

Saturday: A Pantoum

We cure our hangovers the old fashioned way, with nicotine and French Roast  
*burnt undertones, acidity diminished*  
The evening before - our past, awash  
We read the news, scroll the feeds, and light another smoke

*burnt undertones, acidity diminished*  
Our minds navigate as one to piece it all together  
We read the news, scroll the feeds, and light another smoke  
so much happening, so much ambition, so much hate (our eyes deceive us)

Our minds navigate as one to piece it all together  
There is no OFF, no PAUSE, no REWIND  
so much happening, so much ambition, so much hate (our eyes deceive us)  
Swallow all shame, not just our own

There is no OFF, no PAUSE, no REWIND  
We cure our hangovers the old fashioned way, with nicotine and French Roast  
Shallow all shame, not just our own  
The evening before - our past, awash