

Air-conditioned Love

Ludo

I am a savage besmitten with her
The loneliest werewolf, I wander the earth
My words are mistakes and my thoughts are unclean
This cider inside me, it slides like a dream
The moon of her window, it glows evermore
The night wrapped around us, two spoons in a drawer
I miss her dark blankets, I miss her clean sheets
All her Julietting, coquettish and sweet
Make me hold you
But then I'm just a ghost
Air-conditioned love
Is always cold
I enter her room and it smells like before
Like rain and vanilla, she closes the door
The movement, the blurring, the echoing ache
Of slow disappearing and smearing away
But now I'm a thief, I'm a transient freak
A discarded object, I'm hated and weak
She's hollowed my chest and I've haunted her street
That ravenous princess, she's ravaged through me
Make me hold you
But then I'm just a ghost
Air-conditioned love
Is always cold

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