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Maps

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Write me a highway map of forever.
Mark all the gas stations with a bright red pen.
Circle the ones with the sketchy bathrooms.
We'll come out of this with good stories to tell.
Was it strange to fall in love with me?
Did you realize what you were getting into?
Did you know I would write your life story into an
overpriced journal?
I think you fell for the nostalgia on my breath.
The highway signs fly past, the country music crackles
the speakers of my rusty old car, and the front left tire
won't stop squeaking.
I only remember to check the oil when I'm wearing a
white t shirt.
Somehow I've ended up with smudges of memory across
my cheekbones.
You asked me once why I never write anything honest.
I shrugged my shoulders. I thought this was all honest?
There's an umbrella in the corner of my room.
It hasn't been opened in over a year; I like the way the
infrequent rain coats my eyelashes.
The boy from the pet store asked if he could sneak into
my suitcase for my next big adventure.
I poured the milk into his macchiato and the laughter in
my eyes was the only yes he needed.
My knees and my feet are bruised and I just keep chasing
after sunsets and highways signs and forever.