

Sheltering by asking if she's young too.
I suppose my mind works against you.
Sweltering. Trying something new.
I picked you up. That doesn't mean I like you.
The weather does strange things to old bones.
"I've seen too many winters," he says.
Outstretched hands, feeling sick, inadequate.
I'm shades of what I used to be.
I've come to know myself too well.
I've come to know that it scares me.
Leave who you've become on the floor
By forgotten things you don't need anymore
You're home.