

Number Twelve Looks Like You, Civeta Dei

Pick up this doll and watch the girl dream.
Cups spill what holds, what holds, what holds tomorrow.
Clenching the fist, raising the brow.
As glass enters the vein.
Justice shines in her dark eyes.
As an amber sky drips a tear upon a sunset.
This is serapis dream. ten crowns drop.
Parchment paper crumbles, when the curtain falls.
Shade this tribulation in pastels
Silk feelings hurt
The river holds the color you describe as love.