

i dream in pink satin:  
spinning in circles in a nightgown,  
i head to the refrigerator,  
only finding it to be inadequate enough for today's breakfast.  
i slathered crème de la mar on my skin  
and snatched some loose change on my tabletop  
before taking a step into reality.  
i ran down the stairs to a supermarket across the street  
in my fucking pink nightgown  
i don't only dream in pink satin—i live in it.  
i bought some rosé,  
chateau d'esclans cotes de provence — may i add.  
and cheesecake from a french distributor,  
that reminded me of the love i never had.  
after paying the clerk,  
i ran across the street  
and up the stairs.  
i opened the doors to my balcony,  
and let the view sink in...  
it felt that malta could fit in my pocket.  
i take a bit,  
and then a sip.  
two bites,  
and i down a glass.  
i wish malta would fit in my pocket.  
i wish the whole world would fit in my pocket.  
i wanted everything.  
my thoughts were **red**,  
i was **red**.  
i down another glass.  
i forget about the cheesecake.  
i felt consumed by pink satin,  
my thoughts are **red**,  
i am **red**.  
who would've thought that malta needed a paris filter?

— malia shah // will my thoughts be prettier with the paris filter?