

See You In Vancouver

La Dispute

I'm reading over your shoulder,
it says it in every line, in every curve and crack.
it says it in every detail of your face,
unmistakably apparent in this dull light.
tracing a separate letter, forming a separate word.
twisting together to build the same beautiful sentence,
the same painful realization.
the cracks in your lips
open with the books. and
the smile shows the lines in your face.
perfectly crooked, and
perfectly familiar.

and for the moment, uncovered like a statue--
lay perfectly still. to show the cracks in your lips.
give purpose to this pattern, and start to smile.
burst into flames, disappear
before your best intentions can no longer hide her ears
from that which will make them bleed.
before your own two hands become too weak to hold the blood ins
ide her wounds.
before reality explodes before you in a brilliant flash of spec
tral fires,
into a thousand fragments of a past, long dead and gone.

(this is remembering the last time we touched,
the last time we spoke,
words ricocheting off empty tables.
vandalizing the pictures on these smoke-stained walls
and I can feel your mouth as it opens from across the room.
your tongue and lips forming the shape of your laughter,
its the curve of your stomach, its the bend in your legs.
its the remnants of the pages framed in the cracks of your blee
ding lips,
its the curve of your stomach, its the bend in your legs.
your crooked teeth.)

I'm reading over your shoulder,
it says it in every line, in every curve and crack--
the same stupid message in every stupid bend and in every stupi
d stitch,
in every inch of our peeling skin.
its tracing letters in the same sentence,
(its screaming the same stupid thing,
like the howling of a plane playing over and over and over and
over and over...)