



We climb the hill, eyes up at the transmission towers,  
their steel boots buried in the clovers, power lines ahead.  
You say they look like a piece of art you saw once,  
I say they look like titans, wandering the earth.

And I think about that time nine months ago  
we wandered a crowded mall in the early signs of winter,  
its skeleton an inevitable island on the cold tarmac,  
you in your grandfather's flannel followed him and I  
as we searched for fast food and something greener,  
when I asked if you were lonely, like me and you said

*I think everybody's lonely*

And now we sit here

One Two beneath the power lines,  
our backs to the signpost forbidding us go further  
because this spot is good enough as it is and even though when you asked me here  
you called it a walk,

I know you'd rather sit here and listen

and tear at clovers.