

An Open Letter To A Ruby-Shoed Pixie

Teddy Hyde

Oh haven't you heard? It'll go away in a day or two

Fond boy, with a flower in his heart
Only hours from the start
He's invested all he's got
So he'll stalk the stocks
And stock up on Pepto-Bismol
'Cause he's giving hugs to toilets
And spoiling his dinner

Big rock, with a fire at its core
If it's buried under layers
Then what's it gonna warm?
I'm tired of knowing not
What's enough and what's a lot
'Cause I only remember
The feelings I forgot

I think my anatomy's mad at me for being so
Adamantly dramatic and emphatically infatuated, in fact
I'd rather be glad we waited until after we graduated
Than be packing our bags, half saturated and sadly debating it
Maybe it's lazy of me to sedate our relationship
And date the creations I made with it, but baby
A baby needs something to play with and glue to
When you drop out halfway through peekaboo
You speak in resisted grins, I couldn't sleep after leaving the
m
I didn't eat for a week, but then again I've always been weak a
nd thin
Honestly, I've lost full nights contemplating these awful rhyme
s
Those long drives felt like such short trips with you on the mi
nd
I don't think about you that much, just all the time

May I be meta for a minute please, pin metaphors and similes
Against the floor in mental scores and sorely beat them 'til th
ey bleed?
Grey eyes, crowned by solar halos, follow throes of warm tornad
os
Blow away those omens made of painful days and poorly made oath
s
And later, I'll grow flowers in your absence, then go shower in
more absinth
Wrap my towel 'round sore abs and then pour hours into mapping
out just
How I'll keep this tower from collapsing, while foundations mad

e from

Sweet and sour serenades relapse and start relaxing