

Desa

"Homicide At The Fountain Of Youth"

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There's blood caked on the shoebox.
Letters inside spell out words that start with a 13 year
old heart
that a string of mishaps ripped apart.
There's blood on crossed out mix tapes.
Old songs whose meanings are crashing on the floor.
Swallowing space like never before.
This is like an after school special that skips like cat-
scratched vinyl
just as the dilemma threatens to die.
These years have frozen it alive.
There's blood stashed in my folks' garage.
The letters folded like stars are sacred documents.
Tributes to lost innocence.
There's blood on the backs of pictures whose mouths
have been glued shut.

Whose eyes have lost their shine.
I dedicate this tear to the hands of time.
Our kisses slip through your fingers.
Chalk outlines of lead singers.
Even as I flee from the scene of the crime, these years
have frozen it alive.

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