

Avery, Underwater

"the suit, the elevator shaft"

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i'd cup my hands to keep you here. burdened upon the
stone i lay before you to kneel and pray as we
separate. through space we find a way to exhale in
passion that keeps us loaded. irrational thought that we
could be perfect. so don't come outside my window,
break, and say that this was meant to end. i will burn
the way out of my sins to break you in. and consciously
an effort filled with dying commoners and lying quills.
don't you dare escape expecting me to shame and
hang my head for love. i will never base my feelings for
you on 4 letters you wrote to make yourself feel kind.
you never parted. you wear your skirts like mood rings.
keep them as short as your patience. i'll take what's
left. donate it as if scripture. she said she can't bring
promise. watch as this becomes all too typical.

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