

No Space Left Between

- Aisha Rowbottom

four walls are way too few for so many bodies to hold conflict
everywhere you shout i scream we disagree space is needed craved it
cannot be helped like a bulimic sticking his fingers down his throat we
hurl ugly thoughts out loud lost appetite heaving sighs of displeasure
a longing to be set free from this confining space someone will get hurt
someone will be beat before it's all over ties will be severed because
of dirty words spoken we couldn't agree our opinions differed and
now it'll never be the same tension existed before but now well now
we're all broken because there's no space left between