Thoughts on a Quiet Night Street

Hunter Raab
perfection.
by hunter raab

Like when an English professor stops mid speech,
Searching for the right...

Like when a day is too good
And you don’t want it to...

Like love at first sight,
You made my life so much...

Like our morning showers
And night walks you were...

Like how time flies,
When you’re having...

But like waking from a dream
You weren’t who I thought you...

And just like everyone tells me,
Perfection just doesn’t...

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I lay as the grays of various shades
Fall off onto the uncomfortable concrete
That does not move
Intune
With the quiet, thin night clouds.

The road curves and changes name,
While the cigarette forms synchrony
With the sky above,
Peacefully
Intune with the quiet, thin night clouds.

Above cold dry lips,
In an empty warm moment,
The bright orange embers seem
Uniquely
Peaceful with the quiet, thin night clouds.

As the last ashes fall
Off onto the road
That curves and changes name
Unironically,
And uniquely apart from the quiet, comfortable night clouds

I stand, separate from
The thin, toxic, peaceful quiet night clouds
And live with all moments filled,
Coldly,
In my overly unironic human world.