

Mama's Lipstick

Pile

Dreams of wearing Mother's pearls
With her bright red lipstick on
Chest out like a proud son
Everything covered in form
A strangled lust was thrown
To float into death alone

You miss the things that turn you pink
But those deeds can't be touched
Neither can you
Nor speak it straight

A shriek that ran out of gas
Prompts yawns you try and hide
Why wait for death
When you can achieve senility

I love you so much but I just might run out
It all means so much but never matters enough