

## SOME SMART TITLE

I'm a wrinkle in the grand scheme of things, but I don't mind.  
As long as I have my sand castle in the sky, and  
you're waiting for me there aren't you?  
Oh, yes you are, I can see you smiling 87 minutes away.  
This isn't another one of my stupid love poems to you,  
I'm going to get to see you today, tonight, perpetually.

You know I'm a born liar, twisted by the hands of fate.  
I don't want to be a good girl; I want to be dreadfully superior in spite.  
I lived once, I'm sure of it. Its karmatically in the stars.  
You weren't supposed to die so young; it wasn't meant to be.

I am as admirable as Orpheus. I can make foliage dance and waterways stand still.  
You were my nymph, my kismet, my only consecrated legitimacy.

I sit in the morning and listen to the siren songs of Moerae.  
Clotho sings of my love for you now and Lachesis sings of its past.  
Only Atropu can sing the songs of our future, and how sweet they sound.

I'm leaving for the underworld tonight, and I will find you.  
I won't ever gaze back; I will never have another motivation to revolve around.  
We'll live temporarily in the daylight,  
and depart to Hades, eternally inseparable.

*—Tiffany Hord*