

The First Law of Thermodynamics

Lovers

out in the school yard, building a tomb for the beautiful skeleton asleep in your parents' room. and you couldn't find anyone to talk to so your heart was broken and nobody knew until the doctors opened you and what they found was the two halves beating separately and orbiting around your body with energy that sprung forth from the ground. your body's made of energy that comes from the ground. there's a black bird sitting on your bones, perched above your rib cage whistling the tones of a sad organ pumping the only way it knows, like the sound of ghosts thumping when the winter wind blows all those voices coming quickly and rocketing around to make your madness silky soft and white as down. with their cedar-scented sadness and dressing gowns, they'll dry your cheeks with the torn sleeves of their faded dressing gowns. and how your love is like a vulture. and now it's circling around and it makes the sweetest sound, "i will be wanted. i will be wanted." and it feeds off what is dead. how your love is like a vulture it feeds off what is dead. and now it's circling around your head, how your love is like a vulture, it feeds off what is dead. i will be honest. i will be honest. i've not forgotten what i said, come and find me when you're dead. my heart is haunted. my heart is haunted 'cause now you're hanging around, now you're hanging around in the hereafter. happily ever after this, i said your name and blew a kiss. goodnight my love, remember this, you'll always be the one i miss. broken into shards just out of the womb, i watched as your scars grew from the ground and bloomed.