

Grace.

Dear and the Headlights

Shaking my teeth loose on your table
The dullerest 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 sparklePutting on your makeup everyday before he wakes up
So he could stomach your face now easier than he could withoutYeah this is love
This is all that you could want
Open equals heavierHold 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 upSigning up for that second semester
Because you won't marry me without the degree
Once I fix things up right you won't be so embarrassed of meBut I'll never make it nowBut at least looking in
the mirror won't feel like lyingPosing for your still visions
Academic postcard prisonsRaise your chin, lovePurged a poem I swore was finished
Heaping lines half chewed unconsciousSettle 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 exceptionAll the while the sameI'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 lipsThe taste of regret as it leaves your stomach
Coating your tongue with every noun
Watery eyes the only thing that makes sense nowSpitting your insides outStart over
Start overStart over
Start over
Start over

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