

300+ shades of your eyes

pitch black room rocking a headlamp meticulously studying your body
for hair

special sunglasses like a green gel over the vivid hospital light

your ass is shamrock

put me in a white blouse justify my seriousness

call me Dr. Pine

worst part is I could do this for a lifetime but nobody cares nobody
asked

Jesus Christ I made myself a martyr

how long exactly do we have to lie there

six hours of sleep

you refuse to drown your sorrow in beer which I shall respect

we'll go for the only proper meal I can cook

expensive ice cream for closure

most men when coming look so fragile it's almost repulsive

these veggie sandwiches aren't pricier than the regular ones

any wall that stays white for too long obtains the immediate right to
complain

often I touch you in case it would make you want to touch me

theorists would call most things I *do over-compensation*

aren't these fern plates adorable well heck we could use one more

oh & reminder to buy a small French press like Jean-François & Julie's

I would pay for somebody to treat my nipples not like they're fucking
dead

these noodles don't bear a taste

I believe I look powerful when I come & that's where I am wrong

nobody knows my ears sting from how much they ring

how much time I spend worrying

my nipples aren't dead stop treating them like they are