

# Ghost Town

Silent lover,

        this is a ghost town,  
the soil, your tongue, a stable ground with patchwork holes.

Easy to fall into

        Gravestone teeth of past lovers,  
  an inviting smile  
Scent of hollowed hurt hidden behind booze licked eyes.  
  we all have our poison.

Silent lover, this town used to be a bustling city,

                                we used to tango all night, legato dolente  
  the rhythm in our feet,  
matched the beating drums in our chest.  
                                the colour rushing through my veins reflected on my cheeks,  
and his warmth left a trace upon my lips  
                                one  
that the hunting dogs are still looking for.

Silent lover,

        Dance this dance with me.  
                                Como prima volta  
        Fumbling in the first few moments;  
it takes time to get used to a new pulse.

        Our fingers interlocked  
heaving breath whispered  
        this dance of small death  
                                tingles its way to the spine  
                                but it's not the same.

Silent lover,

        We are both broken,  
this graveyard has occupied more  
                                souls than we care to admit,  
        More skeletons in the closet  
waiting to be worn as polished armour

Our hearts held together by crimson strands and you open into silence, no sound louder than  
yours

The melodies that we used to make  
ring differently in this ghost town.

The tempo is a little off,  
the beat a little slow,  
but the pulse revived.

Silent lover,  
Dance this dance with me.