

## Mid Air Love Message

Poison the Well

Kisses are never safe when residue of old love is left  
how could I feel lesser when someone better  
walks around / waiting for you to call out  
As your cold hand grasps mine I feel unright  
and privileged to be  
and you're the same chemical as stars  
Deformed fingers leave trails of hearts in writing  
could three words be the end to births only meaning  
Crying to sleep is my remedy  
urgently trying to stand on broken / confused legs  
Am I looking for reasons not to be happy  
emotions catch up with me / I'm too fast for them