

Gilberto Santa Rosa

"Tantrum"

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Save your arms and legs cause you're the mother and
no one will hold us up for so long.
We will always resort to fodder. We crawl in the crack,
falling through your limbs.
If she was here, she'd say be careful but she'd already
let it go.
Do as I say, not as I've done. Just trust in me. Believe
me.
When you left me, you didn't leave me a trail to follow.
No, you just swallowed all the crumbs along the way
So you could feed all the ghosts that hide inside your
bones
Cause maybe if their mouths are full they'll stop
whispering that you're better off alone.
It wasn't nice of you to go out without saying goodbye.
So I think I'll hunt you down and punish you. Good luck
trying to hide.
My temper's a teacher with a hell of a lesson plan.
You might know this but I've got a rifle and stifling
manners.
You control this and any consistency scares me from
progress.
I don't show it but I'm catching on and can see through
the pattern.
Don't talk! Read this! Your strong upper hand will get
lost in the process.
Got matters to attend to and methods to convince you
to stay right where you
Are you ready to apologize? I won't believe you but it's
worth a few tries.
Don't look down! Look in my eyes! Go on and feed me
some lies. Lie to me!
I make this into what you always keep from me.
Although your secrets are locked away,
You forget that you left me a key on a day that's just
memory;
When we were young and were happy.
When lying on the bed with not a thing to do and words
unsaid,
We were certain that things were perfect.
Of course I'm bitter thinking things would never

change.

I can't let go and this is why I always make this into
what you keep from me.

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