

## Vert "Diary"

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I was there when she was writing  
I felt her pen on paper  
there to stay there to pay  
I saw her writing me again  
my brain is bleeding  
my eyes are melting to my heart  
she places the end just before the start  
"to lay and die" she thinks to my ears  
I can hear her heart and feel her pain  
I understand but, can do nothing  
a diary is me, a diary can't scream out her name  
why is it that I'm the only one who knows  
can't they hear her tears hit the floor  
why is my mouth locked like a prison door  
I wish I could tell someone  
I kiss her swollen lips, and blood-she can't bite her  
tongue-swallow  
her words  
touch her blue face, touch her scarred back  
and ripped down pride, broken side, ripped out hair,  
hide her tears  
and lie  
she knows of acid trips and clouds  
of rape and placenta  
placid eyes can't hide her fears from me  
she says it all and I listen, and I hear her hearts call  
for help a birds fall  
deadly games, the loser goes away for ever, till never  
and I come  
why is it that I'm the only one who knows  
can't they hear her tears hit the floor  
why is my mouth hers to quiet  
I wish I could tell someone  
you can't hear her tears fall,  
you can't hear her hearts call,  
and when it comes. all in all, you won't hear her hearts  
beat

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