

Iamerror, Something Tells Me Club Soda Isn't Ge

ay, pobrecita. what a poor little girl
pull the strings, she'd pirouette
what an idealistic, faithful girl, sad eyed-puppy
and you left her in a cardboard box on the side of the road
when you grew taller, she platformed
when you were cold, she was there
when you fucked, she faked harder
two pink lines later..
almost like she was never there at all
pobre. fucking. chica.