

## Perfect Fit

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we set out across country the first perfect fit and i  
so far removed from expectation, the desert hardly  
harbored life

not much coming through, eyes slit face to the light

when we finally fired the engine or when the engine  
finally died  
laying flat across the desert, the perfect fit was left  
to dry

the hands stopped moving from just waiting  
no, you couldn't be alive

the final hitch, the great discovery, to hold your hands  
you'd have to lie  
i swear i never was that easy, the perfect fit was left  
to dry

i bet there's not that much left of you  
no, you couldn't be alive  
from here there's only faint emulsion  
no, you couldn't be alive

not as great as saying nothing talking to myself