

Heart-Shaped Box

Nate Smith

She eyes me like a Pisces when I am weak
I've been locked inside your heart-shaped box for weeks
I've been drawn into your magnet tar-pit trap
I wish I could eat your cancer when you turn black

Hey
Wait
I got a new complaint
Forever in debt to your priceless advice

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Your advice

Meat-eating orchids forgive no one just yet
Cut myself on angel hair and baby's breath
Broken hymen of Your Highness, I'm left black
Throw down your umbilical noose so I can climb right back

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