

Home Game

Waxahatchee

23rd street,
the only girl I've ever seen.
Pumpkin street lights,
I was just 14.
You are not sick.
You hit your head on the brick wall.
Quick comprehension,
gold rings and waterfalls.
We lived a fleeting convention
but I felt constant in others' absence.
Your mama, barely awake,
and your feigned light heart.
I was stuck from the start.

Trophy of mine,
highschool football games.
Enemy lines,
I think both sides feel the same.
Paris in the back of your mom's Chevrolet.
She pretends we're not there, she smells like yesterday.
We live like the last two on earth
and we'll float on our backs
'til the whole sky goes black.
Your fresh mind concentrated
all the water we're made of
til you evaporated.

My mother says you are under our feet,
under the sidewalks, under 23rd street.