

2017

Allegra Larson

I was hollow

I was a wrung-out towel

I was a ghost

I wandered through the streets at night

Like all the other lost souls

Rode the train

Til it reached the end

Switched platforms and went home again

Oh I was tired

And I didn't know what to say

No friends for miles

No one I could talk to

The flatness of the land

Got inside my head

I did what I thought I was supposed to

Back to the ocean

Just to find myself again

Up to the mountains

To dig in a little deeper

It's always me

But sometimes I don't recognize her

No friends for miles
No one I could talk to
The flatness of the land
Got inside my head
I did what I thought I was supposed to

And then it was all over
Those New York City lights
Calling me
“Come back down”

New Year's Eve
Back with my best friend
Too many mushrooms
I hear someone calling my name down a long hallway
But no one has said a word
No, no, it's just my state of mind

Almost midnight,
A shadow comes up to us
Greasy and awkward,
He hits our cans with the back of his cup
“Crazy year,” that's what he says
And then he disappears as fast as he came
Ghost of 2017
(Who turned the lights out?)