

I Wish, I Wish

Summer Croyell

Small plastic shells line the shelves, filling my mind with wildly romantic thoughts.
Demonstrate to me under amber light the transparencies and solids in my chest.
I am waiting for you to serve me that spiked begonia fruit.
Stained lips, a tattered dress, and I still don't know who I belong to.
This is my party and my eyes are heavy with nostalgia.
Take your hand away, I don't want it near my mouth.
Your wailing won't penetrate I have lead in my heart.
Put your sign down your message doesn't matter.
I'll drive right through you.
The seafoam walls and Windsor chair is a picture, a memory of things stolen.
The crucifix you once wore is spiked through your lips and it's staining my dress.
I once read about this moment in a newspaper that hadn't been printed.
Now I am beginning to think that I can fly right out of here.
I will live in the mud with grass stained knees and a dirty heart.