

Then I Defy You, Stars

The Receiving End of Sirens

The apparitions tango to the sound of their heels tapping.
A procession of prosthetic limbs and mannequins.
They're all perfect models of imperfection,
With marrow made of cellophane.

Strap on your ballroom best.
Breathe in and don't exhale.
Oh, Juliet! Oh, Juliet! Deny your name, your father.

Rearrange the cells that form my skin.
See them through kaleidoscope eyes.
Because everybody feigns sometimes.

Blur your eyes,
Romeo.
Bend the lines,
Romeo.
Do you like what you see?
Oh, Romeo

Where art thou?
I've dressed up this canvas skin; Painted something colorful ju
st for you.
Self-inflicted surgery is now routine.
It erases all traces of faces we have all known; We have all ow
ned.

Stretch me over this two-by-four skeleton.