

Texas Is South

The Devil Wears Prada

Good evening, miss.
All I ever do is wish things were different.
This envy is destroying me,
And it is obvious.
I'm looking to put a bullet into the tile floor. Mark this.
I want to say something:
We were blessed, but now I wet my lips and wait for them to dry
.
The lust of the dress.
The thought of her lips.
Reverent smile.
These letters I've wrote are shackled to my chest.
Her tantalization.
She is misconception.
Good evening, miss