

romeo

and by the way that they all look at me i am not sure that my dress is even on or that i might have forgotten to shave this morning and just painted the red lipstick across my sailor lips.

the tattoo is visible, likeable, desirable. uncovered really.

cover-up lies thick across the face and i am not so sure this time around either, will it crack and fall to the floor in pieces and if it does would it be suiting for me to drop to my knees and pick them up while not smudging my dress.

inc drip-drops, drip-drops. like a tic-toc, but not as accurate.

my ankles are swollen and today is the first time that i am uncomfortable in my red dress, the one that i know that you love on me and that i hope that you find me desirable in and that someday, maybe tonight, you will take off.

stones crack against stone, crack open. like skulls against pavement.

four horses look at me from over the fence when i walk by, holding your hand, the one that has still got all of its fingers and are not scarred from fire and cigars, yet, the horses seem to know what they can do.

harmonies in the night. sweet painful harmonica.

i think too much.

i breathe too fast.

i love you too hard.

you love me like a storm.

you breathe air of stardust.

you think that one day we should be three. four. five.