

Kisses In A Box

Katy Rose

I left kisses on your front stoop
So you could find them on your way home
And wear them at a party where I'd be your guest
With your soul spinning languidly in the warmth
of your chest

You try to remember the sparkle in my eyes
I try to forget the shit and the lies

So here's your December
My kisses in a box
Eat them for dinner
and put them in your sauce

I told secrets to your bedspread
So it could wrap you in it's sonnet
And whisper my longings to the back of your hair
And tell you my story as if i was still there

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