

# Grace

## Amy Wadge

Shaking my teeth loose on your table  
The dulllest white squares I'll never be  
Now that you've picked each one apart you can't look at me  
I'll probably lose you now  
But at least the ones I have still sparkle  
Putting on your makeup everyday before he wakes up  
So he could stomach your face now easier than he could without  
Yeah this is love  
This is all that you could want  
Open equals heavier  
Hold your hand out palm side up  
Open, empty, light enough  
Minutes all turn to months  
This is one thing we have all learned  
Equations always make up a sum  
But it doesn't add up  
Signing up for that second semester  
Because you won't marry me without the degree  
Once I fix things up right you wont be so embarrassed of me  
But I'll never make it now  
But at least looking in the mirror wont feel like lying  
Posing for your still visions  
Acedemic postcard prisons  
Raise your chin, love

Purged a poem I swore was finished  
Heaping lines half chewed unconscious  
Settle on a plot, chalk another loss  
Stage set for  
Breathing and choking on swallowed conversations  
Clutching and crawling for constant validation  
Still nailed in the ruins of corporate co-dependence  
Still stuck on the thought that you're the one exception  
All the while the same  
I'm worried that the purpose is  
How I look, not how I lived  
Let's get dolled up and play pretend  
Cause nothing stays honest when  
Every thought is cursed with intent

A pulse covered in skin and words covered in lips  
The taste of regret as it leaves your stomach  
Coating your tongue with every noun  
Watery eyes the only thing that makes sense now  
Spitting your insides out  
Start over  
Start over  
Start over  
Start over  
Start over

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