just... by Peter DeWolf

wash over me i fear not the erosion let the future scientists take their soul samples to figure out what happened how was there warning and when you go away let me believe the residue left behind is a choice a souvenir of the moment i want you full force direct hit i can handle the capricious gusts of wind causing the battering

of sometimes indifference

until

i can't and then well you're a story late night near closing dueling tales of near-misses that become more near and barely misses through time preternatural disasters left fading wrinkled scars it was rough i tell ya and they marvel loudly through quiet nods and i stare out the window