

Matt Miles

Three Years Perspective

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 it's 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.