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## Deep Burn Blue

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# DEEP BURN BLUE

Erin Sargent

Deep Burn Blue

I pull the car over  
In the angle parking off Main  
We sit there

Together  
Rain falling on the sunroof above us  
I ask you where you see yourself in five  
years  
You say married,  
With two kids,  
A dog,  
A backyard across from your mother

When you ask me,  
I say New York,  
Writing for something,  
Scraping by,  
I say that I want the city to break me down  
So that I am forced to pick up the pieces  
I say that I really want to feel something

And I don't have to look up  
To know I need to ease you,  
I mean that I need to feel something for  
myself

We make out like teenagers  
Sloppy  
In the back seat of my car  
Our shirts and my white bra

Thrown to the side

The cold November air  
Seeps through glass,  
Foggy windows and

Breathless,  
I press my nipples to your chest  
Hard,  
They drag across your skin  
Warm in this cold car

It's fickle,  
These taboo moments  
Hidden in this city

The rain reflects downtown lights:  
The little bulbs  
Strung through trees  
At trendy cafes  
And neon signs at the parking garage  
You know I like the colors on the streets  
In the rain

There's no future  
Where we are together  
We both know that it's true

But here, in this car,  
In the angle parking off Main,  
Neither of us needs to say it