Expression Eraser

Small Brown Bike

broken glass moves through me,
calloused skin falls off of me, i crash to my knees.
interiorly i bleed and i cry blood under the sheets.
i'm breaking down, i'm broken down,
i break my thumb, don't mind me.
you erase how i feel, erase every chance i get.
i'll take every expression and make it something.
i wish for an even number of stars, i breathe simple.
i give you real and ask for nothing, rain on me now.
there's nothing like a cold in june to wake you up.
i'm choking on my lung and drowning in tears,
i won't and can't be hurt i am the expression eraser.

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