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## They Think this is a Love Poem, Well, Shit, Maybe It Is

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I came crashing through the faded pink floor

(remember you are a pink house)

and landed on a pile of trash

As I skittered over pieces a heavy footstep fell upon a photograph

Evening, hard to see

but your outline in my arms is clear, a memory

One of those late nights after Santa Cruz

where your tears flooded the boundaries

(remember to take out the garbage)

While you crawled into my lap searching for someone to catch them

I took off running

(Thelma and Louis

drove off the cliff)

Looking over my shoulder I crashed,

Stumbled back to see a pyramid devoted to your every action

A starfish hits me in the head while a voice echoes down the hall

"remember to take out the trash"

It sounds like reason, but you were never trashy

Just burdened by every thought you never threw away

(eating your holy ghosts)

We are both so heavy

And you stopped lifting

As much as I try, I can't carry this weight by myself

(remember, you are a pink house)

I woke up

"remember to take out the trash"