

## Expression Eraser

Small Brown Bike

broken glass moves through me,  
calloused skin falls off of me, i crash to my knees.  
interiorly i bleed and i cry blood under the sheets.  
i'm breaking down, i'm broken down,  
i break my thumb, don't mind me.  
you erase how i feel, erase every chance i get.  
i'll take every expression and make it something.  
i wish for an even number of stars, i breathe simple.  
i give you real and ask for nothing, rain on me now.  
there's nothing like a cold in june to wake you up.  
i'm choking on my lung and drowning in tears,  
i won't and can't be hurt i am the expression eraser.