

# The Southern Comfort Smile

## Comadre

          this is the last time you will feel me breathe  
          so while your hands are around my neck  
          make them into fists and choke this engine.  
because every night feels like sandpaper down my throat  
          and i hate your southern comfort smile.  
          you can have no fucking taste in life  
          so keep diving into dives.  
          you can't say that i haven't tried  
          to walk in your shoes.  
          so much emptiness.  
they've replaced your spine with extension chords,  
          tangled up and lost.  
when you're off sharing beds, i'm off falling i love.  
          "this must be home" "no this heart is my home"  
          and if a couple of days felt like years,  
          then a couple of years can end in a day.  
          now i can't make it on my own.  
          take this skeleton.  
          burn your muscles.  
leave the promises because you've eaten them alive.

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