

## **New York Room**

# **"The Thistle In The Kiss"**

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Your kiss  
is as, you would imagine is,  
soft as flower petals  
cold as razor blades

Your kiss  
when you press your lips  
it peels the wrist from my skin  
it turns my outsides in

how can I hope to resist  
how do I without it exist  
days and nights and dreams  
are sacrificed to just this  
oh, how I miss

Your kiss  
is so delicious  
still as April twilight  
white as arsenic

Your kiss  
when you close your eyes  
it forces tighter mine  
it hollows me inside

Your kiss  
in so deliberate  
shards and slivers  
is breaking in tiny pieces, me

bit by bit (so sad) so fragile me  
piece by piece (so sad) so brittle me  
kiss by kiss (so sad) so empty me  
bit by bit (so sad) in tiny pieces me

Your kiss  
is so irresistible  
so very serious  
a calculated risk

Your kiss

your mouth, your lips  
with such precision tearing  
in tiny pieces, me

how do I hope to resist  
how do I without it exist  
days and nights and dreams  
are sacrificed to just this  
oh, how I miss

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