

The Recluse

Cursive

I wake alone, in a woman's room I hardly know.
I wake alone- and pretend that I am finally home.
The room is littered with her books and notebooks.
I imagine what they say, like, 'Shoo fly, don't bother me,'

And I can hardly get myself out of her bed.
for fear of never lying in this bed again.
Oh Christ, I'm not that desperate. oh no- oh God- I am.

How'd I end up here to begin with? I don't know.
Why do I start what I can't finish?
Oh please, don't barrage me with questions to all those ugly answers.
My ego's like my stomach- it keeps shitting what I feed it.
But maybe I don't want to finish anything anymore..
maybe I can wait in bed 'til she comes home. and whispers.

"you're in my web now - I've come to wrap you up tight 'til it's time to bite down."

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Home