

trap house

Micke van Zyl

how do i cancel feelings?
i'd like to unsubscribe.
in this boring dystopia,
my heart a pistachio,
against better judgement from
winged men, cherubs, eagles and cubs –
i've snared my own damned self.
when i think of her lips; two leeches,
when i think of her eyes; almonds,
when i think of the spiders playing piano in the summertime
and the way she squeezed the seville oranges in my veins for her breakfast juice.
how do i unfall?
how do i unswoon?
how do i stop staring forlornly at the ever-loving moon?
in this dreary wasteland,
with the desert at stake
and in the face of styx, in front of hades' gate –
i've hoodwinked my own holy self.
when i think about her breath; mother's milk,
when i think about her skin; a canyon,
when i think about her feet as a gravestone; i'd have them.



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