

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