She sits by me when I smoke and steps onto the sidewalk hands on hips, and expounds on the turning of the stars and the sounds that filter back through the neighborhood.

a train locks its brakes and mars laments the loss of his mother.

some trees tickle and others stick.

the road will be done soon and we'll all hold hands when we cross.

--next time, when we all come out don't say "lets go back in" ok?

--ok.

a cigarette takes three minutes.