

Wander Land

You and I are halving a day
with out realizing what we're losing
we don't make-up or face up
because there's nothing left
to fix

You and I are well-versed in maladaptation
side-long all-nighters
tendrils we can't let go of because
we're curled together too close to break
everything
this is

You and I are losing weight together
bones shifting slow beneath skin
my bones are not constructed
how I want them
to be

the line's gone dead
but it stopped (red)running
hours ago, came home
in hopes of
something better

that is life
this is my life
now
I guess

You and I might make it out
but it's a long way down
if you really want to try
and remember how things were
but instead

You and I ignore reflections
don't attend to muscle mass revolting
meander in a haze where
we wander land and dissect body caves
and last on air for days while
you're sinking