

## #181

There's a rhythm deep within my meltdown.  
I feel a cosmic hammer slamming  
against the back of my head, our galaxy in-between.  
Yet all I can think of is you  
calling me clingy.

So as not to disappoint,  
I preserved your smells around the house  
& kept making the meals you liked,  
my medicine cabinet becoming a treasure chest for users.

All I asked was that you didn't sit me down  
in front of your slot machine & force me to wait  
for the same three exit signs to line up.  
Yet, here I am doing the same with my justifications.  
Really, I'm sorry  
for the prismatic pylon I turned you into.  
For once,  
I just wanted the colors.