

Juliets Wishing Well, Saving June

june plays her guitar
every night at two a.m.
i hear her through my floor
in between the slammin doors
a suitcase filled with clothes
lies beneath her unslept bed
she keeps it there in case
the war of suits becomes
too much for her
she's killing time
she's killing pain
she's saving june
i pass her on the steps
and ask her to play a happy song
she picks up her guitar
and starts to strum
but nothing comes
she killed her love
she killed her hate
to save herself