

We'll Never Make it to Mars

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Monterey Bay

We could have met in winter  
Or spring, in evergreen  
But we met at half-past noon  
I stashed my sins in Denver trees  
And my thoughts are just your penthouse  
A lifetime lease; no renter's fee  
If I'm the pilot,  
You're the plane  
The one that  
Set John Denver free

## Surface

You're a fogged up mirror  
a fly in the ointment  
if i could serve you a drink  
it'd probably be poison

I really do hate you  
yet we still coexist  
but you know why i hate you  
how you stole all my bliss

you're a flat tire on the freeway  
a newspaper stuffed with lies  
and i want you to know  
nobody cares you're alive

I was healthy and normal  
but then I met you  
it's been toxic, messy, evil  
it's been all due to you

you're a heartbreak during holidays  
you're a papercut and gin  
I kick you out every morning  
moments later, you sneak in

I'm not sure that i hate you  
I just want to be free  
but how can i hate someone  
if that someone is me?

Aubrey

And

I like you

Enough, for me

I like you

With brunch,

At three

I'd like to

Hold hands

In trees

I like you

I don't

Like me

Charlotte

I found my feet  
entrenched in tar  
Toes seared off  
Burnt and bruised

I blamed it  
on the town  
on death, old friends  
On you

I cried out for directions  
asked the clouds  
To set me free

told the trees to lend a light  
or the lakes  
To turn to seas

No exodus arose  
the concrete hardened  
to my knees

it was too late  
When I found out  
This tar pit was really  
Me

April

I hope you come by and brighten my day  
Dive into your depths  
I'll drink the sun rays

I hope you come by and brighten my day

I love that you say when I'm stuck in my ways

Fly off  
Like some doves

I'll see you someday