**gas light**

I poured gasoline all over myself

so when you set me on fire

I didn’t know who to blame.

and now I’ve burned into nothing but ashes

but you’re the one who’s a ghost

when I hear your name.

I’ve spent months wishing you’d run to me

only to look out on the smoke

of bridges burnt in shame

and now I feel crazy knowing our house is haunted

when all along you made me believe

it had gone up in flames.

**how to run away**

there’s some light in the sky now

and I’m on my way home

the train’s moving fast

so the lines are getting blurred

you’re starting to feel a little too much like home

I left

because I know this place

like the back of my hand

but I want to know you even better

and love you even more

this city may not be my soulmate

but at the very worst

he’s the only man who will ever love me back

hell, I forced myself

to run ten miles today

so I could touch

every inch of him

I run my tongue across my teeth

and feel where they chipped the night we kissed

I still don’t know why

but I wonder if you wanted to even

when there were cigarettes on my breath

I hold it all in my shoulders

my mother squeezed them until it was gone

and then I told her everything

and I think I became a woman

**Midwest Coast**

The sunset burns on an empty harbor;

It’s a miracle the ice is still frozen. Above,

the windows of empty houses

reflect a life that eludes most of their owners.

At first glance, one could mistake this water

for the ocean. I probably wouldn’t know any better,

unless I poured it down my throat. But

vigilant eyes on a clear day can see

the other side (to others it’s a mirage).

My frozen hands are far too weak

To hold the quiet of this place.

The fresh water is not gentle.

I’ve seen it at night on the other side

And its color knows no kindness;

Not even sympathy for city lights

After they’ve overtaken the stars.

Covered boats sit and wait.

There are no nooks and crannies here;

no place for mice to hide unless

they were to drown. The water

doesn’t get this cold in California.

I’d fill my pockets with the waves

to give them a home.