

# Poison June

Maxeen

pictures of you i adore  
strewn across the bedroom floor  
your letters chronological  
heartbeat away from trigger pull

is it true what they speak of  
you don't quite ever get over  
your first love

a stack of records ten feet high  
a thousand songs to make me cry  
under covers  
close the door  
i won't be coming out no more

is it true what they speak of  
you don't quite ever get over  
your first love

alcohol and concert hall  
consume that poison June  
alcohol and concert hall  
consume that poison June

it's been roughly seven days  
since i've seen the suns warm rays  
mommy's worried, daddy's bored  
friends slip notes beneath the door

sad but true the fact remains  
the static's driving me insane  
burn these photos clean the mess  
i'll off her boy to relieve some stress

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your first love

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consume the poison June  
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poison me  
poison you

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