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"i don't think i'm anybody's thursday"

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Patrick Rode

i don't think i'm anybody's thursday

someone's saving me for a rainy day

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the snow came for the first time this morning

through our white curtains i could see the wind blow the snakes of snow down the street like a hollywood ghost

the footprints were already there from some person who passed by at some forgotten hour

it snowed this morning pure, white, billowy snow
i can't write
you
i can't handle
one-sided
conversation

he moved in there
with a northern michigan
lumber boom
his walls rot away
like the old new england
barns
no paint covers
the old
gray wood
through the dusty
dirt panes
stares a face of a
beautiful 1933
summer
today we found
the apple tree
we couldn’t
find from
last year,
grandpa

***

i waste so much
time
sitting on a
sofa

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