

I am a girl on a balcony, you are the boy on the street.
Counting how many times you can ring my neighbor's doorbell
Like I used to count the stars.
When you look up you might see me,
(The only one else awake)
Or you might look through me
Because I am made of the bottle in your hand.
I am made of glass.
I dare you to touch me with your fingertips
Fill me with wine, fill me with coins
Let flowers die in my water
Lay me in the sun
Lay me by the fire
To see how I catch the light
Fill me with poison, fill me with mud
Drown me in dust
Cut your fingers on my edges
I dare you to throw me off my balcony
Shatter me on the sidewalk
I dare you.
Because I am made of glass
But I
Am stronger
Than you.

I look for you everywhere I go
Because I walk on the dead earth
Where your footsteps have fallen
and
I am not healthy.

This girl is timeless, endless
A young empress
She is a masochist, a narcissist
An imperfectionist.
I am a bad childhood from a good family
A gothic ukulele instrumentalist.
but
We are birds without wings
I cut my blue hair
And we are all barefoot in the city.

If I could set my money on fire
I could not melt the ice
That I crunch in my teeth
And
I am burning alive.

How many lovely sights can my bright eyes feed upon
Before my blood turns to silk
My skin melts into marble
My fingers grow small gossamer wings
Yes, how many sights can my eyes eat
Until my lips are too heavy
For all the colors I have tasted.
I kiss the fireflies in the sweet summer grass
The sun-slashed clouds from an alabaster mountain
The green sea on the smooth raining stones
The lemon trees soaking my sleeves in the sun
The view from on top of the churchbell, the graveyard, the avocado tree
How many colors can I kiss
Until my tired eyes can no longer taste
What I used to feed upon.