

## Wreck Simple

Park

Are you upset over all of this? Or are you just playing dead? Adding up the math. I can blink my eyes in a statistic fashion in the hopes it'd make you move. In the hopes it'd make you breathe. It's how disaster makes me feel. All I can think to do is stare and say, "It's OK." Just one more day spent tending ruins, cuz of you. One more connection cut off by affection. One more useless night spent in this life. Lick your lips wet, try to forget. Jump in headfirst, who cares if it hurts? One light flashing, over guessing. If not for the life in you, I don't know what I'd do. It's how disaster makes me smile. The thought strikes as nice once in a while. One more connection cut off by affection. One tank short on gas, one bullet built to crash. These broken lungs have little air left, if some. The cause and effect is as simple as a car wreck. If not for the life, then this thought of you. It's a stupid thing to think that I won't lose, when all I want is this: To be more of the friends that sometimes kiss.