

# Eulalia, Eulalia

## Braid

open the desktop behind me  
sending crayon valentines  
i reply  
"will you marry me, loligirl?"  
my second grade heart  
looks more like a broken you  
and me,  
nineteen and crying for eulalia...i'm still young in the presents of an eight year old  
model planes and model everything  
in the presence of an eighteen year old  
in a sense innocence makes you tense  
in the presence of an eight year old  
writing cursive on loose leaf paper  
in the presence of an eighteen year old i will be waiting for you loligirl  
the little girl that i knew loligirl  
and if you're waiting for me loligirl  
oh yeah and if you see me loligirl

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