

PARTS OF AN EYE

a zine by

call me again at midnight
so i can crawl under
your whispers

i can never hold on too tight
after your voice lingers

shut your eyes for once
cant you see
the reflection in the mirror is
waving back
a tally mark waiting to shine
passing the baton to the
finish line
stars made of gold
you cant touch
but you can look
heavy to the touch

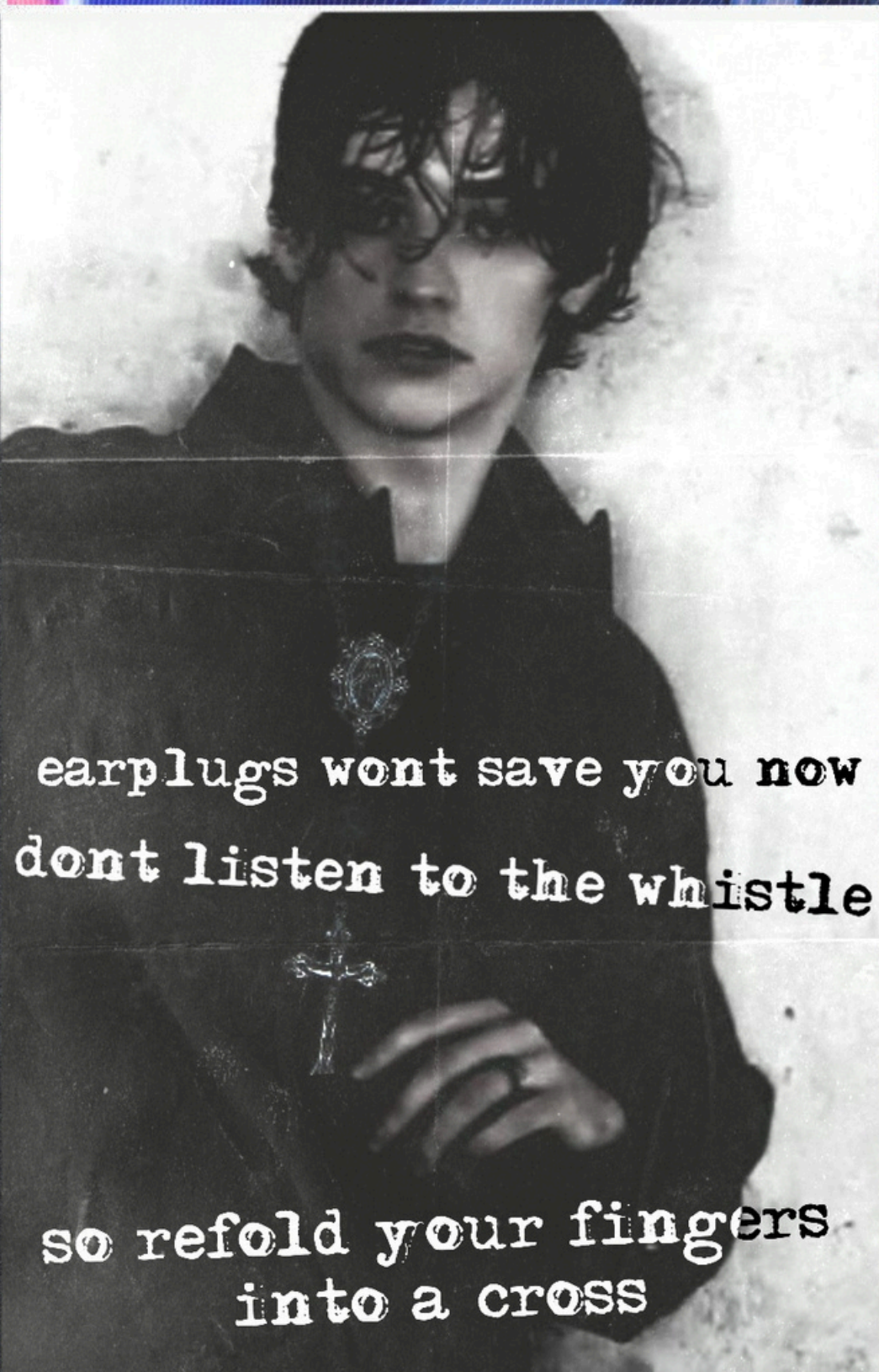


we are the stars

that dont grow

ashes grow weary too

thigh high on trapped lungs



earplugs wont save you now
dont listen to the whistle

so refold your fingers
into a cross



all bets are off

you can all

go home
now

return to your mothers
and fathers

and shed a tear in their arms



and for those without

it's better to choose
whose charms

you'll want stay around for

BETTER
TO SAY
IT WAS
ONLY
A DREAM

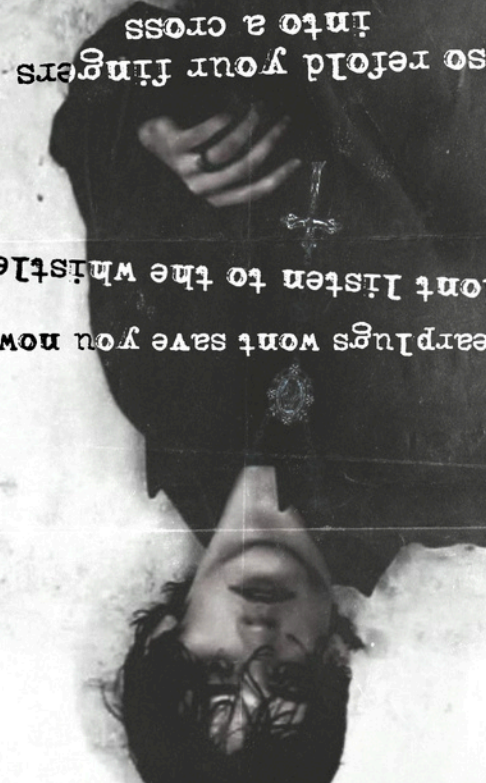


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