

Your heart filled with hate vacuums the smile off my face.
It makes a bad day pass slower
--your backward ideas--
stumbling and falling instead of reaching...
I don't want to.
I don't want to look at the stars with you
until you can look at strangers with me
(and smile instead of smirk) a sneer across your face,
everything is ugly to you
and beauty can't exist in anything, in anyone at all...)
are not here
your body is a shadow a memory of what used to be
we can say hello but you're dead to me.
I don't want to look at the stars with you
until you can look at strangers with me and smile.