

Temporary Basement, First Time Home

All Septembers start this way
Throw my hat in just the same
Cautious images project
Hold my head too tight, forget

You told me that you
Would read me for me
Not judge me by what my
Shortcomings seem
The failings that I
Kept secret from you
Withhold them deep inside
Been broken much too long!

Run for weeks and comb my hair
Make each day stretch out itself
One way street I read the sign
Drive against all traffic lights

I'm on the floor again
Waiting for your phone call again!

Counting one last hope this year
Crippled by my numbered fears
Every memory cringe and sigh
Logged mistakes in bedsheets hide

You open up first
To leave me speechless
Unguarded and bare
One pause, to confess
You speak just to me
And crumple my shirt
If I had my choice
One choice to surface.