indian Summer?
Makes a promise, then steals the chance of gentle winter.
Maybe I'm just a sucker for the colors
that just move along?