Eulalia, Eulalia

Braid

open the desktop behind me
sending crayon valentines
i reply
"will you marry me, loligirl?"
my second grade heart
looks more like a broken you
and me,
nineteen and crying for eulalia...i'm still youngin the presents of an eight year old
model planes and model everything
in the presence of an eighteen year old
in a sense innocence makes you tense
in the presense of an eight year old
writing cursive on loose leaf paper
in the presence of an eighteen year oldi will be waiting for you loligirl
the little girl that i knew loligirl
and if you're waiting for me loligirl
oh yeah and if you see me loligirlbring back the boy i used to be

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