

Receiving End Of Sirens, The "Shirtsleeves"

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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.

He starves for attention.
She has hungry mouths to feed.
Dietary habits seen [to her]
As born of apathy.
He starves for attention.
She has hungry mouths to feed.
Emaciated, both will dream
Of times they felt less empty.

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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He has hungry mouths to feed.
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