**To You**

Wtf you are like the cutest girl ever

eYe could write a 1000 word poem about you

But eYe forgot my letters.

Your hands are like magnets.

eYe did not know that hands could be attractive.

Do you hold hands with yourself cuz eYe would hold hands with yourself

One time you looked by my way and eYe thought baby won't you come but one of my eyes was closed and eYe was mistaken.

We could lay naked on a lake of fire taken shots of jack on the rocks shaken not stirred.

If eYe ever go missin you can prolly find me in the sky flyin with the fishes or maybe in the ocean swimmin with the finches.

One time you small talked me about how you missed leg day but it was ok cuz you were doing the running man in my dream in reverse to the song you're a jerk. And eYe didn't even think you were a jerk for small talking me because you wore a little boys pikachu shirt. eYe knew it was a little boys pikachu shirt because when eYe was a little boy eYe begged and pleaded with my Mama to buy me that shirt when she got off of work eYe told her eYe would do my homework and it worked.

If you ever wanted to dance while standing in line at the thrift store because the line was so long because we came on the first day where they just got a shipload/slew of old-now new things to peruse and everyone and their Mama came through eYe would totally break out of line and dance with you to oldies and groovy tunes.

To me, in more ways than a few, you are cute.

**"p(Re)Birth"**

Burning bridges be coal stones for tha yung monk. Mine where you step.

Mind being steel. Imps and ghouls want steal your still.

Breath

Even if you pissed still. Poppin off like steel pistol, you missed the gist, chill. Friends-turned-fiends wishin to instill ill will.

Release

**"Postcard Poetry 1"**

When life hands you love; and lemons, then lingerie. Now love leaves and lemonade just dont taste the same.

.bittersweet.

**"The Fall (Thorne Dining Hall Thoughts at SuperSnax on a Wednesday Night/Thursday Morning)"**

All of my relationships are violent microcosms caught in cyclic repetetion of the disastrous fall that preceded them.

Entirely, my love life follows the pattern set by the initial Fall. Perfect relationship created on the basis of perpetual appreciation and eternal ecstacy.

Inevitably doomed to fail, jealousy and a need to please and overcompensate to remain the same as we were on day one recycled the fall of us all.

**"Internal Law"**

Inheritable intelligence ensures everyones' experation date is inevitably inspirational.

**"Postcard Poetry 2"**

Even they best reasons to see you cheesin

Is only for a season. They peacing(piecing) den leaving.