

You two hold hands
with a faithful irreverence.
An astronaut, her tether and
A quiet dependence.

Stripes on my chest and
pennies in my shoes,
I watch time run
like a drug through you.

We speak of old things come again
and new things all the same.
Old things long gone and
new things untamed.

The grass grows its pharisees.
Wade through dull prophecies.
The sidewalks are closed.
The news goes old.