Sara I Promise

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Sara I Promise

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Nobody likes to be with a lonely soul.
So we cover up our fetal cries
And truck on to Tennessee.
The rolling hills are like Christian girls,
Curved and serene.
Dancing blades of tall grass,
Just swaying in the wind.
Tony’s recording,
Jenny’s singing again.

We’re four night owls.
The interstate,
Our drug of choice.
I just keep my eyes on the dotted line.
The world’s spinning.
Grandma’s kisses; basement trims.
I would have given anything.
To have a road without an end.

Traveling has its own potential
To depress the souls locked up in a cab.
I’m fighting with all my longing,
Throwing away useless memories
In every gas station’s trash.
We’re lovers and we’re losers.
I’m driving just to feel alive again,
Veering into oncoming traffic
Before I realize it’s all a dream.
Some nightmare going nowhere.

Coffee shops are jumping with soon to be famous tunes.
I’m getting filmed like an actor,
Without all the credits and brand name clothes.

Sara,
You’re always with me.
Shrink your body down to an inch or two.
Stuffed into canvas,
So we can leave together.
Watch the Kansas sunrise,
Start flying back East.
Take mechanical wings straight on home.

We’ll land and coast
To the familiar sound of loose gravel.
No pills or bottles.
To get us through this time.
Summer to say we changed.
Maybe for the better.