

## Untitled

Every single time.

Every time I'm on my way to your house, I'm nervous, excited. I can't drive fast enough  
and the daemon is with me.

Every time I leave your house, I have been in love, I'm at peace, and the night air is clear  
and fresh.

When will I see you again? Not soon enough I'll bet.

Every single time I leave your house, I want it to be the last time I leave knowing you are  
not mine.

And your blue eyes bring me new days in dream shifts that tell me to see it all through.

And those long legs tell me where my home is and how inviting it will always be.

One day, maybe too late, I'll be the best you need or the choice you can have.

My days are too good to be true. The movie rolls on and no one gets hurt or victimized.

Junkhouse  
ENTERTAINMENT

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