

Vert, Diary

I was there when she was writing
I felt her pen on paper
there to stay there to pay
I saw her writing me again
my brain is bleeding
my eyes are melting to my heart
she places the end just before the start
"to lay and die" she thinks to my ears
I can hear her heart and feel her pain
I understand but, can do nothing
a diary is me, a diary can't scream out her name
why is it that I'm the only one who knows
can't they hear her tears hit the floor
why is my mouth locked like a prison door
I wish I could tell someone
I kiss her swollen lips, and blood-she can't bite her tongue-swallow
her words
touch her blue face, touch her scarred back
and ripped down pride, broken side, ripped out hair, hide her tears
and lie
she knows of acid trips and clouds
of rape and placenta
placid eyes can't hide her fears from me
she says it all and I listen, and I hear her hearts call
for help a birds fall
deadly games, the loser goes away for ever, till never and I come
why is it that I'm the only one who knows
can't they hear her tears hit the floor
why is my mouth hers to quiet
I wish I could tell someone
you can't hear her tears fall,
you can't hear her hearts call,
and when it comes. all in all, you won't hear her hearts beat