

Action Action

"120 Ways To Kill You: An Illustrated Children's Book"

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Wait, I really don't have the guts for this,
it must have been abstracted with my appendix,
or maybe it grows with my wisdom teeth.

Wait, it might be such a stretch, it's not my fault legally,
I'll dial the doctors now, you're right I never was a man
for the law.

Please don't walk away in defeat.
Wait, I haven't lost my courage on the rocks,
I haven't quite found the words to use.
I'm not sure they make the cards to break this ice.
Wait; Please wait until our socks are bitterly soaked,
until we have to roll up our pants,
until the giraffes flee to row boats.
Please don't walk away in anger darling, exit gracefully
like the
evening's sunset, enter the scene starting with a dial
tone, tightrope over these razorblade complications.
Cutting myself, almost everyday, let it feel so real, let
me taste the pain.
One day we'll live in igloos on the Galapagos, 'til then
let's remember the Atlantic air in-between our hands...
The worms are moving, the grass is growing, flowers
are blooming, the leaves are dropping,
the birds are chirping, clouds are forming, the sun is
burning, self medication never ends...
I taught you how to hate, you taught me how to love
too.
This is how I lost my mind on you.
This is our final dance, you taught me how to love and I
taught you how to hate;
everything is based off of you.
Isn't it funny how we lost control,
or how I lost my mind on you?

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