There There There

by Tim G. Young

i hear the boom boom in the room room room while my head decides to split while watching the candles that i lit lit lit think i'll take a hit hit hit from my dream rolled cigarette rolled like the night in my dreams under my covers where i binge binge binge

until i think of different moments collecting outside my windows like the wind signing my papers ink stains all over my fingers but if i blink blink blink and i think think think what do i have beside my naked empty pillow beside my empty naked head

is there a rule somewhere about something that i said said said or is it a roll off of the table of life when i'm dead dead dead who knows these things who knows what words bring who could say it really mattered if the ice broke through and civilization shattered

we could all cry a tear tear tear

we could all wish we were somewhere out of here here or we could just gently stroke our hair take a moment to care care care and breathe a sigh of relief that someone is near near