

Your Favorite Actor

Kind of Like Spitting

I am a star. Hal Hartley movie. I read my lines, straight faced in the mirror. You are my camera. Slouched over coffee, I'm faking artsy. We're playing dress up now. And the rain is washing out the snow. We play the card games that we know. I'll lay you down here, your body a smokestack. My fellow acrobat. You're a coal miners song tonight.

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