Tacoma

Hot Cross

i have better memories of you during worse times
days you planned
with your head in your hands
and your feet benath your thighsim sure youd recall
that stretch of mills wrapped around
rockier peaks
back home where your diary leaks
the names of those you forgot to possess
the wretched figures that youve never sewn to your dressyou are much more
than i'll resign myself to
you are much more
than i'll assign to myselfour hands are wrapped around
tongues youve bit
and its easy to reword failures
that no longer fiti forgot your name on that very same day
i wrote away the symptoms youd have me betrayand i'll never invest a sick sense in anything this
immenseminds that turn pale
from conversations and innuendos you struggle to find
they grow out of themselves on their own
through words we findpills that are easier lost than swallowed
when we've buried all the roads we had left to follow
over and over and over and over again

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