

# Failure "Moth"

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Sometimes pearshaped  
Women meltdown  
Onto concrete  
Splashing sun and  
Sidewalk insects  
Down by these feet  
Sometimes puddles  
Terrify me  
As they gaze up  
Scrap of paper  
Floating crumpled  
I can't pick up  
Goodbye  
No one's ever gonna  
Find out from this  
Shut mouth  
Just be sure to keep  
These eyes closed  
They can read those  
Sometimes people use  
Their sound holes  
Pointed at me  
Rusty winds groaning  
Down alleys  
Blow right pas me  
Sometimes pipes  
Creaking inside here  
Know me too well  
Flesh and steel I had  
Carved up  
For a farewell  
Too late  
I'll never wish for it  
But now it grows inside  
Just like a moth

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