PIBE

MAGAZINE

Farewell

Issue

When my art pours into my head
I really wish I could share this
temperature, pressure, and fluidity.

But how can I share all this
when you're my art?

Unfinished kiss
floating around being lost

it no longer scares me
it is now my card to play

Before you come in, I would clean my ashtray.

When I’m with you, I wanna use less paper napkins at a restaurant.

After you leave, I play songs I’m scared to share with you.

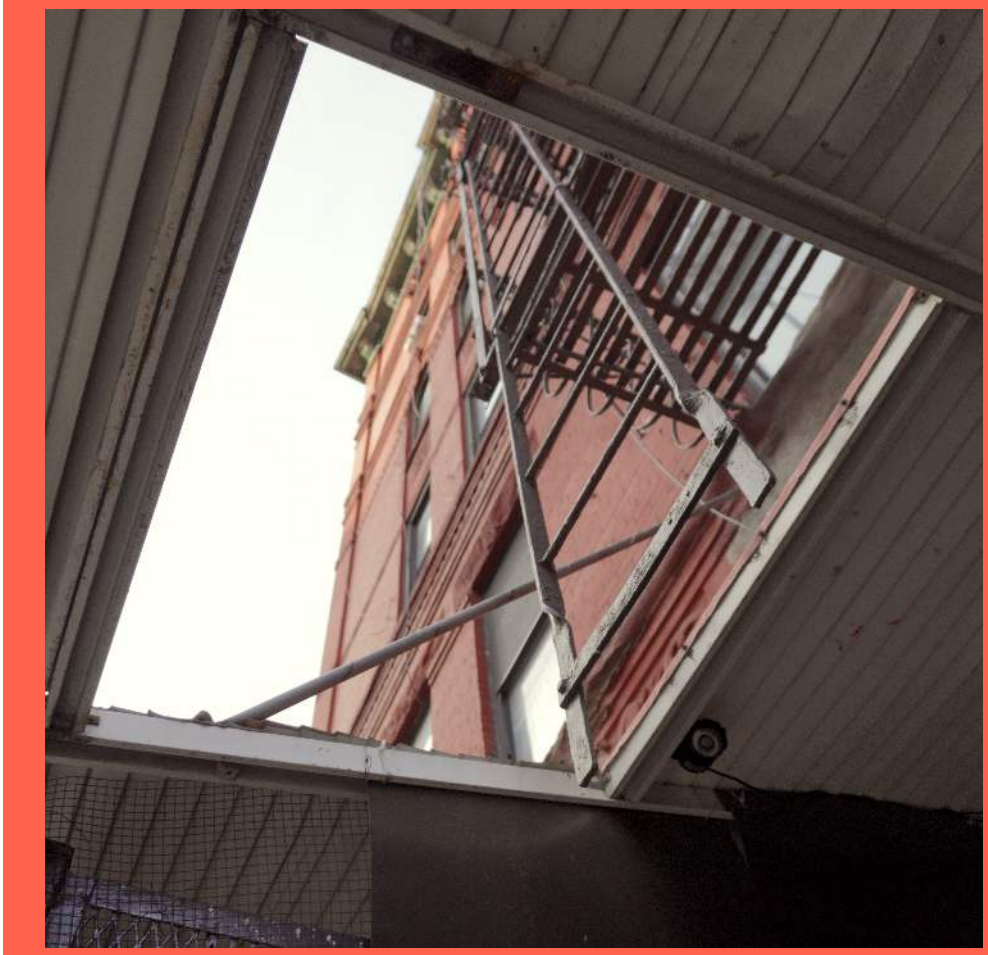
I always have my honesty
coming in a little late.
When it has nowhere to go,
he appears.

I thought it was my job to say
goodbye
as smooth as it could be

I thought I was responsible for
Hugging you as light as it could be
So that we could fly off

I knew I was in love with the moment

when you ironed my shirt on the floor
when I smelled the coffee you made
when I listened you like all the words
were invented for this specific
moment for us.



Play It By Ear