

The Receiving End Of Sirens "Shirtsleeves"

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words fail her
why bother trying to pass off your offense as a good
defense? he says,
"please don't treat me like a lawyer sweetie.
there will be time for shouting matches."

so he writes - last option.
keeps him cornered in.
the need for more stays pressing,
but he can't force the pen.
for every blot of ink a word is lost. . .pierced skin/new
melody
and if these lines stay blank. . . they'll lead to no where.

she starves for attention.
he has hungry mouths to feed.
dietary habits seen [to her]
as born of apathy.
he starves for attention.
she has hungry mouths to feed.
emaciated, both will dream
of times they felt less empty.

under his breath:
"like guests and presidents,
my words were not welcome where they could not
stay."
their arguments plotted concentric circles
ending up bulls-eyes over his ribcage.

she starves for attention.
he has hungry mouths to feed.
dietary habits seen [to him]
as born of apathy.
she starves for attention.
he has hungry mouths to feed.
emaciated, both will dream
of times they felt less empty.

i need to believe in these dripping organs sutured to
my sleeves.
I want to scream with every dream [out loud] you'd

never dare to breath.
two-four.two-four. i can't breathe.
two-four two-four. (i cannot breathe.)

she starves for attention.
he has hungry mouths to feed.
dietary habits seen [to her]
as born of apathy.
he starves for attention.
she has hungry mouths to feed.
emaciated, both will dream
of times they felt less empty.

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