How You Should Have Passed, Brother

As dives bridge
the from the

a slide your and will
pen out shirt your sit
will of pocket hair back

and a a a missed
coins napkin note meeting at
and and about you a

slipping
shop catch the by,
will up parking pass and

the will green a
river be vein, crooked
below a maybe smile.

A will up before their
few have the lighting mud
swallows banked canyon in nests.
You'll by the girlfriend's in
be angles, smell Marlboros the
impressed by your left fabric,

by of shoes are bucks,
the the she worth and
pinch slip-on says forty then

you’ll green up a not
sense river here star quite
the below like you're looking

at, tongue its the be
and will roof ridge dry,
your find and will hard,

and forest where driver his
dusty road every has brakes
like washboards goddam jammed to

make rattle and citrus
waves your you'll and
that pelvis taste iron.
You'll over your shoulder, and you'll think to kill the motor.

As the river grows and the sky narrows, you'll skip the stages of grief and

find the car's slow corrective rotation, as had tail feathers, calming.

You'll follow the your lines in until they meet the guardrail you punctured

over a desert gorge with a river as talks dead.

You feel the an sun like that takes care of itself, and though dead,

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you still the to fall, are to perfect catch to trying find rhythm your lure

the been this into made sentence given late sharp of you’ve at moment music forms.