

Something For Kate, White

you think of white
somewhere outside
somehow connected to your brain
or about to knock on your door
eternity
is a policy
magnetism and mystery
wishful thinking and fantasy
and i hope that you're not
hoping for me
you think of sight
and reason collides
somehow transmitting from space
asking you to line up and take your place
infinity
is a reality
life jackets and sympathy
bullshit daydreams
i know you can't be knowing for me and i hope that you're not
hoping for me