

Pina

It blows out over her sore toes
A day to wear a velvet dress
If she'd known where this river flows to
She wouldn't have dared to go there

It bursts out of the pastel shade
Her hand smoking a cigarette
Swallowing aspirin way too late
To stop the thoughts from coming back

Take me home

Break loose my violent dreams
Your voice is my opium
Perfume and concrete are talking me to sleep

Take me home

Dandelion