

Good Grief

Spacey Jane

And you stand so tall in your head
I'll erase it all until you're dead
And regret that I didn't call
But enough's enough, my heart is sunk
And it feels
Like sixteen
Like a magazine
Like I'm undoing

A husk in my bed
And I drive, it's dusk, my eyes all red
And a short, a fleeting thought comes in
You're alive until you own the sin
And it feels
Like eighteen
Like a guillotine
Like I'm

Kicked out of home, mama, ten and alone
I don't care about things that I'm too young to know

Rusted stove top, kettle boiling
Feeling like my brain is rolling
Like underneath my clothing
Itchin' skin, my aching body
Good grief, your own creation
Lost for words, I find my patience
Like in the heated moment
Up for grabs but never noticed

Inside my home, a shaking crawl
And her eyes do roll and sheets get torn
And again, a fleeting thought is formed
But at five, it's gone, the TV's on
And I dream
Of release
And the tears ease
And I feel

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