

I Hate Perfume

Funny how much I actually hate perfume and here
I am, writing about your smell
Save it on this page
The stain the bottle had left
Let the paper soak it up

I've always disliked people who used perfume
Especially those, who bathed themselves in
perfume

You made me make you the only exception
As well as the only perfume I'll never get used to

Your smell made me laugh
It made me cry
It made me love
But it also gave me actual headaches

It would stay on my clothes or on my face after
you kissed me
Even on my hands, when I touched you
I always have wondered if you missed me
how I actually smelled

I still like to smell you, also
let my eyes swim in skinny tears
After you have left
Only with this scent, this makes me fear
I'll never get used to this, but always going to
miss this odour. I will never get used to the separation
the moment when we meet or go
I'll never get used to not thinking about the future
since we never know when we'll see each-other
again

So, if I'm going to smoke this flower, am I finally
going to forget your acidic flower-smell forever?