

## A Mind I Knew

Suckers

And the roof's half gone,  
But they've left the tv on.  
And the one-way sign,  
It was twisted like a vine.

Pour out the wine,  
Cardboard underneath our spines,  
"Curled up shoes",  
They keep repeating on the news.

Wandering in, this is not a spiritual thing.  
So act your age.

Your heart is like a crippled demon, semen on your clothes.  
Kill everything I built around me, nervous I suppose.

Dancing late,  
we keep going on first dates.  
Underneath your sheets,  
sleight of hand and daring feats.  
The pain just peels,  
blooms confetti color fields.  
The sun rolls up,  
rolling like a paper cup.

My anger doesn't know surrender, skin without its clothes.  
Blue fragments of a mind I knew when cocaine's in its nose.  
You crash just like a car accident, feet without it's toes.  
Don't violate the steps I took to make sure my door's closed.  
Your life is like the mundane suffering on late night police shows.  
Forced into false affiliations, invisible shadows.