

Crescent-Shaped Depression

Title Fight

The mountains surrounding
Mark the boundaries you're not meant to leave
I'll stay "far away"
But to keep my place
I want to write our names on a culm bank's face.

Our hands only shake when we cross state lines.
I've made hundreds of mistakes
And peace with dying in my sleep
But that's what's right for me
While the kids back home will leap
To the riverbeds below Market Street.

The mountains surrounding
Haunt the boundaries only mentally
Never set free
You know where I'll be
There's a time a place
When and where they'll bury me.

Our hands only shake when we cross state lines.
I've made hundreds of mistakes
And peace with dying in my sleep
But that's what's right for me
While the kids back home will leap
To the riverbeds below Market Street.