

Red House Painters, Mistress

the light color in the room
the sunshine seeping in
doesn't mix with the black of
death's angel looming in
i've had enough of the
brutal beatings and name callings
to lose me to this bed
bruised internally
eternally
your praise little gifts you spent your money
and stuffed me with
didn't amount to anything
the attention i need is much more serious
a kind of weight you couldn't lift
even if your cheap career
depended on it
i need someone much more
mysterious
to be my miss
to be my mistress