preservation

East Arcadia

That night he hurt you bad
In that green, pastel
summer dress
You'd die alone with the land
A hollow head in its hands
But everybody does that
But with particular scorn,
in polyurethane form,
freeze dried, stuff to the brim- PreservationHide in our hideous masks
Your daddy's shitty
shake grass
I told you I couldn't see it
A monument of pills,
grocery lists, telephone bills,
pamphlets & dollar
store trinkets- PreservationBut if that was how you put
it, and if you ever willed it,
I would embroider you
In disaffected kisses, in
bleach reticent sunsets,
soldered animal glueA hand too heavy to hold
Lips that won't
do what they're told
How do we ever begin it?
How do we grow old?

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