

It's just like a bad dream.
Bolt upright at night, trying not to scream.
Awake to our backs facing while you sleep.
Surface just long enough to breathe,
Spines interlocked like faulty cogs in a failed machine.
It's like we're just bad friends,
Both wasting our time as our picket fence
defends all the things we must protect.
Pretending that we still can connect is our sole defense
As the present tense beings its slow descent.

Give yourself away.

I am the key; a thin skeleton swaying crookedly,
Grinning copper teeth.

Come open up for me.