

## Jessie & My Whetstone

Saves the Day

To me, the only thing left after a while was that night  
we watched documentaries up through morning and then you kicked  
me out.  
You opened up your screen door and threw me off the porch.  
It was summer then and I drove home whistling muddy waters down  
the pike.  
And that was that: our one sweet night together.  
Under highway signs I watched our love start fluttering and dis  
sipating.  
I counted all the headlights to make sure I was all right.  
Now I'm wondering is it me or is it me that can't see silver li  
nings?  
So I fucked it up. I watched you go.  
I saw my hand not dialing the phone.  
All I'm left to do is remember the dull room we sat in blue str  
eam  
light watching the strike of '59.  
I dreamed of wrecking my underwear.  
Oh can't I touch your cheeks somewhere  
under dirt filled rainy nights with my socks stuck in the mud?  
Please come dive in puddles with me.