

blue phase

i wake up at 4am to the sound of a car, skidding
with tears in my eyes for some reason, sticky cheek
i make coffee and pretend that i have to catch a train
outside is all blue and i tell it to envelope me and
the birds with their beautiful screaming
there's a sound caught in my throat that coats
my teeth and you can't hear me because you're
doing this childish silent treatment thing
i wish i was heading ten hours north to maine
remember when you just had a tent, and no bells