

# Marination by Taylor Grueser

Come closer, darling, let me spit salt in your wounds,  
Dry your tears with sandpaper,  
'Til your cheeks are rubbed raw.

Uncross your heart, dear,  
You stuck the needle in your own eye,  
You've made your bed, now sleep next to her—  
In the morning, your mouth will taste of my name.  
Make sure to wash it out before she wakes up.

What a wicked web we weave, love,  
Careful now, don't get tangled,  
Questions need answers:  
Ashes to ashes,  
We'll all fall down.

I lick the honey from my lips.  
Don't call me bitter,  
I'm the sweetest thing you'll never taste.



meowmeowpowpowlit.com  
#MMPPisLIT

