ADELE ELISE WILLIAMS

Hey Hannah Take My Body

When you cried and died I figured OK> I will take your dog and your hooker hoops and your mother on my shoulder, your father on my resume> What a sad show of reverie what a bunch of love>

I was thinking your rose gold name plate I was thinking your canine charity clutch I was thinking your stone mason boyfriend and his bookend jaw his toed hands> When my other friends died I got all their things

silver serpent cat eyes high leather pumps

but you aren't really dead> Just looking like it

You wept a bitch's worth
of salt in those suicidal months
and though you did not all the way die
something sunk in your heart
and festered there> So I gave
you my own blood box
for starters>>>

Your eyes were so pug something had to be done> Your eyes were so beat beet so tucked tight so freshly fucked>> OK Hannah here are my windows they are green like infection and bright like money

My hands were next because you needed to help yourself then armpits because you envied my fuzz (adios ditch pits). Take care of my knees> They lock on their own notice my moon bed nails my strawberry stress spots the flop in my mouth

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OK you can take these tiny tits
OK you can take this phone voice
OK you can take my picture skin show

OK you can take the cake

Do not misplace my long neck you can use it to swallow or be a bird forever> Do not forget to pill all the pills> Do not forget to breathe breath

It is only life you sick bitch> It is only a taut flesh temple fraught with trying You cry and cry but I know you are living quiet inside like a mother at mass, like a new baby first yell

like a building squawk

Hannah>
I only want you alive

on arrival, Hannah>

I only want your loudest sound