

Canaries

Kind of Like Spitting

Make what you can out of nothing keep bluffing your
way to extinction you're a
sick fuck to think that this,
unlike anything else will
last forever. Building rock
anthems a jigsaw exterior,
you see what you miss but you
can't stand to be near her,
it's bigger than that you realize but short-sighted
impulses own what's left of
your dignity, tell yourself
quietly don't plow the field
yet, you're waiting to grow
some new life from
retrospect. You know free
agency pays little in the
long run, but you just don't feel like you're legs are
that tired yet, friends and
go between sing like
canaries crushed in leaves,
this is the thanks you get.
Somewhere that's sweet maybe
someday we will meet. And I
can thank you without
strings. All these befores
that get drilled on long
after, its all just leverage
when you're sure that its
over. The street goes blurry like a movie that you saw
once. Minutes freeze but you
can't collect the corners
still. She used to whisper
your name like a refrain, and
when she held you, you know
you felt safer, but your
demons are fucking huge you
stack your deck to lose. You
say theres nothing you can do
well we all know you're
lying, friends and go between sing like canaries
crushed in spring, this is
the thanks you get. You get

what you put in, I guess
that's bullshit in the end,
written under fluorescent
lights, that replace the sun
at night.

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