

this is where we try to start again, where
we gather up every jagged shard and
let them fall into place, hoping that they
don't break on the way down.

this is where we try to start again, where
i push your guts back in and stitch you up,
pretending that this has never happened
before, and it won't happen again.

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well, i can only hope and you can only
do everything else.

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the days pass like strangers in the street,
one night eats into another, and
we watch them go, aching, longing
as if we cared. do you care?
you said you wanted something more.
something other than the despair,
something other than everything else that
has anything to do with us.

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look, it's a start. look, it's another mirror.
i can give you nothing except the world, so
i can only give you nothing at all. look, we're
approaching another day where
nothing happens except for continental shift.

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here are the curtains, here are the roses,
here's where we die in each other's arms.
without love, we wouldn't have a reason to.
isn't that all that love is?

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never mind.
at least try to act like a charade of yourself.

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look up. hold yourself together, because
i don't want to hold you anymore.
the whole world is watching us try
to figure ourselves out
and your hands are just as tied as mine.

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keep your head low- we don't have time
to duck under obstacles anymore. after all,
this is how we learnt what love has become.
these hollow promises of new beginnings and
always cleaning and dirtying up that old act.
our bodies never did belong to us.
no, it's not about blood- at least,
it's not about yours.

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don't stitch the mirror back together anymore.
it only makes me that much more upset.

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look, you're a wreck,
and i'm half of the way there.
you can't hold me close in a way that matters
or in a way that would make any sense at all.

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all my bones are on display. nobody cares.
the blood won't run anymore. nobody cares.
my body will keep decaying. nobody cares.
i am here, i am here, i am here.
nobody cares. do you care?
well, don't let me stop you.

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so, we wanted more. so, we're miserable.
so, we're back here again, sewing the sleeves
of your jacket shut, dangling our feet over the
gutter and always getting ready to fall.

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there's grit and blood and dirt where my skin
used to be, and to be honest,
i think i preferred skin.

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how far can we push before it all falls apart?
how much longer can we go on like this?

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i'm sorry.
i don't know if i want your veins in my hands
anymore.

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so, this is it.

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this is where we try to start again, where
we gather up our broken bodies, limbs and all,
every last stitch, every speck of glass, and
let them fall.