

# 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?)