

# Broken Birds (Rest In Pieces)

Car Seat Headrest

Lying on the floor  
Shattered ceramics  
There was so much of you to pick up

Halloween plans  
Smashed by September  
There were so many pieces to pick up on

On the floor  
You were so connected  
To the man sleeping under the table  
On the other side of the continent  
When you lost your content

A stillborn beauty  
Is ghosting around in my head  
Your busted brains  
I would tenderly tuck into bed

Little dishcloth in a tumbling dryer  
Little washcloth in a tumbling dryer

Maybe your parents gave you a Lego set in middle school  
Maybe the kids in class smashed it to pieces  
Maybe they poured glue on your pet tarantulas  
Maybe they got stuck to each other and tore themselves apart

I want my girls to save me  
Want them to burst in when the dagger's at my neck  
I want my love to redeem me, let these killers finally see me  
I feel it growing in me at the brink of death

Summon Doraemon  
Protector of innocents  
If you let them see you naked  
You can get a ride home

(Danae receiving Jupiter in a shower of sulphuric acid)

A thief  
(some young god)  
Stole the ending to this book  
(tore the canvas into shreds)  
And left us gibberish  
(bleeding paint)  
Ancient Greek letters  
(call you saint for a reason)  
Just another crossed out character

I'll scatter like birds  
I'll go everywhere