



POISON

I hate the boy who turned your lips to poison
the guy who put his own impulses first
and then told the world that those who commit his crimes are liable to
change, because of course he's not to be blamed
and you aren't a talker, I've watched them hurt you, and I know I'd be scared
too because bruises aren't just red, and blue, and purple and green and
blood can only run for so long, but I know how much you crave the shower
floor I feel like a watcher, not a saviour, I'm helpless. I have a heart, and
blood like you and bruises of my own so maybe I should just start drinking
and then I asked to taste the poison, yet you stopped me so abruptly I
couldn't help but be selfish enough to think that it was personal it's been a
while, and since then I've signed the 3 worded contract with another
accomplice because for once in my life, I gave up, and then again I gave in
and in the end I'll probably lose the game, but I'll forever envy the addict
who gets to choke on your blood and poison.

TAI

