

PMD - Interlude

Marc E. Bassy

Rooftop pool
Versace ring ripples
Swim from the other side
We will meet up in the middle
Bright darkness
Gold shadows
Sweet longing stamped into bitter pills
Life
Lust
Love
Call it that
Call me asshole, but at least call me that
Kiss me like you believe in me like science or God
Like, I believe in you
Call me
Tattoo neon nights on our limbs in glow and the dark ink
Pour scorn on troubled waters
Dance like dirty dollars
False prophets fall at the feet of a broken goddess
So take my kindness for weakness
Be cruel to be kind
Cause your vision is perfect
But my love is just blind
Postmodern Depression