You’ll howl forever while I roll my eyes

Powered by a wind up switch

Sticking out of the back of my neck

Like a rogue bone

Twisted and supposed to rattle my voice box

But the ill painted ballerina pierced through my tongue does not sing

Supisd mechanical broken thing

Just rolls its eyes round and round

Like a marble loose in its head

And you

I think you vacuumed your eyes for me

Cause I hate it when you cry

So my heart beats downwards like there's a kid inside

Incessantly bouncing his rubble ball against its floor

You vacuumed your eyes for me

Those red veins, the outline of lightning

Painted inside your eyelids

So you dream about storms

And I blink, I hate to blink

To dream of the veins scarring your arid eyes

You vacuumed your eyes for me

And I blink, I hate to blink

To dream of your veins

Coat my eyelashes in glue

Reaching up

No. I don’t think we look alike

You don’t look like me

And I wind up my misfit bone

But the painting ballerina does not sing

I only weep unblinkingly