Dream baby

maybe i’m in a coma

and the rayon slide

of your fingers on my cheek

is simply a story

waiting to be told

the stars that i see

when i raise my eyes

are the pinpricks in a velvet ceiling

letting in the light

of the apartment upstairs

still, i can feel the lumps

in the mattress under my back

and it comforts me to know

that i can still be

uncomfortable

maybe i’m ready to die now

but i swear

if this is my time

and you are the dream baby of my desire

i’m taking you with me

and there’s nothing you can do