

Return to that which made you sour.
Because that's what love is.
It's a bittersweet sustenance,
Texture to be choked.

Now, more than ever,
i may need an offering

Upon which i can ravage
Unbejudged from all.

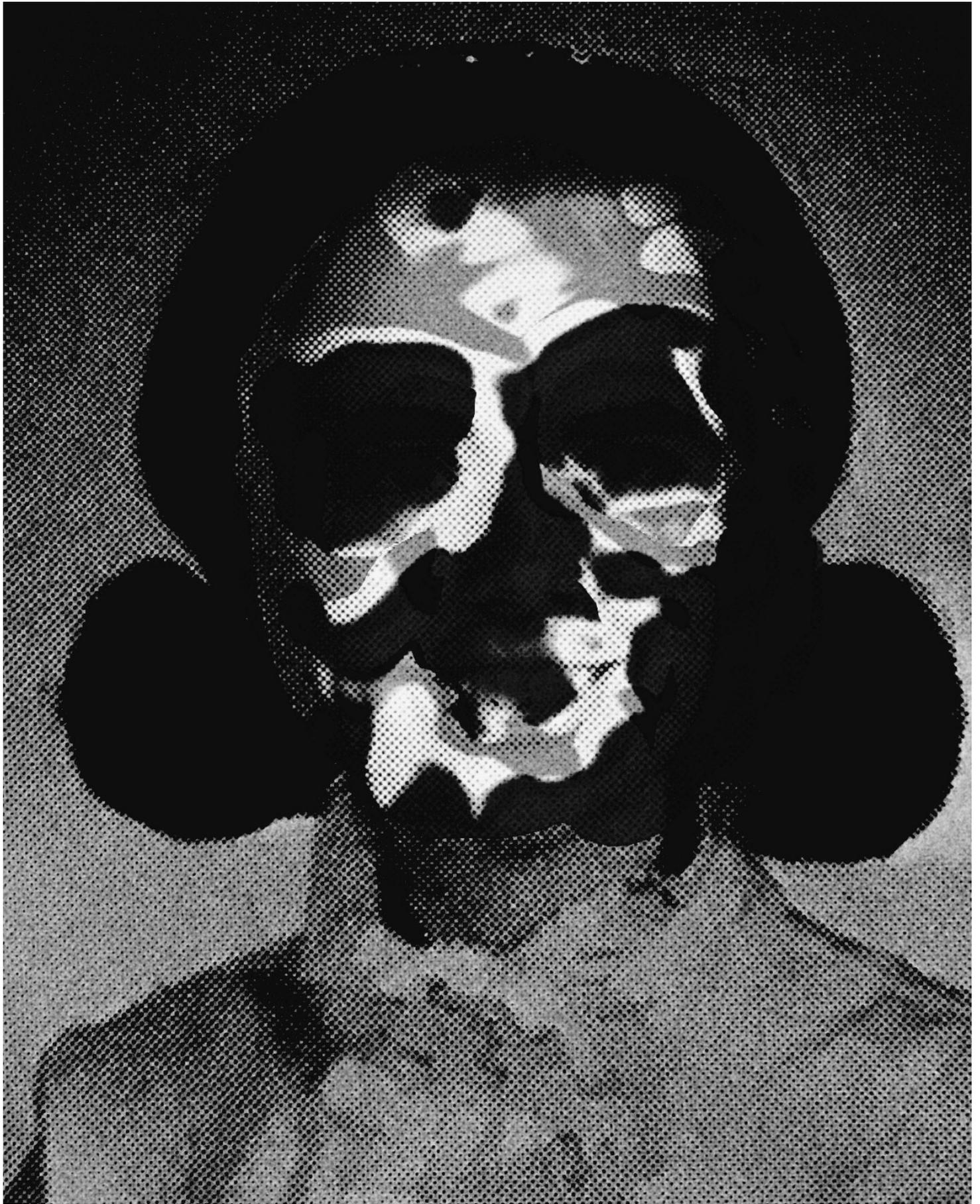
i want to capsize this
dreamboat
&& clear coats survived
that had been applied
to supposedly
help me age unweathered,

have each broken out
their very own calmest rash
ever thought of.

**"Nothing surprises, no,
Nothing surprises.**

Nothing surprises at all."

|||



Taken aside, apart, taken out dancing.
Gnawed meat out dangling for none to see.
who would wanna see that anyways?

like a biopic of your life, meandering
way too fucking long to ever be enjoyable.

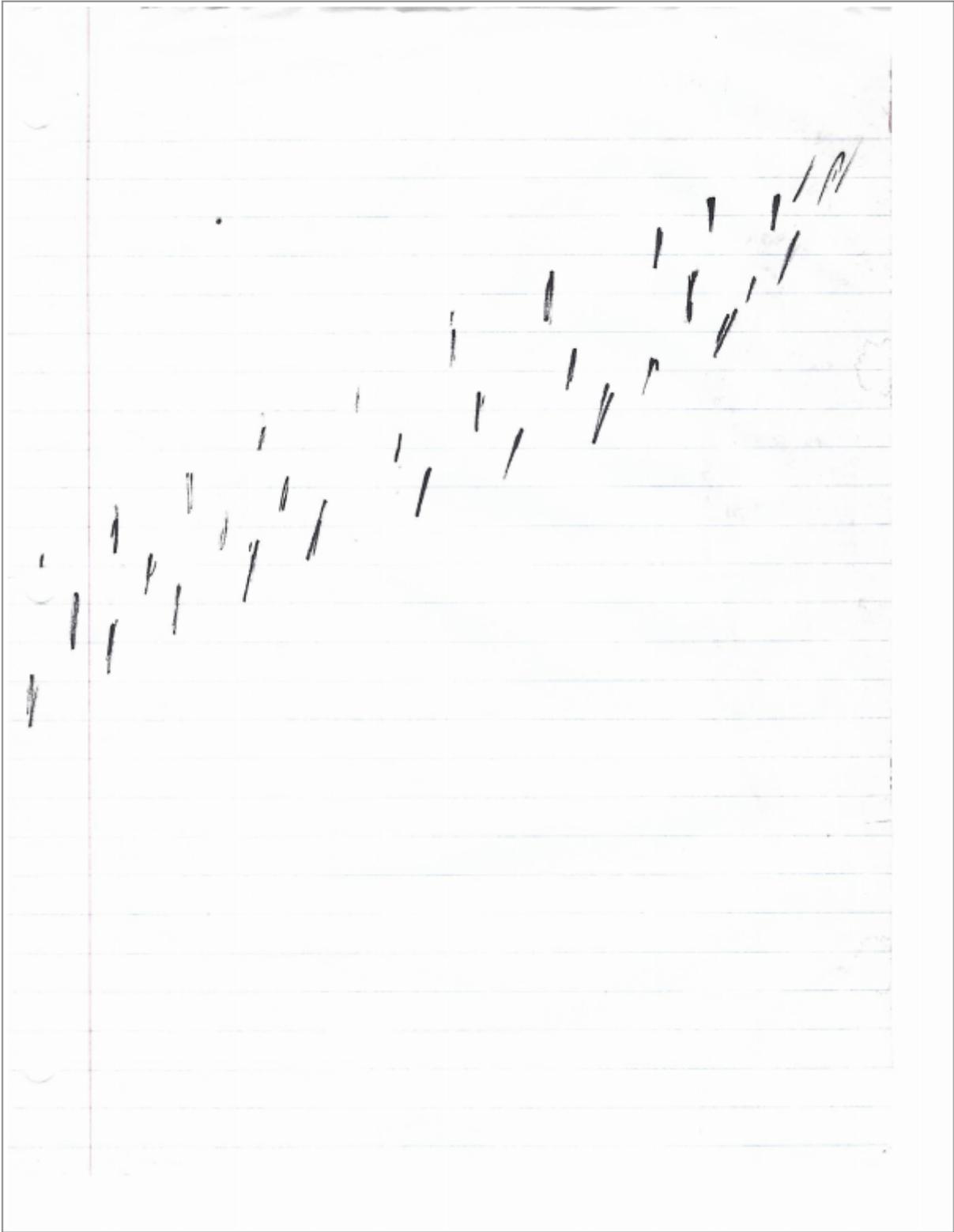
"is he gonna do anything or not?" the crowd asks
way too fucking loud, over and over, then, over again.

"will he or won't he?". the obvious answer implied via
latter option. no longer that person, you are now
aware of the audience before you and begin to crumble
the 4th wall as if it hadn't ever been standing at all.

conjuring monologue after monologue until you
just want him to shut the fuck up already.

we are who we are seen to be,
and I'm incredibly sad to know that

as a worldly principle.



Flying Forms

Left for dead
&&&
In all honesty,
Shoulda' fucking died.

So caught up in modern man's stupid life-saving inventions that
No one ever really considered that maybe he *wanted* to go.

Hospital confession went pretty much the way you'd imagine;
the worst fucking way possible.

Improvisational free form catastrophe in the cluttered shape of
Drugged up, endless, rambling sentences,

(If you could even call them such a proper thing)

All in front of two & a half dozen people.
That used to all look at you as if you were still
Someone they could stand seeing.

I can't imagine what it's like to be there.

That head space created over decades of
Daily primal reasoning/responses
to things all too comparable to
spilt milk.

These flying forms,
seemingly aimed at your head, are.
They are literally destined to
do such a thing when the time is
Right, and then some.

Type of stuff coincidences are made out of.
Type of stuff that leaves you wondering;

"_____?"