

I'm So Pathetic

The Dangerous Summer

You long for rest
and count the awful days.
You speak like
nothings ever challenged you before.
Away with words,
you start to disagree.
You look like
something must've had at you before,
and I knew it would happen.

I tried to get the light.
It's part of why i risk my head
in light of having more;
and heaven knows,
heaven knows me.

It's in my work,
the cast is setting in.
I hang like no one's ever
knocking at the door.
So love this sense,
and start your bothering.
I paint the colors that
enamored you before.

I'm so pathetic.

It knows me well enough
to understand my longing.
Those walls are closing in.
I will divide.
I'm ready.