

## An Intimate Message

Crywank

Throwing caution to the CPU fan  
I gave you the wardrobe you asked for  
Wide eyed, you mortified me  
Devastatingly perfect a beating of sorts

If I become nostalgia, you'll always love me more

It snowed today, triple layers and mittens  
Three inches on the fencepost, subzero playlist  
Skirts lifted in the alcove  
Phones resting on the sides of our heads

I didn't know what irony meant, but I'd say it anyway