

laetitia marin

roominations : under
the influence of dim stars

dear whatever-your-name-is,

what's up and down? you're a bigtime lowdown loser. calling me miss
what's-her-face but you're no ace. don't talk about parallel while your mind
is pretty perpendicular. i'm tired of your excuses, it doesn't make any
difference (no more conference).

now that you're a scaredy cat looking at me it's because you never care to
spare time for me leaving my self-worth bare oh i don't dare! oh brother
please forgive all of my transgression---i hope you'll hear me. please
understand we don't want this gory story merry-go-round. but it's no use
because you lie--sever the tie--bye--bye. no hope of making up test (of time).
maybe i got in your nerves demanding attention, thanks for no detention.

just doo whatcha like whatever please you, find a lady or gentleman of your
choice. tired of calling me kid so fickle, you tarnated pickle. why don't you
get to the top of the Eiffel tower and thrash your power, will ya? telling
red wine secret service--imprecations coming out from your slanderous,
dangerous mouth. i want you to know: i hate myself for loving you. nowa-
days you just give me the arctic shoulder, feeling like crushed by the boulders.
i'm so regretful calling you mr. haywire and mr. hayfever--forever. why don't
you be a real man tell what's on your mind? it's nothing that i can find.
please don't throw me like an orange rind.

apology accepted?

p.s. i guess your answer is "no"

les reflets de faux cils

what has been done
irreversible, unretractable

gone quickly before the absorption
it was to

disappear underground deep blue eyes.

truth or consequences be told
unretractable, what has been done irreversibly.

(he held me close
and i felt nothing under)

humbucker/janthina unholder

on the hide, eventide

sleeping on
my back

i left my
heart downstairs

caught on the
nails for you to
trample on.

young cuckold

victim of no--fault thrown into the backburner short of a page turner

spurned, burned
thorned, scorned.

treason for a reason
reason for a treason

the fall of the wall the drop of the ball the swallowing of the gall

summerfall sprung from her winterbrow

I have grown to detest bright days, their azure skies strewn across my blind roof. I have grown to detest the penetrating sunrays reflected through my window sills. I have grown to loathe all for they are a sore reminder of the fateful day you crossed my downtrodden path (that led somewhere into nowhere).

ash blonde wednesday

sideways, mr. right has left me in the middle
to be given up and let down.

liahona: lead me into your crooked path for as long as I shall live.
peace.