

my backbone

my love sits behind many faces  
first I think it's her  
and I visit another  
and goddamn truly there is something  
in this other  
face I adore.  
it's the spirit of woman  
that's my backbone  
I'm unafraid to deny.  
they carry me through life  
and all I need is to look  
into their eyes  
and I'm uplifted.

my 'love'

what comes out here?  
I don't feel too badly  
yet my 'love' fucked another last night  
but so did I  
and that's why  
I don't feel so badly  
for all the missed connections  
for all the dead relationships  
(last night)  
for all the misuse of each other  
she's still my 'love'