

Scar Tissue

Pillars of Salt

Just thinking about how when my body decomposes, all that will be left are my teeth.
Coffin maracas

She says: it's 3 in the morning

I'll love you 'till I rot.
(just sayin)
'Till my teeth are rattling around a wooden box 6 feet under
(just sayin)

I tell her: what do my feet and ancient roman ruins have in common? Collapsing arches.
She says: I don't get it.

Some people are more than people to me. Sometimes I meet them and I see something else. My best friends are a game of roulette, the type you'd see at a fair. My dad is a bunch of planets, my old boss a grandfather clock.

She's a sunflower.

(I'm a bag of leaves, in case you were wondering)

I tell her: what do McDonalds fries and Lot's wife have in common? Pillars of salt.
She says: go to bed

I really hate love poems. I always have, but I used to draw a sunflower on my calendar for every day I got to see her. I didn't even know I was in love.

And I really do hate love poems, but sometimes I forget to inhale when I see her, and I think of Plato's split aparts, of people who are always trying to find their other halves, and I think about pinky swears with the wrong fingers and how I didn't know it could be like this, and I think I'm so lucky that I found my person. And I'll always hate love poems, but I'll never get tired of writing about her

I tell her: wanna know something
I tell her: ill love you forever

But before any of these,
I tell her: hey
She says: do you know how to make a paper airplane?

(for liv)