Holy hell you can’t be helped.

Cut the puppeteer’s strings only to feel them growing back under your painted nails, finger pads throbbing harder than your head before the pills. Suspended in the air you’re there with who you chose to be so carefully.
Yes, hanging up there you’re looking down on me, sister, and I’m looking up, but If we’re being truthful now:

Scratch that. Reverse it.

You are low as low as low can be, neck twisted beneath the soil mimicking an easy breath with eyes upwards to the beetles and worms. I walk above you so lightly that neither one of us is bothered while I breathe in the sweetness of a new day.