

Failure, Moth

Sometimes pearshaped
women meltdown
Onto concrete
Splashing sun and
sidewalk insects
Down by these feet
Sometimes puddles
terrify me
As they gaze up
Scrap of paper
floating crumpled
I can't pick up
Goodbye

No one's ever gonna
find out from this
shut mouth
Just be sure to keep
these eyes closed
they can read those

Sometimes people use
their sound holes
Pointed at me
Rusty winds groaning
down alleys
Blow right pas me
Sometimes pipes
creaking inside here
Know me too well
Flesh and steel I had
carved up
For a farewell
Too late

I'll never wish for it
but now it grows inside
just like a moth