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FEBRUARY 7TH

Elizabeth Pode

Let the light in

so that when I finally

see you,

love will be

lust will be

fate.

And you'll just watch

from the sidelines,

face covered lace,

calling your eyes out.

Spitting cat calls

that I

can't get enough of you.

Everywhere

silhouettes on trains

scream out

insecurities

of your jeweled inner

thoughts

on witnesses and

holy water.

Oh the places;
if only you knew.
Knew what you mean to me.
Meant to me?
No,
still mean to me because
you're a light.
You just keep shining and
shining and
you don't even know it
with that tick tock cursed
smile of yours that I'm
always fighting others for.
I'm letting all this go.
Flying by the seat of
the throne I put you on.
They keep kicking you out
and spitting on you,
trying to smash you in with
a brick of accusations that
you have no control over.
But I pick you up by
every thread that holds me

to you.

I won't let you go.

I'll sew my fingers to your shirt

collar

the animal they sic

against us.

Cause they can throw sticks

and stones

and you should always know

that I'll cover you with every

piece of me that I own.

I owe nothing to them,

to you,

but you've taken it.

You don't intend to give it back.

That's just fine with me.

I wrote you a poem because I didn't know what else to do.

Put into words this being inside

my chest.

Inside

my mind.

They write poems about

men storming gates.

Smashing in care.

Taking down the gods.

But this is all I can give you.

A few words about your brown eyes.