

## Shirtsleeves

### The Receiving End of Sirens

Words fail her  
Why bother trying to pass off your offense as a good defense? he says  
,  
"please don't treat me like a lawyer sweetie. . . . .  
There will be time for shouting matches."

So he writes - last option.  
Keeps him cornered in.  
The need for more stays pressing,  
But he can't force the pen.  
For every blot of ink a word is lost. . .pierced skin/new melody  
And if these lines stay blank. . . they'll lead to no where.

She starves for attention.  
He has hungry mouths to feed.  
Dietary habits seen [to her]  
As born of apathy.  
He starves for attention.  
She has hungry mouths to feed.  
Emaciated, both will dream  
Of times they felt less empty.

Under his breath:  
"like guests and presidents,  
My words were not welcome where they could not stay."  
Their arguments plotted concentric circles  
Ending up bulls-eyes over his ribcage.

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He has hungry mouths to feed.  
Dietary habits seen [to him]  
As born of apathy.  
She starves for attention.  
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Of times they felt less empty.

I need to believe in these dripping organs sutured to my sleeves.  
I want to scream with every dream [out loud] you'd never dare to breathe.  
Two-four.two-four. i can't breathe.  
Two-four two-four. (i cannot breathe.)

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He has hungry mouths to feed.  
Dietary habits seen [to her]  
As born of apathy.  
He starves for attention.  
She has hungry mouths to feed.  
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