Sluttering (May 4th)

Jawbreaker

Flattered that you think I warrant ugliness. Gutters drain west, mud made a mess of us. It's time to leave this place. I'd saw through your wrist to find a better trap that fits. I'd saw through your traps to find a better you, a part of you that lasts. I saw through your trap and into my own wrists. Saw we were through, red ribbons spill to blue: a sight to sore your eyes. I got this dress. I'm hiking it around this waste of laughter. Slow dance alone with no one to the sound of four hands clapping. Congratulations to you both, I hope somewhere you're happy. If there's a moral to this story then I wish you'd show me. Hair in the blood, fly in the disappointment. Rubber, I'm glue. I'll write the book on you. It's sticking to my face. You need a little less than what you take for granted. This is the sip that's drinking back from you, blacking out your eyes. You need a little more suppression of your appetites. This is your honeymoon, in separate rooms, it's neither sweet nor bright. I made a word to give this state a name, this game a guess. I call it "sluttering". It means as little as your little test. You are your worst revenge. Your very means, they have no ends. This is a story you won't tell the kids we'll never have. If you hear this song a hundred times it still won't be enough.

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