

# Dear And The Headlights, Grace

Shaking my teeth loose on your table  
The dulllest 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