La Dispute
"See You In Vancouver"

I'm reading over your shoulders,
It says it in every line, in ever curve and crack.
It says it in every detail of your face,
Unmistakably apparent in this dull light.
Tracing a separate letter, forming a separate word.
Twisting together to build the same beautiful message,
The same painful realization.
The cracks in your lips
Open with the books. and
The smile shows the lines in your face.
Perfectly crooked, and
Perfectly familiar.

And for the moment, uncovered like a statue--
Lay perfectly still. to show the cracks in your lips.
Give purpose to this pattern, and start to smile.
Burst into flames, disappear
Before your best intentions can no longer hide her ears
From that which will make them bleed.
Before your own two hands become too weak to hold
the blood inside her wounds.
Before reality explodes before you in a brilliant flash of
spectral fires,
Into a thousand fragments of a past, long dead and
gone.

(This is remembering the last time we spoke,
The last time we touched,
Words ricocheting off of empty tables.
Vandalizing the pictures on these smoke-stained walls
And I can hear your mouth as it opens from across the
room.
Your tongue and lips forming the shape of your
laughter,
It's the curve of your stomach, it's the bend in your
legs.
It's the remnants of the pages framed in the cracks of
your bleeding lips,
It's the curve of your stomach, it's the bend in your
legs.
Your crooked teeth.)

I'm reading over your shoulder,
It says it in every line, in every curve and crack--
The same stupid message in every stupid bend and in
every stupid stitch,
In every inch of our peeling skin.
It's tracing letters in the same sentence,
(Its screaming the same stupid thing,
Like the howling of a plane playing over and over and
over and over and over...)