Posts

The Rare Occasions

My old friend you seem so depressed
Late night posts of quotes from a Smiths cassette
Asking someone to pull the cover to shroud your youth

This denial this tiny violence
Another night come and gone again
Toxic habits claw thru the fabric in your bedroom

They swipe left and they all swipe right but they
Can't find someone to hold at night
Distant thunder peals as you ponder your single move

Lights are dim you don't move an inch
From your pose a ghost in a pile of clothes
Lit up from below you look pale
In the soft blue glow

But I'm not you

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