

Put Me on Your Stereo

Why is it
that old ghosts
haunt me?

I've been
sleepless these
last few nights

rolling naked
in satin sheets
allowing my cloak and dagger
to rub on the
soft fabrics

it's all a fucking show

my heart is screaming...
I think of holding you
kissing your face
your warm eyes looking into
my dark, cool ones
feeling your flat stomach
your nipple between my
index and middle finger...

the world is full of
lonely people in dark rooms

the only difference
is the size of the room

poor people sit in
tiny rooms
constantly reminded of
their tragedies

rich people
sit in large rooms
in big, comfortable bed
and weep into
their blankets

and all together
their hearts are screaming
maybe for the same reason as mine
maybe not
but they are screaming
in unison
creating a music

the love-song
of screaming hearts

me apart of that choir
as I sit in a medium sized room
allowing my cloak and dagger
to rub on the soft fabrics