

Say Hi To Your Mom, Dimensions And Verticals

Let's say the world was a legal pad
and everything was two dimensional.
But somehow you were the third coordinate
and you were towering over our college rule.
Would you draw me with your pencils and your pen,
make me much prettier than I really am?
And could you draw us with some picture perfect friends
if I chipped in for the ink?
Let's say you spilled all your coffee
on us while you weren't looking.
And all our world was stained, awake and drowned.
And all you doodling looked pretty foul.
Would you draw me air bubbles so I could breathe?
Or at least some chlorophyll making trees?
If I got erased would you even still love me?
Or would you just draw yourself another he?