Eyes Frosted Shut

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There's nothing so effortlessly perfect as being naive.
Your golden hair splayed elegantly across the satin pillow
No doubt in your pretty little head that
Prince Charming will come bearing roses.

War doesn't exist
Only translucent rainbows
Screaming sunshine
And once upon a times.

Beautiful utopia slip-floats
Gracefully through your fingers
Like exotic silk.
Acquiesced to the point of
Superficial Perfection.

If the dewy flesh was stabbed
Blood would pour pink
The glitter frosted platelets
Gleaming in bath-worthy moonlight on your throat.
Existing within your iridescent film of surreal silent truths.

You glisten, your best light
Through petal-lensed spectacles
Not anything black and condescending.

You're not alone, I admit
The real world is full of those
Who sleep nestled.

But I loathe your balmy naïveté
Oh, how I wish mine own eyes
Were that ignorantly shut.