

Whalen imitation

You'll have to call me at least twice
And then the guilt will rise me up
Change my clothes, trip me out the door
Walking parallel to you across
All the cars, without Ally who is ill today

Walking engage like Egyptians speaking French
Twisting our ankles past the cold shade of buildings
Vacillating in the middle of the road
We finally decide where to find Juan
The usual
Same-old-feeling-friends
Smiling in the window of a café talking about
Right now

Facing west with the sun up my nose
Is better than organic chemistry.
Plus ice cream and maybe
Coffee.

I think we amuse people
I don't care
Let's play on Friday too!
In the park, I'll draw you a
Picture of that bench not you
Won't enjoy the hook I'll give you nose
By accident, I'm rusty

Run off like rivers, still sandy
But in Cambridge and with a wind
Back to where we came from with
Only a little procrastination
"Really we should have majored in Dance, or
eyebrow design. Recombinant DNA?" I'll call you later
and I cross the Mass Ave line.