

Accommodate

Frankie Cosmos

Found myself in a scene
Told my friends how you made me
They let you stomp in still
Kept you around against my will

No one will listen, no one will talk
I had to leave just to hear my thoughts

My body is a burden
I'm always yearning
To be less accommodating
To say loud how I'm feeling

A brief breath of safety
Disturbed by a series of break-ins
Spills out brain onto the plate and
Serves to host but one party

Where the air hits invisible
A spot so thin it's miserable
Tries to carve a place to escape
But holes out in a wholly unholy place

You could hardly hear them crack
Crashed down onto concrete so vast