but only with you, 
because poverty isn’t romantic 
unless all the riches in the world exist in the gold flecks in your eyes. 
I want to be anything with you 
because you’ll be anything with me 
and that could stop this snow globe shaking.

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POETRY

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At what point does this get “deadly?” Where’s the action? 
When does anyone get rubbed out? 
smoothed over by a pressure, 
with or without purpose 
like a mistake in graphite. 
All I see is a swirling mass of dirt. 
Sure, that’s impressive, 
but I’ve seen movies. 
Is this tornado even the same one 
that (maybe) killed ten seconds ago? 
Perhaps it changes out 
all its parts at intervals? 
Like us every 
seven 
years.