

V (My Body Is a Well)

Code Orange Kids

eat pills. go to sleep dead.
skin the color of sheep. my body is a well
"go healthy"
words that fall to my feet like picking up the pieces of broken
teeth
the ones he leaves without in my dreams
perched and maimed // they just lay there.
dumbfounded. un-struck
my mind knows when it is starting to get colder.
it starts to wander. it starts to wonder why in these periods o
f cease the bravery turns to hunger
and your stare goes dull
but i know you better.
i wanted to see the eternally embellished doorstep.
but the pains have slowed my fingers - no talking points. no re
levance
cross the street a little early just to wake up the tips of my
fingers.
and when the headlights come blaring towards me
will acceptance come more easy?
will depression set me free?
when you spilled my design into there palms
you spilled me.