

Your heart filled with hate vacuums the smile off my face.  
It makes a bad day pass slower  
--your backward ideas--  
stumbling and falling instead of reaching...  
I don't want to.  
I dont want to look at the stars with you  
until you can look at strangers with me  
(and smile instead of smirk) a sneer across your face,  
everything is ugly to you  
and beauty can't exist in anything, in anyone at all...)  
are not here  
your body is a shadow a memory of what used to be  
we can say hello but you're dead to me.  
I don't want to look at the stars with you  
until you can look at strangers with me and smile.