

# Anne Heaton, Breathing My Breath

You crawl into the spaces inside me  
And lay down your lazy head  
You're so casual  
As you breathe all of my breath  
Gentle as a murderer  
You look at me with those eyes  
You believe all the lies ever told  
In anecdotes  
You side with the jealous ones  
I don't know why  
Even though you have the spark they're jealous of  
Gentle as a murderer  
You look at me with those eyes  
I don't hate you  
Only you can make you  
And I've been choking  
Hoping you're just joking  
I'm waiting for the punch line  
Waiting for you to say: "I'm so sorry I stole your air"  
You're like a trick mirror  
When I look close I see only black  
It's only love  
You can keep it or give it back  
Gentle is my murderer  
Who looks at me with those eyes  
Maybe I don't mind if he takes what was mine