

1905 "Fall"

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Your heart filled with hate vacuums the smile off my face.

It makes a bad day pass slower

--your backward ideas--

stumbling and falling instead of reaching...

I don't want to.

I don't want to look at the stars with you

until you can look at strangers with me

(and smile instead of smirk) a sneer across your face,

everything is ugly to you

and beauty can't exist in anything, in anyone at all...)

are not here

your body is a shadow a memory of what used to be

we can say hello but you're dead to me.

I don't want to look at the stars with you

until you can look at strangers with me and smile.

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