

# Wrens, 13 Months In 6 Minutes

not yet 21  
with introductions done  
a first slow dance just ends  
I was at my best  
we ignored the rest  
(my band and your friends)  
but as better night became best day  
we left the party while last records played  
what started as dessert back at your house  
ended on the couch  
hours at your mouth  
sunday's on our hands  
we followed were it led  
I followed you to bed  
we started secret plans  
forward 7 months: I've only seen you once  
I never call on time  
trying to seem tough  
I said one visit's enough  
enough to keep you mine  
(of course it wasn't)  
we were done by June  
you'd graduate and leave for london soon  
your layover at newark's near my house

we met for dinner there  
just one hour to spare  
your 20's all mapped out  
I'm in my driest drought  
feeling old and shot and how  
and this is what I thought:  
I seem to still be caught  
I'm a footnote at best  
I envy who comes next  
wish we could just make out  
'The hour's almost up'  
you said into your cup  
and it makes no difference now  
as I help lift your bags out  
that I'm lost and out of rope  
while on my wrist you wrote  
your newest number down  
I kind of said your name  
but you'd turn to your plane  
so I backed my car out  
I knew we'd never write  
(somehow that seemed all right)  
but this counts as calling three years out