

Ash Arias

To The Rotten Backseat Pumpkins

You see me as a small second notion thing
The little mouse
I am so good and you love how I feel
You simply love that I am there
I hope one day I do not have to earn anyone
Everything in the sun can feel out of reach for a tulip on the ground
I do not wish to be the person tasked with oiling and fixing you up
Reinventing the worst parts of yourself
Just for you to realize I am not enough outside of what I provide
Just to remind me I am useable and disposable
Your reliable small important thing
I wish to tell you dear,
I am more than to be thought of as special and worthy only on occasion
Secretly I hope you rot in the fresh hell of your backseat
The war within fogged windows and empty words
You
Who could not care for my words
Who could not listen
You who loved my mouth when it was for you.