

at least fake a smile like I do

we've been here so long,
at least fake a smile like I do.
a smile for rose petals on
morning sheets
and an empty whip cream container
in the hotel fridge.
last night's bottle of merlot
changed things,
like coated words into truths
and clothed persons into
you and I.
it changed moments into
half memories
and desires into instincts.
and when you wake,
at least stay a while.
I won't leave until you do,
tattered in these scattered sheets
you're awake behind your closed eyes
faded makeup and snarled hair.
we've been here so long
and I know you're drifting away
in the currents,
heading north.

