Underneath

Matiflow

Among the crumpled tissues white like daisies fell like soldiers dead determined
I surrender
CD cases broken in a desperate chance to find the perfect ballad
To move you

Fight with little purpose
Only meaning to scratch the surface
It's not pretty underneath
There among debris find casual in casualty
It's not pretty underneath

A bottle meant for two a glass that's full of legs but free of any fingerprints
From you
A neighbor one time pounding on the wall now lulled to sleep by lowered voices
Is waking

Fight with little purpose
Only meaning to scratch the surface
It's not pretty underneath
There among debris find casual in casualty
It's not pretty underneath

My eyes are on your hands I'm helpless when I'm looking at you
Be very very careful not to
Crack the seals of last year's arguments they don't hold a candle to the one
This year
A disagreement used to be a speed bump on a highway going eighty

Fight with little purpose...

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