

Masks

A Life Once Lost

You know
Suicide and life
Are peachy conversations
Based around
This fantasy that will never evolve
Can't say I welcome it
In to my life
Those tasteless kisses
You pushed upon my cheek
Me ruining
All hope of that new crush
Now is exposed
It makes the children ill
How about we taunt them with a flick
A wave like motion
With the finger of
Pointing capability
I wish for a state of
Isolation
And a sense of
Nothingness
It could be empty or
Plain and boring
But just enough to
Keep me from straying
This finger churns women into butter on a hot summer day
I doubt they will connect the two of us anyway