

Trash.

A world where fairytales are more viable
than a paycheck, click-bate swaddle me
in lies so I can tell my "friends" all about
serial killer candy. Anti-vaccine harpies
singing red lipstick lullabies for pro-life
ash Wednesday Daddies, hear them?

A place where you are disposable,
to family, friends, you do not exist
outside the shiplap, tufted pillow couture -
out the door you go, who are you again?
Champagne dreams on beer budget
worthless, without a trick to offer.

Circus girl, Shakespearean tramp,
they do not wish to make an effort.
When you're gone, you're gone.
You were soulmates, love at first site,
can't breathe without you - kind of desperation,
but step onto a plane, and you die.

Peel off my skin and fashion leather for
shoes to walk to me, as to not cut your delicate
toes, but I am not the color of summer and
you were hoping for someone, thinner, prettier
more presentable. Keep me in the dark and kiss me,
but outside I am your hatred, sun-soaked disappointment.

You used to tell me secrets, now your lies choke you up,
tears stain the starch on your shirt and you curse me
for the extra 50 cents it will cost at the cleaner.
I am the change in your closet, discarded, forgotten.
The rot in Tupperware in your fridge.
I am everything and nothing, but I guarantee
In your coffin, my darling, you'll dream about me.

M.R.