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AGAINST THE MIRROR

ALYSSA NICOLE GRIEGO

We love in private,
Ryan try to survive it.
Pulls the blinds,
When we make love,
When we're high and hind it.
No love when you hate yourself,
No glove when you're escaping hell.
In time they say,
Well I've been waiting since medieval times,
No receiver to feed her,
No Virgin Mary,
No veins that are ordinary.
Just lick the magic that the fairy laid.
Deceiving in the way you look my way.
Peddle to the metal on the highway,
Have to start a new day.

Breaking promises,
Renouncing my image,
Body shots from the scrimmage,
This way of living is a pilgrimage.
Take down the disgrace,
As you're sickened and slimming,
From the filming of one of us?
Well when did a human being get so much ignorance to sing
And decide which hand gets to place a ring?
And if so let me sing.
I am a bird
With no feathers
I have a soul
That is weathered
With one hit,
One shot.
Hip-hop,

Pop,
Bloody top.
Harvey Milk,
There's a lot of anxiety to conceal,
They laugh as I seal,
My lips.
Because I don't want them to see my eclipse,
And either way,
I'm on a tight rope about to slip.

Frank Ocean cropped potion,
Kick these feet into motion.
But as I shove her, I tremble cause they probably won't love her.
No seatbelt as they pronounce my mission,
Profound in my vision,
Well it's pathetic to be missing,
To be placing bets
When you don't have a straight line set.
Light beams on my regret,
But yet let me initial my check
On my denial,
Within my intellect.
Breathe out as I collect
The thoughts they don't speak
The images that press cheek to cheek.
The hatred they seek.
See they love to hate me,
For Gods' fate in me.
Faithfully,
I'm trying not to be ashamed of those stained names,
They shout so loud.
It's a load when they don't even know who you are.
And they want you to move far
From the left or the right.
They want you to be straight,
Straighten up in that chair,
The acid stares,
Take my flesh and leave me bare.
Beat me out in the open, right there.
There's all this tar stuffed in between my lungs,
Put nine bullets in and I am done.

Butterfly effect who we are.
No to eight,
No it isn't great to cover what you hate.
Look through the mirror all that's locked in is fear.
I start to sweat, as they hear.

Cheerfully I'm killing these,
Peeling these,
Skins.
They own my body with sin.
Slavery, no way to win.
Oh, the pope,
Spinning around, this merry go round,
No mercy, no hope.
The crosses look as I choke, as they hate me for what I grope.
It's unrequited love that hangs from the rope.
Is that the life sitting in a rope,
Chucks of blood as I smoke,
Bodies lined up like coke?
We aren't living for today,
But with the old folks.
They ask if he has aids because he's gay,
But it isn't a joke to be this way.
Pressing play,
Pressing pressure to dress his her that way.
Love comes, it is not set up on a tray.
Can't watch, can't look,
The violence has me shook.
They stole my bible,
Safety book.
The thoughts cemented to the tile
Is stuck beneath the tile.
Love me today.
Love me for survival,
But instead they turned love into a rival.
Twenty-one questions and they're not civil.
Dial in with this tone,
Sorry wish I could be cloned?
No it's the ugliest things
That aren't shown.
Animal rap has me by my ankles, trapped.

Give me one clap,
Two claps,
He loves him, she loves her.
We're loving in private,
Secret kisses,
Scarlet letters,
Lipstick tears,
Scarring tears.
Well, we're loving in private,
Ashamed so we deny it.
House of illusions, lust, and mistrust,
Fuses in that house of illusions.
Have to lose it,
Well it's gone, ashes lost it,
Placed in a casket.
Black thoughts,
Rose peddles tossed.
Ribbons trap us,
A spider web masked us.
A moment of silence for us.