

"Hard Days"

Anonymous

spider legs  
crinkled at the hips

she reclines, she  
leans into that chair

eclipsed moon for a face:  
you have to believe  
it's there, underneath  
all that fakeup

she used to have dimples  
caked now  
baked now  
just craters on that moon

girlfriend of the backseat  
angel of the shoulder

you knew her type  
long before I told you