

Don't you ever get tired of missing the past.
When bears climbed on subway cars
and trees over grew the bus stops.

Beautiful as the wolf you met under the
moon lit night but it tore you to pieces.
Your innards turning the white snow red.

We met in front of a store the neon lights
still blind me every time I close my eyes.
I always saw you as poised and proper
pretty and filled with pride.

I wanted to take a bite out your sweet smile
and let it rest in my tummy.
The only thing you ever gave me was a bellyache.

I rode home after that night on my bike
with tears twinkling in my eyes.
Diamonds clinked on the ground as I speed up
trying to race the tigers on the street.

I grew up where cherry blossoms don't bloom
and I regret it like I had a say in where
the universe planted me.

Soon I'll meet my higher power and
we'll work out the logistics.

I'll remember you and your camera and how you captured
the ugliest things but made it far in life.

You were no photographer
but that was a secret I'll take to the grave.

The floral shop by my house homes you and dead memories.

I see nothing when I drive past because
I refuse to look over at you always sitting
in the shop window.

I like to believe you're waiting for me behind the glass
but if I look the mirage will shatter before my eyes.

Glass shards will embed in my chest and
it'll hurt more than the wolf tearing me apart.

Oh sweet dragon you, let me slip on your back
and fly amongst the clouds towards a future so bright and clear.
Where the colors are vivid and the animals stay home at night.

Reds, whites, and blues light up the sky and nothing's been the same since the Fourth of July. According to a few songs I've listened to we'll be fine. I wonder how purple felt dripping down your back. Slowly the world stops turning and we're both on opposite sides hoping to see each other again but forever not moving. Blue falls from the tear you made in the set and I feel alive. Tomorrow holds no promises but alas my feet move. In the opposite direction of where you stand. The earth is round and I'll make it to you soon but the long way, always betting on the long way. I have a soft spot for the hard parts. And the hard way has been the only way. One album talked about the woes of your suburban upbringing and the second spoke of us sitting on the roof talking of running away. We experience nothing wrong under orange seas. And when we arose sticky and out of love I saw green in a field with white. And I thought spring was home. I reach your porch still dripping orange stinking of vomit. As the first firework lights up the sky, I realize home is no season, no color, or no you. It's down in the brown where the beginnings of ends bloom.

“fourth of july”

Look at you go, my dearest friend.

You're so spectacular that someone as gleaming as me
fades to the background standing next to you.

I was kept up past bedtime on a Sunday night
from cats fighting right near my window and I thought of you.

A dear friend of mine.

So pretty, so glorious it's nasty.

I've always known things were somewhat easy
for pretty people like you. Yeah you have your trials,
but average people like me get all the tribulations.

I'm laughing now.

I'm sorry now.

Pity me now.

I need it.

The cats have stopped fighting and, my dearest friend,
I'm hollow inside. The same lyrics from the same song
is all I have playing in my head now.

*I should have known better,
nothing can be changed*

My life is coming to a dead end.

While yours picks up.

Will you stay with me old friend as shining and buffing
does nothing to bring back my shine.

Because your life looks so much better than mine.

I want to have you forever. You are my one and only true friend and I know you
don't see me as such but at least I tried.

My sweet dear friend, please remember I'm nothing like I project.

I'm sad and lonely,
hollow as I said before.

I'm dying now on the bathroom floor.

To be something truly rememberable in the eyes of the living.

“my friends come and go and you were no exception”

Leftovers are strewn across the kitchen counter,
I was too lazy to clean up last night.
Dishes have been sitting in the dishwasher for days,
my body cries to do something as I cry in my pillows.

Only people like me are cursed without someone.
I roam the halls of my best friend's house waiting for someone to notice me.
I'm a ghost, see-through and many don't believe in me.
I'll be sitting in the corner of her room watching her connive with her lover.
Waiting until she needs a friend to lean back on.

No one will notice me waiting, no one will notice my absence.
I was made to be a half without a whole.
I was made to wait. So I do.
People question the drafts in the room
and the random moving of objects but
no one acknowledges my presence.

Everyone will leave as I begin to cause too much noise.
Opening up and breaking out of a fake shell.
I scare away everything that comes to settle in starting with you my friend.

Loving isn't easy especially when someone fed you a poison
and you can't remember who you were suppose to be before it.
You were supposed to stick by me
and maybe it's my fault I didn't let you in anymore.
But my washing machines broken
and I can't find the nonstick pan.
I cried in the dirty bathtub today, because I'm so terribly lonely.

“I love you.”

But do you really or do you just say that to appease me.

You rock me gently in your arms to a beat in your head.

I feel warm inside, no love, just warm.

I haven't loved anything since I buried those words in the front yard.

“Love is so foreign, so unfamiliar”

I still say I love you as you rock me to the beat.

A mantra is what it becomes to convince both of us.

You keep the roof on this house and the happiness in tact.

The walls bleed with the truth of our lies

but we paint over them

and then smiles on our faces.

I scream I love you from the rooftops

and then throw up after.

Lying makes my stomach hurt.

“How much longer do we pretend?”

Until the first star falls from the sky and I go along with it.

Now we're five in and you're gone.

I'm alone and empty handed

standing on the same rooftop I threw up on

but now I throw myself off of it.

“i won't die for love”