

The Shins, The Weird Divide

seven days, a Monday made
the mile to my house,
and had me do
a stroll with you.
far below a furry moon
our purposes crossed
the weird divide
between our kinds
the silver leaves of ailing trees
took flights as we passed
so long ago
but a short time i know.
it pleases me this memory
has swollen up with age.
even time can do
good things to you.