



## POISON

I hate the boy who turned your lips to poison  
the guy who put his own impulses first  
and then told the world that those who commit his crimes are liable to  
change, because of course he's not to be blamed  
and you aren't a talker, I've watched them hurt you, and I know I'd be scared  
too because bruises aren't just red, and blue, and purple and green and  
blood can only run for so long, but I know how much you crave the shower  
floor I feel like a watcher, not a saviour, I'm helpless. I have a heart, and  
blood like you and bruises of my own so maybe I should just start drinking  
and then I asked to taste the poison, yet you stopped me so abruptly I  
couldn't help but be selfish enough to think that it was personal it's been a  
while, and since then I've signed the 3 worded contract with another  
accomplice because for once in my life, I gave up, and then again I gave in  
and in the end I'll probably lose the game, but I'll forever envy the addict  
who gets to choke on your blood and poison.

TAI

