Tinfoil

Rainer Maria

god damn it,
i'm not talking about my heart
like it's something you could break.

there's no convincing you
i'm not sick.

when i say "heart",
nothing comes to mind.
drug stores make me feel good.
think of silver around my wrist,
i'm not well.
your chest is a cage for my letters,
and your handwriting's better than mine.

god damn it,
i'm not talking about my heart
like it's a tinfoil valentine.

call an ambulance.
i don't want to walk home alone.

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