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Tuition

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Under yellow lamplight it's a quiet night walking back to Allyn Hall
I smell the rain coming as the florid flocking of ruddy leaves soften under my feet

I keep thinking of my father's face, rough and grounding
On the other end of the phone.
Twelve missed calls.
I can't pick up

I think of my little brother,
Thick hair and glowing incorruptibility

I simply couldn't tell them the truth. About

Where I was
Who I was with
What I had become

Flashes of lucid dreams, losing my teeth
I miss your second chances
Vulnerable, careful and renewed

Home will transpose from elusive to unobtainable
Like an exclusive country club I had been thrown out of in a drunken scene
I told never to return to

I've wasted my time and now these debts, I cannot repay
I try to forget for now that the world will ever catch up to me.
Maybe I can run for one week more