

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.

She starves for attention.

He has hungry mouths to feed.

Dietary habits seen [to him]

As born of apathy.

She starves for attention.

He has hungry mouths to feed.

Emaciated, both will dream

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.)

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.