

When We Forget

Written by Kate Crash



You can also read [Kate Crash here](#).

She's sitting on the couch back from the Midwest trapHer hair is cropped short, even when she smiles she's sad. It's been years we say, "accepting age is hard" I go on. Her eyes crease together she looks out the window at the cars"but it sure beats the alternative"night haunts her eyes. Some dead end job, another dead end guyfifteen hours a day she works, and still can't get byran off to l.a. for a week and ended up here sleeping on the couchdreaming of acting again on the big screen, ready for the next big bet or ouch

I want to cry when I think of growing old. About the hunger time leaves me About the love, that perfect one, that only seems to last for an idea or month.She picks up the guitar, strums, bottle blondel don't tell her about the way she looks the same but oldShe don't tell me I'm beautiful, but that I glowI hum alongHmMMM nah sah na hmmm ah ahhhhYes I knowHer voice, echoes the heart of humanity's heartlessnessHmMMM nah sah na hmmm ah ahhhhYes I knowHer voice is raspy and flies like it's cold but it keeps me warm I hum some moreHer voice, An arrow losing it's space quivering before it can find it's placeAnd dropped somewhere down in the middle of KentuckyIn that strip mall sandwich shop with her dvd of some extra work that shows should could have been somethingOther than divorced, almost pretty, and poorhitched herself somewhere on a dream of crystal candy Hollywood American red white and scream