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A Prediction, Warily

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A Prediction, Warily
by Taylor Reyes

I'd never heard
a sad drumline
until I saw Savannah:
You'll see a jungle
of deep southern moss,
soft and filled with bugs,
in a few months;
Don't anticipate it
too much, though

This is about keeping time,
and counting the beats
until the third movement
(they feel like nothing
at all here)

Skip town
for a few measures;
Count every time
you see your lover
dancing alone
under a light
and doing very well;
Time will flow
like east coast waters

And prove me wrong,
from so far away:

La idioma del amor
tiene mucho más
que decir
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