3 Libras
Mer de Noms

threw you the obvious and you flew
with it on your back, a name in your recollection,
thrown down among a million same.
difficult not to feel a little bit disappointed
and passed over
when I’ve looked right through
to see you naked and oblivious
and you don’t see me.
but I threw you the obvious
just to see if there’s more behind the eyes
of a fallen angel,
the eyes of a tragedy.
here I am expecting just a little bit
too much from the wounded.
but I see through it all
and see you.
so I threw you the obvious
to see what occurs behind the eyes of a fallen angel,
eyes of a tragedy.
oh well. apparently nothing.
you don’t see me.
you don’t see me at all.