

*when we first met it wasn't what you said and still i loved you like mad**

i follow him in the trees

not realistic but real
the fleeting pressures of

one creating silence [listening closely to the silence]

there's nothing graceful about

always wanting

i often think
that things are funny even though no one else is laughing

so there is no refuge in listening to your own silence
whenever you're ready to head home and remain indoors "forever"

you still can't

i don't
really know what to ask for anymore/i'm too overwhelmed by all the questions

that face an emptiness/a white sense of unknowingness

so the thinking was like origami/everyone folded neatly into [tiny/little] birds

[when i said that] i wanted to mean that you could stay

though everyone has a double/these shadows on the page [they move when i move]

i open doors/i close doors

i want to feel even if it fucks me up

burns my fingers in the breakdown

*"heard it on the radio," bird and the bee, interpreting the masters, volume 1: a tribute to daryl hall and john oates

*cause you know it don't matter anyway**

the place i live is not / the place i'll be

i don't know how it goes [i only know how i want it to go
]

yet even still life is not still

[something about being sorry]
and i know it's just the way you are/just trying to forget

something i want to tell you i never said

perception means losing it and losing it
and liking is sometimes better than loving [though i confess i can't always rely on
my abilities]

the year...penned in smoke

amazing grace etc. etc. i took pictures of anyone

in the [momentary] present. it is when you are asking about something it is when
icicles have dropped from your lips

[what you don't give]

[tonight tonight]

but always

you stand there like you know things vanish one by one

now it's hard to remember it any other way

*"rich girl"

*but when you play in a quiet way that bites it even more**

Your music makes me feel lonely

like a love song set within the context of insomnia

there's this kind of "two planets" situation. Just the whole theme of planets chasing each other,
you know, night and day chasing each other eternally, and being those frail stars

that spill into the dark

the moon lives in the lining of your skin
it pulls at your heart.

it's a whim.

[the sound of your breath in the cold]

[i'm letting go to see if you hold on to me]

It's an act of imbalance

Like if you stub your toe, the rest of your body hurts.

the sensitivity, the circumstances.

we're not always good at figuring out what makes us happy

and no one ever talks about that shit, or goes to church for it.
"Nobody ever talks about the clouds, how every cloud looks different"
how life shapes and re-shapes us.

but I'm whispering it in your ear, And, you know, we've been having that
conversation our entire lives

"low clouds, high clouds,
fast clouds, slow clouds, blue sky, dark blue, light blue, planets, moons."

we come at things from such
different angles

i'm trying to get my arms around
that fierce love that will grab you

*"say it isn't so"

*some strings are better left undone **

Pretend that words can make a humanness between us.

You say, "see here, we are in a moment"

And I say, except on the page where it happens always

i'm sorry

it's all behind us.
with us.

even though you don't "ask what it means," what it means sits
we feel it everyday.

a lot of the time you can't really tell

— like that static sound that sounds like waves crashing.

"I'm reaching the point where I'm wondering if that feeling is just life,"

wanting things to be different than they really are

, but we're like aliens, a part of everything and nothing at all

the truth is

i remind you of smaller things/inform you of your smallness

and this is pouring this is pouring out [/this is terror]

[It is very temporary.]

we say because my life is here
in a what of my own making but
it's not always about the literal heartbreak

we're just not very satisfied people.

, tethered to

the unpatterns

the logic of it
in place, in place

*"some things are better left unsaid"

*we keep on missing each other**

I feel like the world is super different now than it was
like untreated wood that's warping in the elements. We did that on purpose.
to make the feeling of the melody and the feeling of the words match
doesn't it seem like it should leave a mark on you or something
we spend so much energy creating and consuming these
images of ourselves.
whole stretches of time have passed in a fugue state
i have a hard time putting on that showbiz smile

how come the things that made us happy make us sad
the way sound leaves a room [it's always too much]
some memories you'll make up to fill the gaps
i'm pretty sure it goes like this. I will meet you
exactly halfway between my house and your house wherever that is
Do you still feel that way or have you
hardened at all?

, as if the old songs could hear,
the resets.

this is the last piece of wood this is
the last piece of glass
i love you but i don't love you like a lyrical feeling in the body

You see

it gets harder and harder
whether we're talking about romance, or somebody else's song, or your own song.
Or is it about being with others? Or is it about interrogating what something could be, or
might be, or is capable of becoming?

I see the pieces from my window to yours

This is who you are. This is where you're going.

Here we are.

*"missed opportunity"

*the dreams you want to be either stay or get away**

people keep coming and going
tell me about it then

in the real world you leave
you keep saying

But I wanted to feel

that there was more, instead I'm reminded of how we're just
listening back

about how we met and couldn't wait to fuck it all up

Are you reminded of the same thing?

we fall into knowing before we know what knowing is
who then can i talk shit about

i think about all those radio waves

our swarming innards

whatever disguises us
at the start, the end

right now

I'm just like, "However you like to sing, please do that"

give me your hand

your fake name is everything

don't you see

i find myself wishing for your happiness more often than my own

you sing a song.

You are very gentle in the beginning and then there is the dance.

It's always the fear of becoming something you don't want to be.

I've always wanted to write a song that goes, "I love you" and a book that goes, "Something happened."

For the dance

And the architecture.

i'm asking you to accompany me i'm asking you if it's possible to get lost in the volume

* "i'm just a kid (don't make me feel like a man)"

*but all the time we spent it must be good for something**

memories pass in this way
i don't actually have
a distant, ghostly ancestor of this mashup,
[when to raise your hands, when to sway, when to sing, when to scream]
[that much love to give]

and what do you sing to one another when you're still evolving,
when you haven't concluded anything
this song. Even now
disjointed measures you in outward ways

infatuation never ends
Opening with the our-love-is-gonna-go-wrong song "
every man needs a muse
and you can try to fight this all you want
it is possible that one day we will meet and it will feel as if nothing ever happened
oh [or] it's just the little things you miss
how a tiny fragment could tell a story growing up requires
i will see you again a long time from now
i will never take any pictures because
we were laying that game
and hell you know it ain't worth shit
when something's been touched and moved
I build a small house inside of this small house
as things turn as half things do, opposite themselves,
begin going into the already gone
yesterday i lost my nerve

Untethered,

Hello,

everything turns out wrong

*"wait for me"