

Vienna Teng, Kansas

Sun sets in an ocean of brown farmland haze
Power lines draped across roads you could drive on for days
Well it's all too perfect
Time to look back at us now
Endless and empty like Kansas
Our cities of clouds
Flat on the table like Kansas
I lay down in sheets suddenly worn threadbare
Every wall I lean on transforms to sliding doors and thin air
Well I hope yours is kinder
Let go of this when you find her
Bury this hard
Down underneath your white canvas
Our houses of cards
Flat on the table like Kansas
It's not regret
Just an unexpected accounting of debts
Only now called
No it's not regret
Just remembrance is all
Of how close we had come
The war almost won
But I sent up our flag and moved on
You and I
Lost to the winter like Kansas
And all my goodbyes
Flat on the table like Kansas