Empty Fortune Cookie

Pet Names

Your words cut through the air and disrupt the silence
of brown tangled hair and paper plane pilots,
so I wrote you a note on the back of your eyelids
of stereotypes that would lead you to violence and sin.

Now you're tangled up in my memory matrix
(of chain smoke, tattoos, a parking lot silence,
a glossy eyed touch, hints of the tragic,
and poems read aloud that you made so emphatic again).

And you know that I won't just let it go.

There's rain on your window, but nobody's home.

Lyrics submitted by Kyle Ginthner.

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