

Dear And The Headlights, Grace

Shaking my teeth loose on your table
The dullest white squares I'll never be
Now that you've picked each one apart
you can't look at me
I'll probably lose you now
But at least the ones I have still sparkle

Putting on your make up
Every day before he wakes up
So he can stomach your face now
Easier than he could without
Yeah, this is love, this is all
That you could want
Open equals heavier

Hold your hand out palm side up
Open, empty, light enough
Minutes all turn to months
This is one thing we have all learned
Equations make a sum but it doesn't add up

Signing up for that second semester
Because you won't marry without the degree
Once I fix things up right
You won't be so embarrassed of me
I'll never make it now, but at least looking in
The mirror won't feel like lying
Posing for your stilted vision
Academic postcard prison

Raise your chin love
Purged a poem I swore was finished
Heaping lines half chewed unconscious
Settle on a plot, chalk another loss
Stage set for breathing and
Choking on swallowed conversations
Clutching and crawling for constant validation

Still nailed in the ruins of
Corporate co-dependence
Still stuck on the thought
That you're the one exception
All the while just the same
I'm worried that the purpose
Is how I look not how I lived

Let's get dolled up and play pretend
Cause nothing stays honest when
Every thought is cursed with intent
A pulse covered in skin and
Words covered in lips
Taste the regret as it leaves your stomach
Coating your tongue with every noun
Watery eyes the only thing
That makes sense now
Spitting your insides out
Start over start over start over start over