

## Texas Is South

### The Devil Wears Prada

Good evening, miss.  
All I ever do is wish things were different.  
This envy is destroying me,  
And it is obvious.  
I'm looking to put a bullet into the tile floor. Mark this.  
I want to say something:  
We were blessed, but now I wet my lips and wait for them to dry  
.  
The lust of the dress.  
The thought of her lips.  
Reverent smile.  
These letters I've wrote are shackled to my chest.  
Her tantalization.  
She is misconception.  
Good evening, miss