

love song # 3 ["X.Y.U."]

I've got a problem. But I'm not a stupid girl.

I know the deep shit. I want to share with you.

This is how my garden grows. This is how I treat my ghosts.

This is where I make my home. This is where I leave my wound.

You know the secret I can't tell. You know the secrets I can keep.

You know where I bury my promises. And you know that I don't forget.

love song # 5 ["Do You Close Your Eyes"]

Turn clockwise in front of bathroom mirrors.
Chant soft gutturals, walking slow and careful.
Feel prongs against abdomen, sweat beading.
Spit while speaking. Spit your secrets on me.
Take everything as is and nothing more.
Be cautious of flattery and lashes.
And even more so with cut bottom lips.
Sell out. Overthink. Spend it all. Kill me.
You know I will pick blooms and walk with you.
You know I will cry when I think of you.
You know I will come when you want me to.
You know I will run away if things are real.
You know I have a place to keep your secret.
Do you make a wish when you kiss me?

love song # 15 ["Dying"]

I don't have feelings. I'm in love with you and I'm writing poems. I don't have feelings and I'm writing poems for you and feeling sicker as I go on. I'm writing poems for you because I don't have feelings. I'm in love with you and writing poems is the only way I can stop breathing weird. Maybe switch to Twitter.

I don't have feelings. I'm in love with you and I'm writing poems for you. I write these poems and put your name on them because I feel like you should probably know how much I think about you but I can't even say it to you directly. I mean, I say all the time, but not directly, like everything I do, and showing you these poems is kind of a cop out but I feel like that is how I have to do it. Maybe call in sick tomorrow.

I don't have feelings. I'm in love with you and I'm writing poems for you and feeling sadder because I don't think I'm worth the time.

love song # 17 ["Cherub Rock"]

Tell me all of your secrets.
And burn your nose in my chest.

Tell me all of your secrets.
Billy, let me get that eyelash.

Tell me all of your secrets.
Ask me to arch my back a little.

Tell me all of your secrets.
We talk about stir fry vegetables.

Tell me all of your secrets.
You fall asleep with the oven still on.

Tell me all of your secrets.
You say we are safe after work.

Woe, cry woe, cry.

Tell you all of my secrets.
Looking at the wall and breathing.

Tell you all of my secrets.
Feel my muscle move strange.

Tell you all of my secrets.
Every drop I bleed is yours.

Tell you all of my secrets.
This spot needs tending to.

Tell you all of my secrets.
So many things I poison myself.

Tell you all of my secrets.
Swallow me until I stop shaking.

Woe, cry woe, cry.

love song #22 ["Stand Inside Your Love"]

Like loving someone who is a ghost. Like loving someone who is not real is like loving someone you don't know, like loving someone who is a ghost. Like you can't see them but sometimes you can sense them and you wonder if maybe they sense you too. Like loving who is not reachable, not too far for phone calls, the physical space is not a factor, but you feel far away from even yourself when you think about them. Like you know them mostly in your head. Like standing alone in front of a mirror and seeing someone's hand on your shoulder. Like loving a ghost and wondering if they like this song, too. Like loving someone you can see but never touch. Like loving someone you can chase but never catch.