

I'm reading over your shoulder,  
it says it in every line, in every curve and crack.  
it says it in every detail of your face,  
unmistakably apparent in this dull light.  
tracing a separate letter, forming a separate word.  
twisting together to build the same beautiful sentence,  
the same painful realization.  
the cracks in your lips  
open with the books. and  
the smile shows the lines in your face.  
perfectly crooked, and  
perfectly familiar.

and for the moment, uncovered like a statue--  
lay perfectly still. to show the cracks in your lips.  
give purpose to this pattern, and start to smile.  
burst into flames, disappear  
before your best intentions can no longer hide her ears  
from that which will make them bleed.  
before your own two hands become too weak to hold the blood inside her wounds.  
before reality explodes before you in a brilliant flash of spectral fires,  
into a thousand fragments of a past, long dead and gone.

(this is remembering the last time we touched,  
the last time we spoke,  
words ricocheting off empty tables.  
vandalizing the pictures on these smoke-stained walls  
and I can feel your mouth as it opens from across the room.  
your tongue and lips forming the shape of your laughter,  
its the curve of your stomach, its the bend in your legs.  
its the remnants of the pages framed in the cracks of your bleeding lips,  
its the curve of your stomach, its the bend in your legs.  
your crooked teeth.)

I'm reading over your shoulder,  
it says it in every line, in every curve and crack--  
the same stupid message in every stupid bend and in every stupid stitch,  
in every inch of our peeling skin.  
its tracing letters in the same sentence,  
(its screaming the same stupid thing,  
like the howling of a plane playing over and over and over and over and over...)