

Marty Willson-Piper

"I Can't Hate You"

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Colourful and black and white
You draw me in your frame
And as we blend into the light
I'm trapped inside your fame
I can't expect to share your shades
Or pick and choose my clothes
Everything is bold and red
With halos of gold
I can't hate you
And I can't love your scene
Regal on your paper throne
Your crown on upside down
I feel the stroke of your pencil blade
As it slips into my gown
I cannot tell the cloak from spill
But you're filling in my scream
My head altered to a slump
My lips your favourite green
I can't hate you
And I can't love your scene
Dead king, pathetic prince
Unfailing queen
Deep in your perspective
I will always be
I can't hate you
And I can't love your scene

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