

a song for the dolls

bloody moth against snow -
lost in the iris of a beautiful doll
drifting away by the scent of her cologne
daffodils blossom beneath the storm

innocence stolen due to the glimpse
of her porcelain-skinned, sweet complexion
hazy for the rosiness in her fat cheeks,
the honey-stained ways of her curls
they all saw the tv glow in projection

fervid desire of growing the pearly wings
nature of this moth inside of me
The song for the dolls goes like this:
if the parts of my body i don't see fit
i'll detach and paint over them all my dreams
making of myself bigger than the stars
making of metamorphosis my own art