

## Sluttering

Jawbreaker

Flattered that you think I warrant ugliness.  
Gutters drain west, mud made a mess of us.  
It's time to leave this place.  
I'd saw through your wrist to find a better trap that fits.  
I'd saw through your traps to find a better you.  
A part of you that lasts.  
I saw through your trap and into my own wrists.  
Saw we were through, red ribbons spill to blue:  
A sight to sore your eyes.  
I got this dress.  
I'm hiking it around this waste of laughter.  
Slow dance alone with no one to the sound of four hands clapping.  
Congratulations to you both, I hope you're somewhere happy.  
If there's a moral to this story then I wish you'd show me.  
Hair in the blood, fly in the disappointment.  
Rubber, I'm glue.  
I'll write the book on you.  
It's sticking to my face.  
You need a little less than what you take for granted.  
This is the sip that's drinking back from you,  
Blacking out your eyes.  
You need a little more suppression of you appetites.  
This is your honeymoon, in separate rooms,  
It's neither sweet nor bright.  
I made a word to give this state a name, this game a guess.  
I call it "sluttering."  
It means as little as your little test.  
You are your worst revenge.  
Your very means, they have no ends.  
This is a story you won't tell the kids we'll never have.  
If you hear this song a hundred times it still won't be enough.