

Nothing Rips Through Me

Pity Sex

Today.

Today.

I imagined your face.

Flecked with rose.

The first of spring.

Freckled nose."

Pathos of things." I'm okay.

Nothing rips through me, like you and the Lemonheads.

Worn computer screen, cybernetic atrophy.

Staring back at me, someone I can't reach.

Forever.

Digital ring, doesn't fit me.

Not big enough.

I've got big needs.

My own Vermont, lovely in spring.

I'll never know."

Pathos of things." I'm okay.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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