

Erika

Catty-corner.

Lies a beauty. Somehow real. True. Miraculous truth  
with the face I create. Un-foreboding truth.

Truth to yourself.  
Truth to a needy desire towards needing no one.  
But I am someone.

And I think you wanna fuck me.  
I think, somewhere, you want to love.  
And I think, for us, that the two can be the same.

You are far away.  
So very close, I feel I can speak to you through the walls.  
I do, at night, vocalize to my current only thought.  
But you are So far away.  
Seeming now like miles.

You could never come to where I am.  
It's not within You.  
My state is one of denial, love, sex; all of it.  
How could you ever discover who I am?

And so I yearn in some godforsaken distance  
*so Close*  
and speak what truth I can unto air  
and somehow hope,  
somehow,  
that you will hear that I Love you.