

Look What I Did, Mirror, Mirror

lensed eye does spy the vanity
the mirror mirrors mine
you track the tactful pantomime
a lie
a lozenge lost in lung and lapsis linguae lingers lost
i found a faith in fantasy
you filled the felt w/ ink
my pen was licked w/ paint and pitch
of prides imprint
self love hides behind
contempt for ones own grand design
a levelling of grandeur of a kind
the limit of the vandal and the crime
relax
God made you this way
for a reason
in his image
WE LOVE PRETTY
obsession for obsessions sake
WE LOVE PRETTY
a bauble
a frantic shaken snowing bulb
a wintry, Christmas kind
was cracked and leaking saline slime
alive
was bounced from walk to flooding grate
unmercifully tossed
and placed beneath the chimney, intent
to fill the vial w/ ink
my pen ran drink
w/ scratching signs
all scars besides
I love me too
you love you too