

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.
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.)

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