

Jordan Reyne

"Millstones"

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Hey baby, Alice is home.
She's so dry she could catch fire.
The colours on the TV are tired.
The voice on the radio higher.
Bored, bored and boring again.
Itching like she could grow wings
The cat smiles disembodied
One wave of it's tail stings.
You paint me so faceless
Ignorance is contagious
Attractive hand of the dying.
You spit your cold pity
Like folded rainbows at me
So ugly
Souls of the crying
The world is shrinking again.
Don't mock- you can eat me.
The swim is long and lucid
To float with the tide is easy.

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