

The Thistle In the Kiss

The New York Room

your kiss
is as, you would imagine is,
soft as flower petals
cold as razor blades
your kiss
when you press your lips
it peels the wrist from my skin
it turns my outsides in
how can I hope to resist
how do I without it exist
days and nights and dreams
are sacrificed to just this
oh, how I miss
your kiss
is so delicious
still as April twilight
white as arsenic
your kiss
when you close your eyes
it forces tighter mine
it hollows me inside
your kiss
in so deliberate
shards and slivers
is breaking in tiny pieces, me
bit by bit (so sad) so fragile me
piece by piece (so sad) so brittle me
kiss by kiss (so sad) so empty me
bit by bit (so sad) in tiny pieces me
your kiss
is so irresistible
so very serious
a calculated risk
your kiss
your mouth, your lips
with such precision tearing
in tiny pieces, me
how do I hope to resist
how do I without it exist
days and nights and dreams
are sacrificed to just this
oh, how I miss

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