

heartbreak & hair loss

aluminum tubes of heartbreak and hair loss
vibrant pigments of wine stains and golden skies
saturating my hair, like mouths covered in lip gloss
my lovers left forgotten, washed away by hair dyes

a cocktail of chemicals taken every time i break
ammonia leaves my locks littered on the floor
there's only so much my brunette waves can take
still, my heart in empty hands has felt worse damage before

my scalp is set ablaze and given a crown of thorns
an immaculate conception from innocent virgin hair
memories of lush and silk strands leave no room to mourn
my head has never looked so vivid and felt so bare

and yet, as the water runs clear and i leave my hair to dry
i breathe in the chemicals in search for an equal high

these hands i hold

what are these hands i hold / stiff and frail / is the final battleground taking place here / in my heart / is the lava seeping from my eyes a sign of surrender / or have you always known you would wave the flag first / can you hear the beat of my drums / do the vibrations make you wonder / will you get off at the next stop if i ask you to stay / don't leave me stranded so soon / you've lost your hair / and i've lost track of time / but together we can repaint the colors of the midnight sky / i'll fetch you a glass of water / you'll ask me to sing a melody i've already sung / whispers of the promises i made / and you believed / but how can i sing to a man that has already lost his hands / how can i sing you a song that encapsulates all the notes of my grief / how can i keep a tempo when you're not there to keep me on beat / only tomorrow will tell / when my eyes open / yours will remain shut / only tomorrow will tell / because you'll be all alone / and i will reap the pain

Like a Mother's

You said your love for me is like a mother's
but *mine* is waiting for me at home

She holds a basket of our *i love yous* and
pictures of that time in Florida when we had no other place to go

She never paints her nails anymore, but
french tips were her best friends in another life
One where her hair matched the shades of her mood

Red, when she had a hunger for freedom and sought
an image to replicate the inferno of her heart
When she needed to reinvent herself and create an alibi
for the blood that stained her hands

Blue, for that time I found her unconscious on the bathroom floor
because roses are red,
and violets are blue,
but why do her lips now match the bruises that she's used to

Nevermind the color wheel of her head,
My mother is a woman who never failed to tuck me into bed
Except that time she had a bit too much to drink,
or that time she never came home

You speak to me in words my mother has never used,
How was your day? and *Are you feeling okay?*
It's unfamiliar, lacks comfort, and is a place I never want to stay

So do not tell me your love for me is like a mother's
because *mine* is waiting for me at home