

21 Roses

You and me
Mausoleums of grief
Go around and around no relief
Leave my blood in the dirt, I set fire to the hurt—
Singe my fingers with ash/the inevitable crash

I'll tell ya I thought it was malice
But nobody taught you to love
From the start there were cracks; love is sharp like an ax
Your roses were red like my heart.

Started piecing together your verse
How your kindness is sometimes your curse
If you could just get it perfect would it even be worth it—
Scars under your skin/like original sin

I didn't know it was so heavy
Carried everyone's burdens like stones
The world fell at your feet; you got played by the beat
Your roses were blue like my art.

21 Roses.

42 Poses.

Too many doses.

Through the desert like Moses.