

LIPSTICK TONGUE

Anonymous

you know me, right?
and you see me in that painting on the wall
of the girl with the lipstick tongue

and you see how it's stuck out between her teeth like that,
how she leans like a wave into the looking glass
how she feels like alice
and she is hurtling, hurtling

she feels like alice
blue ribbon in her hair, white ankle socks, schoolgirl shoes
she feels like a reflection

do you see her through a mirror or do you *see her* see her
do you see the secrets trembling under her lips, chained to her lipstick
tongue

those fatal three words
they are warped and they are inconsistent
and can you tell her why, sometimes they are just words and sometimes
they feel like a curse

you know me right?
so you can read my mind
how everything I touch turns to a dream (just like her)
how I feel I'm stepping through clouds, (but i can't do that, can i?)
one foot through all the time



you can tell me, that like all dreams
well it's just in my head (but who am i if that's true? i know i'm young but
surely i know my own feelings)

i am not a painting
i am not the muse
i am fine

and you know me, right?

