The Receiving End Of Sirens, Shirtsleeves

words fail her
why bother trying to pass off your offense as a good defense? he says,
"please don't treat me like a lawyer sweetie. . . . . .
there will be time for shouting matches."

so he writes - last option.
keeps him cornered in.
the need for more stays pressing,
but he can't force the pen.
for every blot of ink a word is lost. . .pierced skin/new melody
and if these lines stay blank. . . they'll lead to no where.

she starves for attention.
he has hungry mouths to feed.
dietary habits seen (to her)
as born of apathy.
she starves for attention.
he has hungry mouths to feed.
emaciated, both will dream
of times they felt less empty.

under his breath:
"like guests and presidents,
his words were not welcome where they could not stay."
their arguments plotted concentric circles
ending up bulls-eyes over his ribcage.

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she has hungry mouths to feed.
dietary habits seen (to him)
as born of apathy.
he starves for attention.
she has hungry mouths to feed.
emaciated, both will dream
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i need to believe in these dripping organs sutured to my sleeves.
I want to scream with every dream (out loud) you'd never dare to breath.
two-four.two-four. i can't breathe.
two-four two-four. (i cannot breathe.)

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