Triangle

Laura Stevenson

I wouldn't mind if you left me here, standing on the other side of a locked door in a big, big fire. There comes a time when you decide if you fight it off or learn to die, I'm fine. This city pulls itself around me. It pries apart so it can see what you and I have taken, but it hasn't taken anything. I couldn't lie if I wanted to 'cause all I'm wont to do is hide out away from you. If it's white and it's piled high enough so I can float like smoking paper. You can stay, or you can breathe, two or three until you make it to the street. You can wait and you can scream but that won't keep you from burning. I wouldn't mind if you left me here burning.

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