

Anchor of Me

The Anchor of Me, small and seemingly unthreatening --
tiny little thing with a grasp so vicious it possesses me.

I lose sight of even breathing just to think of our next encounter,
then I wake up and the fairytale turns to pure, utter shame.
You won again.

Anchor of Me, I am at your doorstep, begging you to ruin me.

And you do, because Anchor of Me that is what you are ...
The destruction of me, my smile, the shine in my eyes, the life in
my LIFE.

Then we meet again, but this time you look different.

We dance, and I taste you so smooth and sweet,
I just want more -- so I get it, and then you show me.
To taste you too much when you shift in form makes me feel so
sexy, unstoppable, so out of all control.
My conversations just flowing, like you are through me,
I know it all with you, can handle all with you -- Anchor of Me
this was fun!

Then I wake up and the fairytale turns to disgust ... I went to bed
with you Anchor of Me.
Who is this stranger in my space of peace?

Anchor of Me, these new sneakers are fly, the jewels make me
feel good, older, better than those girls across the street.
They can't judge me -- my rock is bigger, the one I sold and the
one I bought.

Anchor of Me, you make me better.

Hey there again, wow you look brand new!
Anchor of Me, let's get hype,
Let's blacken the skies building after building.
I have to clean, Anchor of Me ... I have to move.
You scare me like this. Yet you free me and ruin me and I need
you for it.

Kim is a member of the New York City Local.