

# about to be young

**Monroe Lawrence**

Driving      up the hill  
in the dream There is a line    of  
remonstrance Cars backed down the hill  
They   gleaming good shame  
At my gift,      at my folded  
& final window, like glancing blond  
Monroe! collect self!   Pour language  
the totaled car  
Oh I love my mom  
And dad so much upon waking:  
& my best friend Lee   upon waking

There is a moment, I want  
again, I  
would like to unwatch  
when  
it seems  
you take your glasses off, again  
between us,  
and I cannot be harmed  
through two windows, rather bald, and  
And again, you folding shirts  
by the dark  
sky  
to wipe  
the daydream  
I would have  
yes? to  
keep it

about to be young  
Of a colour you were wearing  
approaching my front arms  
about to be young

I cannot fit       inexpressiveness  
Snowing my mouth

At the table I felt, for a time  
it seemed  
the world was human colours  
The long  
room  
of thinking filled  
with furniture, of your family,  
A dynamic slowly  
seething  
in the air behind  
my conception of,  
you & the long grains  
of detail  
piling  
Into  
half-understanding

Please, I felt broken  
away,  
Resisting to write out  
in the other room  
Two people were occupying  
with one another, thank god,  
I could  
held my book at my side, leaned  
Back  
and cried

My mother hugs me  
after I  
have been called, I  
have  
been away  
She would cry on,  
holding Up  
the damp light,—my  
conflict  
writhes apart.  
She  
puts her  
hand  
in the lease  
of only family tonight—  
Where the  
weapon is,  
A velvet daughter

Tonight if you could drive  
your car, by  
dream  
The interior light on, so I could recognize  
So you recognize me  
& stop  
Like a narrative so  
perfect, it floats  
up and  
down the night  
And within it, to offer  
the paper-bag colour iced coffee  
Tonight is wet air, wet  
clothing  
and somehow  
That  
would make it  
really last