

Red House Painters, Michael

michael, where are you now?

somehow in my excitement the last time you called,
it slipped again to ask your hidden whereabouts
i got a lead from your old triple ex-girlfriend, she said
i heard he lost his mind again, again
i said i didn't know that you ever did

michael, where are you now?

sleeping through the morning in flannel impaired
getting high in the southern air
shoeless, sandy evenings down the unfamiliar
last whiff of salt-water freedom
skipping shells in the dead zone
with the ghost on your side
of the state borderline
whispering
take it. . .

do you remember our first subway ride?
our first heavy metal haircuts?
our last swim on the east coast?
and me with my ridiculous looking pierced nose?
i remember your warm smile in the sun
the daydreaming boy without a shirt on
the birmingham barfly father
left the mother of three sons
you're the oldest juvenile delinquent bum
my best friend