

I get a new pair of head phones every three weeks or so
I wouldn't if I didn't need to but
Ten-dollar headphones just don't hold up to the abuse. You see,
my headphones don't leave my ears if they don't have to
Because it's much easier to smother the memories
Of my own romantic naivete with Machine Gun Kelly
Saying "I wish that I loved you, or that I care"
to the girls who said I "was a nice guy but..."
Than to walk alone with my thoughts
And realize even my thoughts leave me
broken. My dad
says I should talk to more girls,
That I should remove these headphones from my body
Like they're not the IV keeping my heart from flatlining
And talk to that girl walking in the exact opposite direction
As me, as if her time isn't more valuable
than my salvation. He thinks,
He thinks I should just walk up to a girl I think is cute,
and just say "Hi,
My name is Kyle, And I think you're pretty,
Could I get your number?"
But I already know her number.
Its sixteen.
The number of girls whose names have been saved in the contact list of my memory
The number of girls who've coerced my smile just by floating through
my earbuds on the waves of an acoustic guitar string.
The number of girls who have whisked me away
Into a moment of weak bliss.
Sixteen
And there's no way I'd let her become seven, I'd never let her in that far.
There's been three many Hannahs
two many Megans and
one many Jessicas,
who stole my soul
and then singed my nerves
with the whites of their smiles
in photos with their new boyfriend/fiancé/husband
on Instagram,
To ever let that happen again.
I'd rather spend my days
Plugged into the lyrics
of love songs I'll never live
than be curled up, crying in the corners of my life
trying to write the love songs I did live.
But my love is out there,
I don't know her favorite movie,
I don't know what sneakers she wears
I don't know how she gets into those jeans but

Here's what I do know
I know I want spend my nights
Jimmy Stewart-ing the moon
Just to see it glisten in her smile
And in the pearlescence of her eyes
I know I want to play hide and go seek
In the curtains of her hair, and pray that she
never shuts the drapes on the natural light
her face lets into my life everyday.
I know I want to drink her perfume
so at least I have that part of her inside of me
As I die,
But drop dead cannot describe her gorgeous
It resurrects,
Because God made her specifically
To empty the Tomb. I know
that the very sight of her makes me wish
I was a missionary again
so I could bring any doubters and non-believers
To that moment so they could see
That that moment, This. Her. She
is not an accident, she's not some exception
of human evolution, or this moment
an act of random coincidence.
This is a gift, the proof that there is some mighty power who,
At the very least,
Loves *me* enough
To bless me with even a glimpse of her smile
I know the each step she takes replaces those two four letter words
"Damn fear"
with "HOLY SHIT"
And I don't even swear
But for her, I swear, If I got the chance
I would put down this pen forever,
so I can write my poetry and prose with my lips
and make her neck and cheek my parchment.
And I also know
that as I see her on whatever street she may be,
I'll walk up to her.
I'll take my headphones out.
And I'll say:
"Hi, my name is Kyle,
and I think you are absolutely stunning,
Do you think I could get your number?"
And with a smile, she'll say
"Sure,
My number's one."

Speak

Most of all, I want you to speak
I want you to free the words that are tied down
to your tongue and the roof of your mouth that taste
like a bad dream. I want them expelled from your consciousness
like a truant teen. I want the truth to fall like a feather
from your throat and drift to the floor to sleep

But most of all, I want you to sleep
like the dreams don't matter. And when you speak
in your sleep, I want to hear your lies, as frail as feathers
sing peace into the night. I want to feel your mind go down
to the shallows of the cages that you trap yourself subconsciously,
and you refuse to drain the cup because you hate the taste.

But most of all, I want you to taste
the sweat of your scorned lover. Asleep
from the draught of seamless death as your face dances in their subconscious
I want you to feel the deceit of the only honest words they speak
from their heart. Your name. And truth would drag them down
to hell on the quill of a raven's feather.

But most of all, I want you dance. like a feather
sweeps across the sea. I want you to dance as if the salt tastes
of morning sun, and the moonbeams drip down
like tears of joy. I want you sing short melodies in your sleep

for sleep cannot contain the joys your heart chooses to speak,
and death cannot beguile a love in consciousness

But most of all, I want you to be conscious
of the hands who handle your happiness, that feather
the face of your smile in to a topless oval, who speak
flatteries into your chest, and vanities into your ego. Taste
the dishonesty in their duplicities, for sleep
lies not with liars, who with them snare you down.

But most of all, I want you to go home. Down
to where love is a language taught consciously
in the ears of a mother. I want you to sleep
in the covers your childhood prayed. Covers filled with feathers
and fantasies of the honest you. I want you to taste
the lips of your first kiss and learn to live in the stories you speak.

And finally, most of all, after you've slept, down amongst the feathers
of your past and given consciousness to the taste
of your fears, most of all, I want you to speak.