

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