

## Because there is so much to say about falling apart

I sleep after being with you.

After I wake up
I realize that
I do not sleep the same when
I have not been with you.
I do not sleep the same after
I have been around other people.

The laundry dirties itself.

Lies make love to me, then never call.

Looped as ever.

Caught a falling star,
picked up a pencil,
slept through a nightmare with you next to me.

Or was it a failing star I dropped?
Either way or not
I've written it all out.

I've called over the clouds in time for dinner tears, like a butterfly glazed in a chocolate yes awfully melting.

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You are a flying bruise come to find me soaking in Epsom Salt and Honey.