

That Same Girl

You're so much to think about, my mind can't handle it.

You have this contraption that won't let you out

but you like it there. It's comfortable... to you.

You have so many thoughts, how could I agree with them all?

That's why you scare me the most.

You try too hard to fly but you can barely even flutter.

I'm a temporary liar, but I promise I had no idea.

The solution should be blatantly obvious to the casual observer

but we are told to crawl outside of the ceiling.

Now I can read you like that book

even with your missing pages.

because, of course, I am the one to fill them in.

Now, you're the flawless thought on my mind, so perfect, so divine.

It all makes sense now.

You're the girl who knows she is the only voice in my head.