

I don't know how to explain this to you except that I tremble. I shiver violently at the exposure.

Shut up and shove yourself inside me.

Watching you like the furnace of the world.

Grandiose understatement.

I am the last holy place, the sacred profane. I am the temple to no god, the shudder of an earth in agony breaking wide to wipe the slate.

Dripping from my fingers, spilling over my lips, this hungry nothing black as pitch.

Trip the line I walk to the Y incision, I'll set you free of me.

Naming it means it has a presence. Substance. Something more than nothing and you can't stand the weight. 21 grams of hell in your chest.

We're going to practice damage. Ready or not, I'm coming.

Say it in such a way that I don't have to translate the ache

Technically perfect and utterly soulless.

In the name of the father, the mother, and the ghost of what we let go. Again.

A quiet once reserved for the holy, hushed awe transmuted into the silence of graves. A new peace.

Love like the cigarette after a meal. A hollow ritual, violent in its thoughtlessness.

Almost had me convinced I could soften.

If you don't cauterize it, it will get infected.

I'm sorry I spiral. I'm sorry I want everything of you. I'm sorry I'm exhausting.

Open the door, drop whatever shit you walked in with, come to the bed, collapse on top of me.

This vulnerability shit is for the birds.

What's the difference between a firm grip and a stranglehold? Are we measuring so closely?

I want you to distract me from how much I want you to distract me from how much I want you to distract from how much I want you to distract

Need a mouthful of your heavy heart, tongue threaded through the chambers that sustain you.

I am a centaur.

You look like a fucking lie if I look too closely.

You had patina when you got here, grooves my fingers naturally fell into.

The facets of my mind shattering into new temples I'm erecting to no god. This is all new. I've been here before.

Fascinated by the way history isn't repeating itself, it's mutating into a new yoke. This feels less like murder, though, and more like hope

The way Betsy and Camille taught my native tongue temperance, we forget lessons branded into the renewal of our seven year skin.

Your pulse between my teeth feels an awful lot like my heart in your fist.

Slipping through the kinks in you like it's good to be home.

It's pretty awful, actually.

What I meant was you're already better than they ever were. What I meant was this is stupid and we should stop. What I meant was don't go.

I will leave you to your multitudes and love you distantly as I do.

That insecurity tells you enough. That you wonder tells you everything.

(either way you're dead)

The ocean and a man dying of thirst.

I refuse to die again.

Whatever you have to tell yourself over & over & over, white knuckling the counter to convince your reflection. Whatever gets you through.

Never not been too much.

The long bright dark. Everything.

Make it worth it, make it fucking worth it please

Fat salt burning hot down blushing cheeks, face caught in your hollow fist

Christ has me caught up by the throat, tip toes dragging across threadbare carpet

Ain't no peace in the valley, baby.

Mixed episode typo factory.

And the morning will hide the damage I've done tonight.

Silver tongue the event horizon of the black hole sinking inside him (I'm saying that boy's a trap)

Everest to Vesuvius in one drunken epiphany. No one told me.

I can drive these roads with my eyes closed. Everything's got something to do with you.

Whatever I need isn't here.

Still not your noose, I can't save you

I am not your funeral pyre.

Inexpressible dissatisfaction, holes gnawed to bone, ghost winds howling through the honeycomb

(watch me move for you)

Young and clean and sharp teeth and eat me

Unspeakable things, father.

I am abundant, not infinite.

Don't get too close to me tonight, I haven't been fed in a very long time.

Gave you the power to devastate me and you abuse it liberally.

Now I'm the face on the ache in your bones.

The hole in your mouth you can't stop tonguing.

I need to show you.
I need to show you.

Cooing in your ear while you pant against my throat, it's ok baby I'm not letting go

Pretty thorn in your mind bleeding heat down through your thighs

Ashes to ashes.

Thrumming still with the pulse of you inside me.

Sex is easy, love is aimless, words are empty.

Crawl on your belly.

But are you worth what I've destroyed in your name?

<https://t.co/I5YRAJVTEZ>

Keep it. I don't want anything that isn't real. Thanks though.

Once upon a time, she struggled to have a conscience.

You should never have let me back in.

Pale milk light, the blur of charcoal and ash at the edges, sweet purples and bruising blues deepening the shadows along their lines

I put down all my toys so my chaos wouldn't ruin them. I forget sometimes to be considerate.

Sing it like a child skipping rope. It's catchy.

Oh I how adore you and now I'm taking all of me from you.

lol "morals"

Show up in your town without a word, send you pictures weeks later signed "Wish you were here."

As though you aren't transparent.

It doesn't hurt because I decided it shouldn't.

Inadvertently vital.

I want it to be your awareness, your capacity for pain and grief, your eyes when the knife slides home.

There's less to let go of now, the scalpel in my mouth severing the excess and everything is so clean and bright now

Smiling like sunshine swallowed dynamite.

The kind of high you can't synthesize.

There's some kind of balance somewhere between isolation and attachment- I just haven't found it.

Too human to human.

It is entirely subjective. You're only hurting yourself. <https://t.co/ZZ7nml13xd>

You felt like home, you were just another tenement for junkies like me to die in.

Like a naive little girl.

Walking through this museum of unpolished stones, kicking each one thrown for you. I'm not done but I want to be.

Fighting against the bloodloss and common sense because for five minutes you felt like home.

Our mouths pressed to the glass and our knives in each others' backs.

(baby come love me, i am sad and missing home)

More alive.

Stock still and surging forward. A planet rioting to life, civil war. How many skins shed in these excruciating seconds?

Oak and iron, the smell of hot metal and brackish water. Crushed magnolia and ozone.

I used to live here, this was my home and I cared for its heart.

My tongue turns to ashes when I look at you, this sour death of passion a slow poison.

Tracing lines down your sides in passing, watching the color fade under my fingers; We're dissolving like ancient paper.

This distance and I told you not to take me in, the tundra yawning catlike and idle in the gaps between atoms.

"Hello angel, I'm still here, my voice a tinny whisper miles removed. I watch your shoulders round in on themselves. I'm still here."

I feel your hunger, a desert wind moving through the hair across my body. Your inferno a match in this vacuum.

How long will we watch, listening wistfully for the slowing percussion that once drove us like madness?

Our fingers breaking apart in each other's palms: too careful, why were we always so careful?

It's all pastel now, your mouth a delicate blue.

I would touch you if I were allowed to.

I don't want to let go so I'm taking bolt cutters to my knuckles.

He is my egggun, I carry his death in the back of my throat.

I break my own heart, thanks.

My fingers were sticky with the ichor inside me, the rising red tide come to swallow the sun.

I was where love came to feel loved.

Everyone wanted to touch her; she covered my wrists, buried herself in my hair.

She was molten gold pouring endlessly, all the world's wealth & generosity pressed into the crash of her laughter, the strength of her legs.

The safest place I've ever lived was tangled in the silk of her.

The safest place I've ever lived was his ruthless mouth.

I hate the idea of being relatable to roughly 90% of you. It's like a child in my head shrieking a tantrum over another child's breathing.

Don't take it personally.

Am I expressing myself adequately?

YOU AREN'T FUCKING GOOD ENOUGH.

You are nothing resembling adequate.

My teeth tore straight through you.

I fucking told you.

I'm sorry I made you think you had value. Old habits.

You cannot touch me.

You are the ditch your potential got buried in.

We are capable of being better and this is what we choose. I'm not magnanimous enough to forgive it.

RT @jessicabrookman: I've never been an especially nice girl.

I'll pretend it doesn't destroy me to have respected you once.

The sulfurous smile of burning it all down.

I will show you fear in a handful of dust.

Stagnation is death: Keep moving forward.

I am the king of me.

You are a pillar of fire in a t-shirt and jeans and I am of a mind for immolation.

That animals like you exist at all.

She whispers into his chest, but his heart beat drowns it out: We see only the shape of her lips as they outline words too sacred to shout.

She whispers to the smoke on her breath.

[Take me with you when you dissipate, teach me the trick of dissolution.]

The old plague passing through, a cool hand over fevered skin.

I am hungry, tho the howl is muted. Distant.

I miss the smell of the earth.

A mouth full of every goodbye you could possibly say and the way your knuckles break trying to hold it all together.

Men like that will burn their hearts out of their chests to be rid of the agony associated with the passion you used to embody.

I might die if you touch me.

Aliens. <https://t.co/96DW6xGb7P>

Why am I coughing up blood? What have you done?

<https://t.co/vKvVcd3EI3>

Pretty things. <https://t.co/5MMcZvVui6>

Blurring the lines like you don't know I'm going to crash into you the second the last stone's removed.

Coughing you up like a cancer in my lungs, discovering the way death shows love.

I stutter your name and they swear they didn't think I knew how to pray.

The people who pay attention see you written all over me, wrapped around my tongue still dripping in your fist.

pornographic images <https://t.co/SBlcb45tA8>

I cannot stand the way you tease.

I don't want to anymore. I need more.

<https://t.co/ZpayXjd5Vd>

Where's the balance? What's the tipping point in either direction?

Whatever you have to fuckin sell yourself to sleep at night, princess.

Trite. It's all bullshit. I hate all of it.

<https://t.co/57o0YiNcux>

I guess I should edit stuff before throwing it into the dumpster of consumption. I was in the throes. Nothing is ever retouched. Mea culpa.

I don't think you know how to be loved like this.

I'm breathing broken glass and I will spit my ruined lungs in your face if you tell me to slow down now.

"Let me tell you what she was like. She was like a piano in a country where everyone had their hands cut off."

Choking on rotted word salad.

Abrupt- the bags still falling he's already running heart steady thudding there's a collision somewhere calling, shrieking for completion

<https://t.co/2SpcppF7E3>

The howl of a mournful earth, we're chasing dust and you can't stop coughing. I'd wanted you so much.

And the hole I leave in my wake will devastate: When he crawls to the grave I made him dig for you, it's my salt he'll bury inside you.

I'll feed you to him, thicken him on the carcass of fresh history. Ride him back to life and lick him clean.

You're barely a stray line in someone else's story but your favorite monster is mine.

What a delicate, pretty thing. Strayed a bit too far from home to be crushed under the heel of an animal in passing.

The shock of red pouring down the heave of her moonlit chest, better now as he hits the ground but the screaming the noise ah yes. Her.

Now she's wrapped around that bladed tongue of yours and it's all heat and flow, Is someone screaming? We should go look..."" ssh hush pet"

They told you not to feed the animals but she was so soft, wide eyes swallowing the light and logic right out of your darling skull.

God give me more, hungry animal dragging herself across the floor. "Honey, I think it's wounded..." teeth a dark, wet hint he didn't catch.

R E L E N T L E S S

Yeah it's all fun and games until my teeth are in your throat. Cute, right.

<https://t.co/6ydUi2Q6N5>

Your bones are brittle, this will hurt.

I like the way I taste in your mouth.

The way she softens for you.

RT @archillect: <http://t.co/bnCfPTC4lh>

Which secret are you?

I think you had me confused with something you could control.

The moral of the story is do work. Always do work. Always move forward. I'm not really sure what morals are anymore but I know I can't stop.

She's on a beach in Phuket and I'm throwing pebbles at teenaged boys on campus.

He takes this ragged breath and you can tell it hurts him, maybe it tastes like blood.

You're trying too hard again. Maybe hold your breath until the thrashing stops.

We're not even the same species, son.

It smells like formaldehyde. Why does it smell like formaldehyde?

Innumerable tiny, unpleasant consequences.

Unmedicated, hooks through tendons pulling you along the broken glass and shredded metal gauntlet of human interaction. Don't flinch.

How long has this been burning?

Quiet wildfires contained within the park fences, signs on the roadside begging passersby not to feed the flames.

the rest of my dead loves.

Tell me your name, tell me what your lovers call you when their control is in your mouth

Picking bone shards from between my knuckles, elbows on bloody knees; observant, impassive; some girls love like a massacre.

I want to tear you apart, let your blood rot in the sun, meat scattered for the scavengers.

Built like the ancient ideal of fertility- round belly, round breasts, round thighs, generosity in every line. But we are not our bodies.

(i can hear you whispering)

How did I ever love you?

I don't miss you when you're gone.

And then <http://t.co/4uDvwwtPup>

"He didn't even have to touch it and it shivered.

Shut up and fuck me, stupid."

More alive than you know how to be.

Hi, we're the people you fuck with and we can't tell if you're serious or not.

lol I'm jk come here you know ily

Stop fucking with crazy pussy, it will stop fucking with you. After texting/calling you drunk/high 900 times you fucking asshole fuck you.

God it feels good to be me again.

I'm not going to talk about the stupid shit I'll do when I'm mad at you. Just gonna go have my fun while you have fun fucking your fist.

Coconut oil fucking. Everywhere.

Just another mouth, another body writhing hungry

I need you to be strong enough to survive what I'm about to do.

Those moments like roaring at the sky, I know you fucking feel me.

Trista Mateer <http://t.co/xy19a2Ps3u>

Consumption as the highest form of control, and now you have the key.

I'm not exactly subtle- if you can't tell how I feel about you, I don't.

I want all of your attention so I'm going to get shitfaced and fuck a stranger and crawl home like a kicked dog wife me up

When I realize I'm a little crazy on one pulse I swallow a half dozen more and destroy everything worth loving about myself what?

Emotional vampire, succubus extraordinaire, the Whore Queen of secrets and awful, terrible truths.

One more, just one more and then I'm done.

I'm sorry you were made to feel inadequate and that it festered inside of you, I know what that's like. I'm still not your problem. You are.

An overwhelming rationality punctuated by massive outbursts of irrational passion.

It's like a choose your own adventure book but it's your whole life and you suck at it. Way to go.

I'm just a walking set of disenchanting tits, bro. *smokes virginia slim*

It's a beautiful day.

105 and seconds to impact.

My bby made me a phone case and it's the prettiest thing I own. Check her out on ig: cutielumps_shop
<http://t.co/6qZvNCdR7G>

Sorry bout it. <http://t.co/mgVdSQHjkY>

I'm quiet because I'm killing everything I ever felt for you. Obvs.

RT @YesYouDid: You drew a mist-heart on the partition glass. You smiled at your lover in the audience room. You then turned on the electricâ€¦!

You're not supposed to tell them you'd dismember them. There's so much to learn.

They've all broken my heart, mama: I never meant to be a holocaust, another natural disaster they couldn't weather.

Send me all of your money and never speak to me again.

Fight the conditioning.

(I can't read you aloud. My throat won't let you out.)

I didn't think I was a cruel woman. I was wrong.

Stupid boy, your weak little heart a fatted leech feeding on the pretty girls too tender to know better.

Don't talk to me if you get upset over being ignored.

Suck her dick from the back, bro. She'll definitely love you if you suck her dick from the back.

Don't be a human. Gross.

I'd rather watch you fistfight a lion but sure. Let's watch your favorite tv show.

His rage, my nepenthe.

I know you hear me.

Whispering to you a lifetime away.

I'm not your noose.

We're what happens when Garbage Pail Kids grow up.

I want everything to be an escalating death race, each plateau killing itself off in the name of evolution.

Can you die of mediocrity?

I look for you everywhere I am, in everyone around me.

Watch me ripen, watch me rot.

I need exactly none of your bullshit. Thanks.

I'll be over here with my head up my ass pretending I'm an astronaut.

I was never really your kind, I just shine pretty in a certain light.

Just. Say my name.

(He is wasted on you.)

You flinched.

People become uncomfortable when I look directly at them.

Cautious worship of the quiet god with hollow eyes: I can hear the whistling inside him, the sucking hunger that pulls his skin tight.

Stay speeding cause I can't stand to feel this.

At war with everything.

I want my skull to be toothless.

I understand why they invented god now.

Worst superpower ever, man, and a built-in self-destruct button she can't stop touching.

I fucked up, ma. And ain't shit I can do but ride. Watch for the next exit, two thousand miles of desert.

Busted and bloody, crawling out of the confessional.

Taking your mouth like a starved thing. Get thee behind me, hunger.

Now let's see that pretty black tar heart you keep under lock and key.

DISENGAGE.

I would rather do nothing with you than anything at all here.

Return to Sender: It smells perfectly lovely, but I'm afraid it's dead.

Humans are a bad habit.

I will continue moving forward while you wallow. Keep that on you at all times.

Outside of a vague, morbid curiosity, I feel nothing about you. Please keep that on you at all times.

If you are not my people you are irrelevant. Please keep that on you at all times.

You've got a man's swagger.

Return to Sender: No such person.

#egoinspacehipmode

I gravitate to human supernovae.

That you're just so... small inside.

These incidental/arbitrary connections that mean life or death to them and I'm this asshole incredulous on the sideline watching for more.

Illusive- deceptive, illusory

Elusive- difficult to find, catch, or achieve

And really all I wanted all along was to fuck you in the car in the predawn dark and grab coffee on the drive home.

Swan dive into a woodchipper.

Quiet hells you didn't see coming making goddamn sure you feel them now.

Smoking cheap cigars in unlaced boots and boxers.

You are either utterly inhuman or the most human being I've ever met and I like you so much.

The common sense of being the problem you find repeated in every relationship.

Strange Girls(tm) were born to destroy you and laugh gleefully while riding nuclear bombs into the hearts of black holes.

No. They cannot. <http://t.co/erEPU3XYhD>

Mutating viruses now in your favorite flavors.

She is what runs through your veins before a fight.

He said, "I don't think I'm the king.

Slid home, slippery and stained, sticky and sweating and it's getting harder to tell the difference between your sex and murder.

Don't you ever fucking forget how hard I have loved you.

Give it all up for the one thing.

I don't need supernatural abilities in a world full of cowards.

I am not a fucking mermaid. I am not a witch. I am not a wolf. I am not the devil come to tempt you. I am a woman, and look at you cower.

I'm not that special. Burn the pedestal.

You don't know how to stop. I want to be there when it kills you.

Eyes to the side, a distracted pat on the shoulder so they can be shocked and outraged when I do what comes naturally.

They keep reassuring me I'm not the bad guy like it's something they need to believe.

Racing to meet the wall that'll stop me.

All of us casually burning holes in everyone we touch.

You don't know what's good for me any more than I do and some shit is worth suffering for.

I am the world eater.

NEVER CONFESS

Things you did not expect to devastate you and other mysteries.

Life after the fire.

Dark, fertile earth turned aching towards the open sky:

A throat full of ghosts.

I will not make myself convenient for you.

No one and nothing in my life gets blind loyalty.

Life is violent.

Climbing the collapsed spines of broken gods into fresh sunlight.

He never made it home.

He's buried in the yard.

Welcome home.

I can taste that last impact every now and then, some inexplicable nostalgia of self-destruction.

I have loved and destroyed you as god. Unconditional, unreachable.

I died at your hands, under the weight of your sin; the press of your burning flesh spilling the blood I saved you with, washed you in.

I was your acolyte, bright and untried; worshipping fervently with wide, wet eyes, devout tongue. The stamina of the young.

Something that sounds like "catch me if you can" or maybe the throaty bell of your laugh echoing back
Racing breathless down dusty corridors, dirty hands and the smear of your brilliant smile in the muted light-
Each hung on the noose of the other's unmet need.

New bedrock, bone white and honeycombed

Watch me burn.

The horizon is burning.

Scars earned in passing: A beautiful stranger with war in their eyes, a smell that never lets you forget, the way the light
burned you.

Bones glowing bright in the fire of this blood, exhausted inferno watching you with the intensity of the terminally
determined

I quite like disgusting things.

So fucking hungry they'd have picked your bones clean before you had a chance to bleed.

Tiptoe so your fear has a better view.

You're losing me over things that never mattered until you decided I didn't deserve the truth about them.

And then I remember that you lie. All the time. Almost for a living. Almost like you love it or you don't know how not to.

You're gonna have to hold me down.

I MISS YOU AND I'M NOT GOING TO DO A GODDAMN THING ABOUT IT.

Love like a bridle and the bite of the whip.

Waking up and realizing you're sick of hating love as a yoke. A death sentence commuted and compounded, heartstrings
an inescapable noose.

Heaven or hell, though, fire is fire.

Love as a lighthouse instead of a pyre.

Swallow razor blades and smile convincingly.

Amazing how much can change in 60 seconds.

You fucked up and thought.

You fucked up and thought your appetite justified swallowing more than you could handle. You choke on your own.

dying is the only thing i'll be allowed to do alone at this point. what bullshit.

less about the love than the endorphin rush. remember that.

What is it about loving something false that appeals to so many? God is the least of it when you love the liar more than
you hate the lie.

Every dog brought to heel.

Race you for it.

What kind of hunger runs you? What kind of gnawing do you feed? I feel you howling at my heels, chasing the emptiness
and baying for relief.

I wanted it more than he did. I shoved for it, broke the things in my way. And now I am here and he is not. I wanted it more than he did.

Strong enough to fully unleash.

Gonna get high and forget my name.

Please make it stop.

The fire of hell is the emptiness of a perfect vacuum. No god could love you better.

No no no. He was beautiful. He is unbearable still in his beauty. In his terrible compassion.

Pull your teeth like proverbs, necessary and sacred, sewn into the skin of conscientious worship.

It is arrogant now to observe.

And I am not here to enlighten you.

I don't think you understand at all, really.

That's because we know what we want, and we don't mind being alone.

I would probably do horrible fucking things for you. Because I like you.

Can't unpowder bone. Just bury it, burn it, or replace it with sturdier stuff.

The sickening wet snap that unravels everything. You can't feel your fingers anymore. It's ok. It's ok.

No, it's perfect now. The slow nausea of grief's recreation of reality. You missed a step.

I am the bullet in Moriarty's skull. The truth he finally, beatifically welcomed, that blew his mind to peace.

Don't flinch.

Yeah. I guess the quiet should concern you.

And this'll be over soon, too.

Love like you don't know what the fuck it means to love me.

Love like an open hand slap and a choke chain.

I am too much for one mouth to carry and your soul was never so generous. I don't own your shame.

I belong to myself and what I've made. Not you.

But never yours.

I belonged to the loyalty bred into a generation aching for integrity. I belonged to the fight, the never back down, the never give up.

I was never yours.

Your feelings? Your feelings braided into the rope around my neck, nailed to the floor of an empty room you're afraid I'll leave.

My manifesto: No.

I said never again, motherfucker I meant it.

Keep living inside your denial of my honesty. I won't be waiting around when you're angry and looking for a fight.

When I've decided I'm finished, there's no revisiting.

I will burn this the fuck down, use your ash to paint my war across the sky.

Want to talk about a bitch turns quick, she's become a viper in this pit.

Cutthroat in her own defense. Never again, now she's got knives on her canines.

She's not smiling.

Same straight jacket, different color.

I cauterize my own. You can go.

Thick scars over festering wounds, secrets kept at any cost.

Fingers snagging on the holes worn into you, tearing them fresh to expose what's left- what wilderness you still possess.

The decadence of you like moth-eaten velveteen skin, running my fingers over what softness you have left.

Selling sin as salvation from the trunk of a rusted out 442.

But seriously. Run.

I just want to feel it. Everything else is lagniappe.

This masochistic drive to meet your violence with my yielding, all your hard anger colliding with my softness and heat.

The way dangerous things can be comfortable together. The rifle, your hands. The words, my mouth.

There's a coyote mauling cats and leaving blood at the edges of the property.

Strange hybrid animals attracted to the hum of my restlessness.

Don't tell me you've got my back. Don't ever make me have to ask.

Never needed a crutch, just a little cover fire.

He's still holding the pin. Everything else has been blown to hell, but he's still holding the pin.

She said baby you look rough as she wrung blood from her hair, I said sugar I'm tired while the white tile turned pink

She aims to please. She has impeccable aim. She is untouchable a half mile out. Between breaths, you go down.

But it's that explosive cocoon of quietude inside a concussive force. That contraction of air and space ballooning around you for a moment.

A woman like a flashbang. Your ears will ring forever, your vision warped indefinitely.

Full circle. *fist pump*

Screaming inside a bubble inside a vacuum, the silence is a lie.

Bones groaning with awakening the way subsonic shockwaves rumble through the world when the earth shudders, a sound you hear with your teeth

The silence of a funeral procession, a sky so stretched and bleached you can see hell rising behind it, the sun a crumbling communion wafer

Sshh I'm learning how to sublimate. Hold your breath until I'm done.

You had a name before you were a mark.

Just ate a sandwich with pepperjack, two whole pepperoncinis, red onion, vinegar, and a bunch of cured meats. Make out with me.

The utter delusion of freedom anyway.

The absurd idea that this will ever let you go, that you will ever be free again.

Hot mouth, cool skin

Hush little baby, don't you cry- I've got something good for you, open wide.

never been a fan of need. and then you were so far from me.

Things I think that shove the world into the pale.

Raul Julia is everything.

Brass knuckle bombshell got my heart between her silver teeth.

John will come for you, and you will do nothing. Because you can do nothing.

Leave before left. Leave a fucking mess. Left a bloody wreck.

This is beginning to solidify. It's time to burn.

Watch her when she's restless. Close and quiet.

This much love should wash away all the dirt and still we're stained because we can't escape ourselves we can't be washed away

Genuinely disinterested in your incessant bitching and negativity. Do you not have anyfuckingthing else to say or do?

He's got those heavy bones.

I'm just gonna be good for you. God for you. The father and the son for you. The holy ghost and the whore for you.

Bone deep, that boy will never be free.

Get your feelings hurt because I am exactly what I've always been.

Inexpressible confusion of motion.

Damn your eyes.

It's a fist tight in your chest and it feels like tearing to breathe too deeply

I didn't need anything from you. Not ever. But I wanted it.

Love like collapsing from exhaustion, no more give at the end of this rope, knowing as the darkness swallows you up there's no safer home

Love like back breaking labor, 14 hours in the sun and still another hundred rows to hoe

She's singing sotto voce the songs that break him from his bones, he's wearing the weathered leather her love and loyalty call home

Learning How to Lie: A Field Survival Guide

Too foolish to fear the monsters of men with no regard.

Legs akimbo, fingers tapping out a tango on the tension of the water

My name alone would break your jaw.

Kinda shit makes you sick to your stomach, cross examining how you fucked up everything ever in your life so how could you get this right

Look. I'm not going to make a fucking production. I want you here. Ok? Ok.

I won't wait but I'll hold on if you keep up.

All this complication created around the refusal to acknowledge truth.

Think about how that pill can undo the horrorshow inside your mind. That kind of relief. That kind of power.

Running down your throat. So messy.

i has the dumb.

Death to they who refuse to kneel.

There's always blood. We're not actually dead yet.

That good hurt, though. That perfect little measure.

Indulging like fuck in what's left because after this there's nothing else.

Mea maxima culpa.

Mea culpa.

Mental littering.

Feed the void because it matters too much to everyone else.

Chemical burns on every inch you've come in contact with. Why do you persist?

Learning to drop my shoulders, ease up off the throat a bit.

Dirty little fingers in every little thing.

Build Your Own Lament Configuration

I understand, little mother. I have never reduced your humanity to create a monster where none exists. I am not blind or naive to this.

Insinuation and the clever use of flags. This is now a monarchy. I am now your King. Long live the King.

She was quietly doing exactly as he told her and that realization scared him more than dying ever had.

It's a whole new world, shining shimmering splendid!

Some things are mine and some things are just not yours and you appear confused.

You daffy bastards.

Feeling like I'm bout to unhinge my jaw and swallow the whole fuckin world raw.

To exist is to thirst, to thirst is to be shameful, stop existiting.

Posting pictures of your bod means you're thirsty, finding bodies attractive means you're thirsty, wearing flattering clothes means you're

The more I learn about you the less I like.

You move so slowly.

I said goddamn.

Also if you're not down with the Kung Fu Hustle, I'm not down with you.

Lit like a signal fire, burning all night.

I wish you knew what you had. Nuclear reactor with a pulse. Man on fire. But you just saw the bright and neglected to consider the burn.

Ah yes. Trustworthy.

Objects in screen appear more real than they are in fact.

Show me your restraint.

Less about the force, entirely about the control.

The good guy got fucked and decided not to forgive or forget and maybe we ought to blur the lines about some things tonight

You're the wet plastic grocery bag of women.

He walked into the world wearing a woman's blood and Fate says that's how he'll be leaving it.

I could bounce your fucking skull off the concrete from seven stories up and you'd still not have an open mind.

My world is bigger than you.

Unclench your fucking fists maybe some blood you keep pooled there will rush to your brain and yank you back to real life.

Hey let's make something we find worthwhile. Let's do something good. Let's create a bubble the world can't crush

Getting all brave, showing off my scars

Boo I'm a rebellious girl who hates other girls. They're so catty omg, I just get along with dudes way better. Lol you're so original.

You're one of those dead bird carcasses morbid little girls like to take bad photos of and imagine some affinity with.

Gene Wilder. Always.

Hahahaha yeah you're a slaughterhouse and I'm a holocaust- stay in your lane.

Men made entirely of scar tissue.

Nobody gets this but you.

And saying goodbye was like drinking fire because nothing burns the way we do

I told him I was going to pull his kidneys out through his throat. Therapy tonight.

That girl has a penis and I'm gonna fuck it.

It's not my job to stay.

It is not your job to entertain me.

Nothing left but vague curiosity. Success.

I don't know who "you" is supposed to be despite never shutting up about them.

Trying to make these pills love me back, they just tell me I have a pretty mouth and I'm the only one. They've been talking to you again.

You'd better harrumph or the rabble will rise to police your mind, mister.

Important thoughts and the silly children who believe in them.

I used to sleep before I met you. I'm still angry about that.

All this shit's been under water for half a millenia and the fucking mechanisms work perfectly, you don't get that anymore.

Half-measures and the sloppiest white-knuckle sandwich.

Hello father, don't mind the blood.

I wasn't talking to you.

So please have meticulous oral hygiene.

I will lick the inside of your mouth.

Weirdly happy without.

Some old man may fuck you.

RT @nihilist_arbys: Hi baby. Welcome to earth. You'll start dying right away. your joy will quickly be replaced with shame. Some old man maâ€¦!

Shit gets a little bananas around here.

Keep playing. You're gonna fuck around and end up here with no money no shoes and no way to scream around that rag in your mouth.

I'm gonna pet you and squeeze you and howl your name and feed you good food and wander for days

Pleasantly oblivious.

Because you are not mine. You will never be mine. You cannot touch mine.

Entitled wannabe-sociopathic children with chemical dysfunction parading as whatever an adult of their species is called.

What care has a hawk for a gnat?

I ask you again

You're an old game and we move too heavy for you little miss tissue paper, cry yourself out of those wasted veins

You're a fucking digital soap opera and your lipstick smear across the screen is as sad as your bedraggled cunt.

Oh pretty pretty baby, you were never enough for a mouth like mine, teeth like his, realness like this.

You don't know what it means when I fight back.

Nothing but part-time bc I don't want to wear your baggage.

Eleventy thousand milligrams of shut the fuck up with your played out shtick and kill yourself already.

That steak was better than your sex.

I mean, go nuclear holocaust or go home.

I'm nice because I shut down at certain thresholds.

Haymakers and solar flares and derailed trains and blown transformers and a slow motion shot of a battered face slinging blood to the street

Watch the smile, ignore the teeth.

When it's just blood and you're like "Oh."

A man like a mouthful of tin foil.

I wanted to say it's quiet without you here, but really there's just less static screeching in my head.

Being angry is exhausting so I stopped.

He was right. I turn quick as fuck.

Collapse the bridges, we're not coming back.

I don't make demands. I just stop showing up.

She's a rat in a sewer, bones, infected and infecting.

There's this house that the woods took back and that's where I'm going to bring you and have you, reclaim your wilderness

Just another pretty hole you're gonna bury yourself in.

45% piss, 60% vinegar.

Boo you whore.

I was gonna get drunk and carve your name into the night but I've bled enough for you already.

Naah, I was too much for you anyway.

Still nothing. Always nothing.

(This is the part where my roaring wakes you up to find I've already gone.)

Tear myself apart in this hunger, no fight against the all-consuming empty

A trap you walk into resigned, the jaws snap shut as you sigh

Miss the way you'd collapse around my fingers.

I pulled you off that pedestal, boy, left you in the rabble to rot.

Daddy's girl's a fucking monster.

Soft hair, good drugs, warm body

Spinning stories into your skin, achingly sacred

Kinda girl gives Loki a run for it, he's been breathless for a lifetime chasing the trail she's blazed through chaos

Let's pretend, ok? That you're not a degenerative neurological disease and that I'm not a flesh eating bacteria, ok? Ok.

Got up like a real girl, dressed like a real girl, participated like a real girl like she couldn't smell your sweat, couldn't feel your burn

Just fucking come home.

Once upon a time, the inside of me was a universe of galaxies. Now it's a cemetery. Everything is temporary.

I am an open vein these days, and when the blood's not shrieking it's catatonic.

Every one of my hiding places swallowed by suburban sprawl. Me next.

Just don't call it an accident.

Fast enough to feel nothing.

RT @bonepumpkin: GREETINGS MUTANTS!! Just a quick shill for my shop! Only a few original pieces left for now!
<http://t.co/EBm6XhHBFL> <http://â€¦!>

Said the blind man.

RT @newupdate: I wish more things would leave me alone

@deathsquadbrat Baby you are harmless as a switchblade and it's sexy as fuck

Should've switched cyanide and strychnine. Better flow. Ugh.

Harmless as a landmine, harmless as cyanide, harmless as a baby bottle of whiskey and strychnine

HAHAHAHAHAHAHA

You spit that lie out of your pretty mouth right this second, brat!

I'm not a princess. I'm not cute. I will cut you. <http://t.co/MhYJMskZ9B>

whistles innocently

You're my pretty honeypot, indulgent little darling, I like the way you pour your thickness over my palms

Open your mouth and close your eyes, now you're in for a b i g surprise

Girls made of spiderweb and siren song.

RT @bonepumpkin: Covered with hope and vaseline

Time to make an animal of you.

He has a stable full of busted dolls. Trust me, none of us are special.

And now if you'll pardon me, I'll be spending my evening carving things into bones.

I like the way it startles them that I pay attention to how clever they think they are.

Everything got so fucked up.

RT @Feenohmenal: Yes, tell me how beautiful I am. Let the romantic shit flow. This is so different, isn't it? Go fuck yourself.

RT @colormebblack: you've got a pretty kind of dirty face

RT @Cool_Jesse: The human race is over. We all lost.

mouth full of feathers

Meanwhile the world is doing stupid shit again. That's cool.

Like a second sun, solis invictus, swinging a sledgehammer inside my chest, roaring through each stroke, reverb
shuddering through my bones

I own a violent heart.

Unimpressed.

Because here I go again.

Make me want to stay

Fucking anchor me here, keep me in this skin

Tell me it's alright while you're buried between my thighs, tell me it's alright with my sweat in your mouth it's ok baby it's
all ok

And I'll drive angry through the nights I've got left because nothing ever satisfies me and you and you you you fucking
coward

I'll tell you the story of you and how you never had to be anything else for me to be satisfied swallowing you whole and
you'll hate it

You didn't have to lie, I didn't care.

Til death then

Scream until they bleed, scream until there's peace

Walking the rooftops whistling

Because I don't have the heart to cut his out.

Oh I died again

Once upon a time that was true.

You are the hallelujah I sing at night.

the analogs have never felt as full in my mouth, as heavy in my hands: No gravity has ever countered yours.

You are the Holy terror I have hunted

Through an eon of nights unsatisfied

Just another cautionary tale.

The egos of men can only take so much, battering themselves on the unflinching stone of her heart, before the legend
begins to write itself.

People warn of the Gorgon, that she's cruel and hideous, but she's as lovely as she ever was, enchanting as she's ever
been.

She never cried or made much ado of it, but the effect was undeniable; the shard so sharp she became a rockslide of a
woman.

Cloyingly sweet just before the sulphur.

You collect women like open wounds, pressing dirty fingers into that seeping tenderness you're too closed to own.

Just another soft place to land.

You have fun living it, I'll have fun dissecting it until it's dead.

Doc says you're bad for me and I know she's right but I've never been afraid of scars or earning them I just hate the way your absence feels

She got swallowed by strange lights somewhere east of Iberville, she sends letters home in code and swears he's everything to her, the world

Dad I'm gonna need that dildo back sometime soon.

Fallow earth and fallout, gnarled blackened trees and barbed wire tumbleweeds

Only things I crave are intoxication and isolation.

I do stupid stuff like pan-fry pan-fried pork mostly naked and forget simple things and tell the same stories over and over and emote wildly

I'm sorry I touched you.

Those are the lifers. They don't talk to the rest of us much.

All those doll parts and hypodermic needles in the landfill coalesced into one massive heartbeat and gave painful dirty birth to her.

Fucking everything I touch melts wtf

Can't find a way to wring opiates from cum so you're alone more than not.

She's drinking the ether, shooting diesel fuel- baby's an inferno and she's coming for you.

swan dives backwards into the abstract

When I realized you were a hollow god, just another empty vessel, I was gutted on industrial tile swimming pretty in a haldol dream.

The first time I watched you recycle a line I burned the house you were born in.

Every time he pried her thighs apart, thirty years of darkness swallowed the world.

The kind of cunt bitch who'll make you suffer for your effect on her.

Ah.

I should swallow the control you shoved down my throat, breathe the fire that burns you to the ground.

All hail the conscience and conditioning that keep me pleasant and contained.

You have such a beautiful smile, he whispered to the incisor in his pliers.

Allow me to demonstrate.

Just kill the witch.

He's beating down her door- Little fish, little fish let me in.

I don't think I'm a cruel woman.

My lips taste like resin and my nerves are dead to you. Free at last, free at last.

Life is suddenly tolerable.

Stitch her shut.

Insinuation.

Bend the delicate shell of your ear to my mouth so I might whisper with clever tongue the tattoo of my heartbeat in every curve.

This is polite conversation, the thin veil of civility thrown to obscure potency.

I need to hear the benediction of my name forced between your teeth, desperate prayer, vile curse, please.

The darkened callus of your dirty fingers drawing strong across the milk of my throat, tuning

You turn me into a bow string or the throat of a violin.

Slick thighs and anxious mouth

No no no. Deeper.

Crack your skull, climb inside. Die happy.

Capricious gods and weak men and the catalyst of a woman walking through.

A thousand fat pillars of burning wax and somewhere lost in the dull roar someone keening low the agony of passion

An awful waste of space.

Slowly losing differentiation, steadily solidifying. Emptying out and hardening. It's not even cold. It's just nothing.

No justice or grace, I'll make my way to you on my own.

(loves you too)

Specializing in Irish wakes and Italian hospitality, we'll feed you, get you drunk and try not to molest your attractive cousins.

Glass in my brain thrumming with a foreign heartbeat

And she's too honest to keep so she never stays & she's become a kite with a million million lovers' wishes tied to her falling slowly down

Pull your sickness from my sweat

You're scarred into my palms the way I'm scarred across your knuckles

I watch your mouth bc the only man Medusa ever loved tricked the gods, sold snake oil from the trunk of his car, turned her heart to stone

That moment when all the chaos freezes and there you are in the eye of it you are the eye of it

Just passing through.

I want to pull you inside out. I want to make you feel so good.

Don't exist in my vicinity. Sublimate within a six foot radius. Reincorporate after I'm gone.

They'll find me in pieces you'll need to recognize.

Logic is pressing in to the base of your skull, a push fading into the relentless wash of dark light and steady rhythm

She'll convince herself or die trying and really what's the difference

Just because you feel like the devil doesn't make them all angels.

I was watching you so closely I didn't feel the noose.

Every time she opens her mouth it's just... Blood. Gallons of it.

She pressed her hands to her throat, eyes wide and frantic, trying to keep the flock of gulls from erupting through her teeth

Somewhere between the broken screen door and her bloodied, blistered feet she forgot what drove her to it

The walls are bleeding.

You're a fucking liar you're a fucking LIAR you're a FUCKING LIAR YOU'RE A FUCKING LIAR

Distract yourself in someone else.

I'm just trying to improve me, watch the riptide.

And I am a small town in the middle of a catastrophic natural disaster, an F5, Katrina, Vesuvius on mute.

And even when you're in that moment, when your endangered smile is drowning them the inside of your head is a study in solitude

Rubbing your fingertips together in that Möbius strip of neverending remembering the texture of her skin the shock of her joy

Dark water, warm oil baby's brewing and she's brewing just for you oleander and turpentine honey and cyanide

She doesn't need your blood to make you burn.

This is a zero-sum game, your loss is my gain

Better than breathing.

There is no next lifetime to comfort yourself with. We missed the fuck out entirely. Forever.

Crack my fucking skull.

Black tar heart and a snake oil smile

Those swamp water blues thick in my veins, singing low sweet water gonna carry me home

White as cotton, white as a wick. Burning for your blood, I got that kerosene sick.

I'm just a sweet girl hip deep in bayou mud beckoning you from the safety of the high grass

The four horsemen raped his mother and she killed herself to cut him out

Look I'm really sorry my brain is a man-eating squid, I've been cutting off the tentacles attached to you but let's be real

...you're not the boss of me.

I hate days like this. Meaningless noises.

No heroes.

Hahahaha I don't. Words are stupid.

But him? How do I tell him? What words could do justice to the gnarled and twisted black oak nightmare that is his existence?

You're so pretty I can't stop watching you

You use the violence in me when it suits you, when you're edgy and fucked but she's too soft to hurt you.

Silly little girl, your skin tastes like the ocean.

Idk. Restless I guess.

Racing through the streets, a smile wide enough to swallow the horizon because nothing. Nothing at all.

You clear your throat quietly and meet her eyes unblinking.

"Nothing."

And sedated dreams? What the FUCK would a 'script pusher know ab the drive, the consumption, the rage or the joy of living unbridled?

Epithet earned at the hands of an enemy. What the fuck would lily-white and untried walking corpses know of living, with their baited traps

To insinuate that the trite life lived meekly at the grindhouse wheel should be all that one ought to aspire to is more insulting than any

And the fury leaps back into your throat, the gall of these people (a word spat venomously) to insist upon the acceptance of the status quo

Expecting the kind of response someone who has seriously considered the error of her ways would earnestly deliver and strive to uphold.

The jungle spell snaps and the glare of fluorescence nauseates your eyes. The doctor and her aides are watching you, expecting contrition,

Parasites eye-fucking perfection in host form and you walked right into their pharmaceutical bullshit.

Well?

There's blood still drying on your throat, wearing wild the feral face they watch because they aren't predators, they're poachers

But the cliched trail of devastation behind you rubber band snaps back into clarity and oh. Right. They aren't predators. You are.

Sweatshop crescendo waiting out a pack of starved animals watching their quarry stumble, why was this so important to them?

Someone in the background clears their throat and the tension becomes a trip wire.

What's it going to take to make you stop? What would you even slow down for?

Pretty witch glowing bright as an earthbound star

(that smells awful)

There are constellations of embers in her flaming hair

Pretty in the way of ruined things.

Do you like the way they suck you off? Their hot little mouths dripping deep on your ego, dexterous fingers working you slow?

Did you break the tip off into the bone? Is that how you promised her you'd come home?

I will burn him in effigy of you.

The dark feels so good though. After the burn of all that bright. Feels like heaven, like cool water. Like I can stretch all of me out wide.

A hunger you never knew was gnawing itself into you until you saw it for the first time, filled it. Satisfaction on an existential level.

A need fulfilled.

The kind of profound pleasure rooted to your bones, thrumming through you like struck crystal.

Don't fight the thickness of your blood, I'm wrapped around you like dark velvet, mouth on yours pouring flaming pitch down your throat.

Baby I'm breathing molasses, let me show you how sweet slowing down can be.

Come swim and breathe easy, underwater with me.

Come swim where the water's warm and slow.

The way restlessness becomes a comfort, a constant, that contentment can never touch.

The sound of inchoate rage and the smell of burning blood.

You can put all the flowers in your mouth that you fucking want, but dying is dying and rot is rot.

Beautiful empty. <http://t.co/gQC6AJmud>

It's a harder way to heaven on the rope you swing.

[read in utterly contemptuous tone]

Imagine better things until the next storm blows through your head.

There is none. Not in gen pop. Give up. Wander off. Write stories. Never stand still.

You're so shallow easy hollow empty. So breakable. And that's fun for a little while, but where's the meat?

She wrote ab consumerism, the consumptive disease, wasting away in a desperate plague of static that wouldn't break, before she realized.

A chess of tongues.

Secondhand epiphanies and the irony of your pretension.

She was all curled up and snoring, pretty pink cunt dripping with you.

Disappointing sex and the ensuing fatal house fire.

Sotto voce now, she's undressing and still you sing to your whiskey rocks

Tell me I'm pretty and hate yourself for knowing the payoff is fucking worth it.

//roughing one another up in ways that had left others bruised and accusing, too fragile for his rage or her consuming.

Something about the way the interaction warped them, a simple shorthand between similarly jagged bodies//

Knuckles dragging across her bottom lip, knocking up sparks her eyes are swallowing, what are you starting?

Oh. Stupid charming bastard.

Swan dive into the wood chipper

She's soaking fully clothed in the tub eating cold Chinese when he comes come.

You're a terrible person. (I want to make you cum.)

hips roll, baby's on her knees and crawling home

the rasp and hiss of a match struck and the drag of a solid hit, the clink of ice and a little drop of poison, her back arches like a puppet

the heavy tread of his boots, she can feel him looking at her. he steps over her to make a drink, sits back against the far wall, watching

naked, face up on the floor, sunlight pouring in filtered slashes across her breasts and belly, kerosene and gravel rumbling across the room

YOU'RE SO FUCKING ORIGINAL

You're a tar pit with a heartbeat.

I guess that's why I find you.

There's a hollowness to all of them that I don't feel in you.

Self removed by self consumed

(don't eat the fruit.)

i am the dirt you are buried in.

(and the nights when you can slip away and press your palms to the bedrock above, i can feel you, adhaesit pavimento anima mea)

(so i open my throat and sing the ichor of this agony into the night for you, painting a sky you rarely see)

(and now she sits next to you, all hands are tied, the will of an arrogant god bound fast in his loathing of you, and this our collateral)

(you'd opened the earth to find me and Demeter's pretty daughter fell into the hole. i shouldn't hate an innocent girl, what did she know?)

(she ate fruit from the tree i planted before i left, i'd buried my soul and a bit of my bones to feed you until i could come home)

un/happy

you'll die one thousand times, i won't be satisfied.

what's another century at sea

to conquer death in life, defy the gods, but he's reading to me again, the moon whispering from miles below the world, washed away again

i know she's down there with you, poor little bitch, spoiled little prat, i know it was your brother's fault, i know i can't have you back

the haunting ghost of a basso profundo rumble pooling at the base of my skull, wrapping itself around my jaw, curling up into my mouth, home

a susurrus wending slowly, purposefully across the distance between us to crawl from the soles of my bare feet and anchor in my hips & spine

and he's reading to me again, the unearthly baritone vibrating up through the bedrock and soil, sending shivers through the tall grass

open your mouth, pretty baby, I'm gonna drown you too

I don't want to give you any more but it's weeping from my skin, thick and viscous as spiced honey and it only makes sense to cover you too

don't try to steal what you cannot control.

he is consumed entirely, she is left sated and prettily flushed from her exertions.

her beatific smile strangely soothing as the fire pulls you further into the forge at her center

immediately your error is apparent, her cunt must have swallowed the sun's heat and here you are buried to the hilt and burning

pathetic cock in one hand, ritual blade in the other, she looks at you again, finally, as you shove yourself inside of her desperately triumphant, you turn and kneel between her thighs (you should have left her to her devices)

frantic, you fail to recognize the ropes have slid from her limbs, she is prone of her own accord, jet black eyes still drinking the light

your oils begin to smoke on her alabaster skin, luminescing faintly, stark against the black earth

working at your primitive worship, she watches the sun, inky eyes wide, it's begun

(the knots won't stop what's coming)

pray to your forgotten god the knots hold

the hatred in her eyes the only pure thing that's ever touched the scum of your flesh

pour your holy oils down pale limbs, shivering belly, rosy breast

stretch her out, stake her to the ground

Truth like sand in your eyes.

Relearn hunger, practiced savages honing their bones to the lean razors of vicious honesty for its own sake.

No amount of modest cloth or humble demeanor could disguise the sin her skin was made to yield to.

Catgut stitched through lips that never learn, leave the rest to the black hole in my head. Eyes wide to watch the dark.

He is another skin I will shed. I am another scar he'll carve into the next one.

I have no fear. Not of you. Not of being revealed. Playing it safe like shooting an empty gun at a charging bear, I'll take my chances.

In being an open wound I've found the sinew to outlive you.

Living wide open, hands too busy filling themselves with how this feels to throw a stitch and save me from this (can't save me anyway)

I cannot regret what I am, I will not regret staining you with my hands and arms and hungry mouth.

Jeans around her knees, she's so pretty like this, two parts need to three parts pain, the rest is my pleasure, my pleasure, my pleasure

Hungry animals are honest. (But you won't see it that way.)

make me remember choking on the hunger, the undulating need to press into you, to dance along you, chasing that edge all fucking night

Too reticent- I got distracted while you were deciding how you felt and forgot to come back.

Another pretty coward on the cutting room floor.

Emotion like battery acid, corroding what little composure was left containing the mess.

I'll never close my fingers.

You are the mercy I prey for.

Choke on the blood of biting your tongue.

Don't bite them where they're vulnerable. Don't bite them anywhere. Don't even let them see your teeth. Don't bother opening your mouth.

Don't ask for too much.

Pull your punches or pull the trigger.

Just one. More. Just one more. Because the noise is still aggressive, see, it rattles the bars, breaks the furniture. Just one more for now.

I've got your veins threaded through my teeth.

except i need you to eat this shivering out of my chest.

Drink your calories, snort that line, take the pills handed to you, wake up somewhere you don't recognize, fuck the stranger next to you

...may lightning strike me dead.

I know the secrets you keep, the ones that have you white-knuckling your grip on reality.

Simple doesn't mean easy.

The altar, the dogma, the divine itself, the work of worship, the endless loop of reciprocal tribute

Atmosphere like warm oil on skin

Honey and whiskey and woodsmoke and gravel

I won't pursue.

Keep going.

Show me your palms.

Back away slowly.

screaming for sanctuary, listening for you between heartbeats

Keep forgiving me, I will never not be in need of it

surplus/insatiable

You're not running away, you just don't know how to yield. You refuse to have your options limited, even if you choose nothing at all.

Panic so quiet you can barely hear the glass shattering in her throat

Pretty things pinned under glass.

pretty animal pacing and prowling at the end of a thousand mile tether

Sleepy bird, drowsy bird got a bit of dropsy

Sweetie bird, pretty bird headed to autopsy

I used all the other little boys and girls I was fucking with as a blood sacrifice to bring you home to me.

Give me your penitence, show me how fucking sorry you are.

Don't lie to her, lover, use all of your teeth when you bring me my prize.

She whispered and I didn't have a choice.

Sorry I left in the middle of our conversation. Her hooks are recurved, and they're in every lilt and dip in her voice.

They will always resent your honesty in the end.

Beautiful smile biting the throat of a lifetime's rage and frustration.

Mine all mine was never mine never ever mine

The courage required to submit oneself to the fire.

Strange how it's easier to kill them when they're nameless.

Hello my pretty love, I'm the girl who'll pull your heart slow from your chest just to drink your blood.

This is not a controlled burn and we're all in for it now.

I only want it all, only all, only only only everything every thing t h i n g

The way you yield and more in how you don't, the fight in your bones I'll gnaw through you to feel

The inspiration to unspeakable violence, she walks in.

never forget your fucking place.

So fall apart like a busted mirror ball, it's not the being broken that matters, it's letting go of a shape that was choking you anyway.

And it's forever been "fuck these sheep" through my oversharp teeth but hope is that one thing we rarely leave behind

These are the altars they've left us, buildings of balsa and feathers, pretty for a minute but the wolves are bigger and badder and

Temples built for a temporary society collapse on the poor fools searching for any sign of life in the congregation.

A brief lifetime spent sucking the insensate cock of economy, swallowing conformity by the tasteless mother load

An entire universe to drink one unwinding spiral at a time

Lightning rod in a summer storm, baby you were built for this

Spitting blood and enamel onto pretty pale skin, little bird little bird let me in let me in let me in

Bite the break, profound relief in a controlled fall

One day you grab a fistful of all the things you'd been denied. One day you sin against your better judgment and the blood was all worth it.

We'll never be whole until you come home.

They tried to read the stars, the planets and plants and clouds, but they're only human and they forgot about you, wanderer

Unaware of yourself and how your father wept at your birth, your mother expired to pour the last of her light into your eyes, abandoned boy

Everywhere your nomad soul has touched, marks are carved into the earth. Touchstones for the souls like yours, drawn to your fire

The side of your apartment building painted with an Adonis, ten feet tall with a blazing star obscuring his face they never got you right

SOLIS INVICTUS tagged across the overpass, you'd slept there once and your presence never faded dies natalis solis invicti

they got it wrong they forgot about you now the cosmos is off-kilter the gods are confused

Silly messiah, you're still a kid

Stories and streams of consciousness- don't quote me son, I ain't said shit.

And I am affected.

I wouldn't stick around for me either.

Yeah. You were definitely smarter than any of the rest.

You saw me coming and closed up shop. I couldn't blame you if I wanted to.

And hurricanes fucking s t a y.

Weeks you're stranded in no man's land staring at the murk polluted with all the shit you neglected to clean

One crack and there's me in your bowels flooding up from the bottom and bringing with me all the shit you shoved down and forgot.

The sickening, crippling, devastating thing ab hurricanes are the floods.

But the worst part ab hurricanes isn't the wind and rain and debris, that's flavor. Nature's theatrics.

One crack wide enough to breathe through and you're fucked.

And the hurricane in my head is catastrophic. I wouldn't stop it if I could and it would throw boulders and buildings and cars at your walls

And how many times can you tempt fate and not have your number called?

You figure there's a fucking balance on your account by now. You owe.

I know why. I see it. I'll never get to tell you though, because you feel the chaos in me and it feels like an invitation to the universe.

You're that guy who side-stepped Death so many times you're half convinced the universe tapped you but you hate yourself too much to get why

The kind of people who survive the way cats do, extra senses of self-preservation and stamina where the rest of us trip clumsily into messes

Some people can see accidents before they happen, trajectories and velocity and probability conspiring in a fluid equation they barely think

Maybe you were just smarter than everyone else. More perceptive somehow from deep inside that high-walled mind, concrete skull.

So why the fuck are you wasting it?

You don't mean anything and you never will.

Lemmings without the nobility of selfless programming.

That is the greatest sin man has and will continue to commit. Shitting their lives away in the eternal struggle to mean something.

You were never meant to be aware of yourself, and the brilliance of sentience is wasted on bipedal vermin.

The perpetual profit generator programmed with the perfect predictability of human behavior, you're not even a cog. Mulch. Fertilizer.

A gray, amorphous mist clinging slimy to the skin of your awareness while absorbing the willing and ignorant, poisoning its environment.

You can't stop them, the inexorable machine a sluggish tide of human meat and apathy nourished and tended to by those with the means.

I'll cut my arms off and still reach out.

No. No. No no no.

Step lightly off the ledge.

A match casually thrown into the throat of an oil well.

Let's play a game where you pretend I'm not the animal you want a mouthful of and I pretend you're not my favorite kind of tree to climb.

Why did you come here.

I need you to break me open, I need your teeth to scrape me clean.

They watch my throat like it's full of wasps.

RT @bonepumpkin: I could watch you struggle for hours.

She, the demolition She, the dirge

He, the premonition He, the funereal dirt

Devastation breathes fully in you.

Who gave me all this permission?

Smoking a joint fatter than your dick like yeah I'll survive all this too I'm the tsunami and you're the stupid mountains I'm going to destroy myself against thank you.

I don't. I don't play like you.

Want you too much it's like being drunk stumbling like an asshole hands grasping clumsily I've pulled the world down around me again fuck

Swallow the risk.

More empty tubs, sluggish air choked with our smoke and the shit we're too stupid to say

Yeah she was wild but they caught her killed her skinned and stuffed her and now she's here and smiling isn't she just the best?

I WILL SCREAM INTO YOUR OPEN MOUTH I WILL SHATTER YOUR BONES AND SWALLOW YOUR SOUL in pretty pink needlepoint above my bed

I'll be the cement in your veins, walk into the water.

Stay out of my mouth if you're not strong enough to swim.

(you're a liar)

Find your own flatline- I gave up on you now this one's mine.

RT @daethproof: The first time was just a warning.

She's been pacing the alleyways again, yowling at the light in your window

The kind of arrogance I can wrap my legs around.

Knocked unconscious on this lowered sky (Why won't she stop screaming?)

Don't you just love these festival bonfires? The whole town gathered around to witness the transformative power of righteousness and flame. (She'll stop screaming soon, right?)

Solitary predators.

I just want out of my own fucking head long enough to swap out air.

He's the cigarette you fell asleep smoking.

Clinging to the inside of my mouth, the air in my nostrils; there's a memory in my palms that tells me when it's time to go home

She's padding softly through the night, a self so well possessed she is vital concentrate, the essence of living a furnace in her chest

I imagine her effortlessly on her tiptoes in the center of a cyclone, arms and fingers flung out wide, hair a wild halo crowning her freedom

I imagine that if she loosened her grip even the slightest, she would fly to pieces.

Pull the trigger, pussy.

She's going to do terrible things to that family, you know.

Nothing special, just boring, moderately attractive, morally upstanding Catholic mom and dad and teenaged son and daughter. Perfect.

4318 and there's nothing special about the family inside, happy little nuclear unit, terrorized and besieged now by thirteen undead men.

4318 Timber Lane, the unofficial center of the current universe, the nexus of ley lines she drew across the world to do her work.

Still trying to figure out who the fuck you are.

dial tone.

The closer she got, the higher she took you, god was she worth the ride, you're so fucking close she's starting to cum and you're soaked in

The way your thighs tightened every time she moaned, the way every hitch in her voice caught in your throat- she was stroking you vocally

Peaches just might be the perfect fruit.

Pretty corpse at the bottom of the lake.

Nothing feels clean. Nothing fucking matters.

An inch of ash hanging off her lip as she starts her old man's 442 and pulls into traffic.

Takes the last twenty you had and the rest of your joes while you OD and walks out through the sliding glass into bleached thin sunlight.

That same vacancy in her eyes as she steps over your foaming mouth to rinse herself off in the shower.

She buttons your shirt over her tits,

She takes a distracted drag while the television yammers on about war and plastic surgery as you tie off your arm.

She's utterly vacant.

She's got ashes all over the carpet and your cum running down her thighs and she's watching the way the sun reflects off the pool.

She's standing at the sliding glass door of the cheap hotel room you subsist in, lighting another off the former, utterly disconnected.

Her body limp underneath you while you spasm and twitch your way to another mediocre orgasm.

She lights a cigarette as you're cumming.

So I'm going to oil my skin and draw you in the smoke I breathe and remember what it was like to have, once, so absolutely lost control.

Somewhere there's a still shot of the arch you built into my spine and the agony of pleasure you put me through (but you took all that, too)

The whiskeyed thunder of her shout, the tremble of the earth answering her call, her armies spread nationwide feel the push of her will- WAR

Ereshkigal standing brazen on a rooftop in some sprawling suburban wasteland, the black nacre shimmer of her long curves branding the night.

She's writing you poetry in the sweat of lesser men.

She smells like something clean and hungry.

She smells like fresh cut grass and sun bleached bones.

She smells like secrets and soft fur.

Your tie a silk garrote as she whispers in your ear, crushed against your back, laughing softly as your cock hardens while your life drains.

She's been eating scorpions, dragging their venom down her lips.

She's been drinking belladonna and white oleander steeped in gasoline.

Tell me why I want it so much so I can dissect it and quantify it and put it in the freezer with everything else I've decided not to feel.

She's dancing in circles again, her laugh an incurable infection under his skin again, she's coming undone again, he's gonna burn again

Frustration you see only in end results, in carnage and casualties, eyes steady straight sure, hands pulling strings regardless of give

Restless as a riptide with half a mind to wash the world away or maybe the bedrock'll give up something worth keeping this time

Now we're sideways, she smiled.

Now we're threaded through these spilled intestines braided like a meant-to-be, torsos hanging from the hook

Choose to rot choose to root choose to run just choose quick before the choosing's done

Hair and skirts billowing, one shoe missing, twisting in the breeze, hanging from the strongest branch of an indifferent tree.

I almost loved you and I'm glad you're dead.

Stultifying summer heat and the slow crash of the orgasm our lazy sex sweats out.

Maybe I'll be an oak tree, or even stinging nettles, when the earth is through remaking me.

Soon he'll be growing from my mouth, the fruit of him and the spoil of me, and the dirt will slowly drink the white from my skin.

I never knew a garden needed this much blood, but I've never had much of a green thumb.

He's a blackberry vine growing round my ankles and thighs.

Maybe I'll get lucky and spit you out before I choke.

A pleasant kind of warp in the weft, taffy on the pull and now you're a mess of sunshine and caramel who couldn't care less.

Just a sweet, southern girl with honey in her veins and napalm in her guts.

Carving out my warpath in your collapsed veins.

The cold leeching into marrow, expanding and hardening into unfamiliar shapes just beneath the surface.

No diving.

Body used up and wasted with the effort to outrun your mind.

Flatlining in the road when the tornado touches back down on you.

Chewing pavement, head back, arms pumping, miles gone and still it's coming.

The urge to run, shoving asphalt behind and distance between me and the weight of this.

Home is buried in her. When she's dead it will be buried with her, and Lord I'm not ready yet.

Soaking up my own soul like cotton in a kerosene stream.

Culling the herd, I'll fall first under his threshing hand.

Destroy the muse.

Run and never stop. Die breathless on the horizon, twitching hands still composing as the sun crushes you to ash.

Standing in the dusty history of neglected opulence you find me and we gnaw holes through one another, imprinting our fuck into the walls.

Back in the brokedown palace, wandering the rooms we rarely use and the music is filtering up from the great room and it's transformative.

Soaked and breathless and walking back to common sense and dinner time, too tired to cook so it's french bread and cold cuts and beer

Stupid country kids climbing the trestle like monkeys and the irresistible urge to show them some shit their momma would beat them for

The smell of rain and the way lightning changes the world when you're twenty feet up an oak tree watching the storm roll in

Unfettered and racing barefoot in a better, simpler life where the rope drops you into the creek instead of the grave

She would burn the world for your reckless laugh.

An abandoned plantation home on a hundred acres of oak studded Louisiana wilderness and us like ghosts in the walls, bright fresh decadents

She bends like light and is gone as quickly.

But she's crying onto my feet and this is simple.

This is what I am, boiled down.

She traces the scars from where your oils burned her, feels your screams in her belly.

There has to be more than this.

Her smile the cycle of life cannibalizing death cannibalizing life and her teeth are pointed and bone white

Mark the animal, the way it's rooted through her, every step tearing the soil, fallow earth her fallout delicate wrists

Start at the bottom.

Seductively loosening the yoke of corporeality.

Fly apart, it feels natural, we're barely held together with ideas and gravity. We're mostly empty space, come home.

This is peace. Home.

It's pulling at the emptiness in you, the vacuousness between thoughts, the pause between breaths, interstitial space, empty between atoms.

The nothing in this nowhere has a weight that requires sustenance.

And you notice it suddenly, a wet-birthered awareness pulling at your eyes and nostrils.

The nothing is EVERYWHERE. And it has a weight.

A screen door slamming, the rusted hinges choking the motion.

Not even a stray dog. Just nothing. Everywhere. There's no one here.

A suburb abandoned before it was completed.

Streets to nowhere.

Windows lifeless and empty as corpse eyes.

Head full of tree stumps and abandoned houses.

The smell of scorched ozone and lifeless dirt.

That is all I have left you. Nothing.

The birth of a star swallowed by the black hole kept behind your teeth.

We are the universe remaking itself and now you are nothing.

Rubble on all sides from this concussive kind of contact.

You were nothing. You were NOTHING.

Spitting blood into your face from the holes gouged out with the perfection of your fit. Nothing.

The sneer smeared across her lips a testament to the way her guts are bleeding in on themselves, carnage she'll never acknowledge

Small grenades filled with bone splinters and broken teeth

tossed into the burgeoning distance between our twisting animal bodies

Shh, mama's working.

Forgetting the constant ache of sobriety until relief spreads from your lungs through every cell of your existence.

Press START to begin.

please. let me touch you

Your language tries so hard but it's stuck to your tongue, dislodged graceless as a long-held grudge.

Sloppy syntax. <http://t.co/ZhAO7oyYJE>

sublimates

pet me and feed me and fuck me like murder

The creation of a necessary salvation from within the collapse.

Warm and sparkling, some far-off summer day crystallizing slowly in soft amber.

Say it through the clench of your jaw, darling, spit it through the grind of your teeth.

The bitter salt of you.

Call me your whore, I know the timbre of worship.

(She's not that special, not really. She's just ungainly and destructive. Hard to hold a graceless dervish.)

clears throat Alright.

He finds it odd.

The poison of human affections and our collective readiness to die

I'm a good girl. I did a good job.

He kept the painting covered in my blood. I kept the way his hands shook when he undid my buttons.

It gets so ugly so fast.

the compulsion to repeat

Three eyed cat sitting sphinx on your bed talking politico-economics while you dress for work. You've never owned a cat but he makes sense.

Thirty priests in two columns walking backwards down the sidewalk. Their eyes are white and they're watching the sun, chanting low & fervent

There's a dead dog in the road begging you to throw the stick one more time but you have a newspaper to buy.

You threw up maggots in the alleyway next to the office and shrugged, something in your head whispered the meat must've soured you're fine

The news is reassuring, most of the pages blank with the words NOTHING IS FINE, CARRY ON in bold print and the susurrus in your head settles

Nothing is fine and something is slithering through your mouth, a slimy kind of sinuous spread thru your body you tell yourself is fatigue

You're standing in the green bathroom, barefoot in your dead wife's negligee feeling the blood from your nose and forehead drip on your feet

Your coworker Allan is shitting his intestines into the last stall, door wide, sweating an oily sheen matching the sickly tint of the tile

He'd been talking to you about the p&l reports from last quarter while you were beating your face into the mirror, the numbers were up

Something was wrong but Allan was now a silent wax dummy sitting on an overflowing throne of viscera, and nobility rarely speaks to the mob

Refocus, you're taking Allan's shoes and coat because he didn't protest and the niggling feeling of an off-kilter universe demanded it.

Stepping into the hallway, the three-eyed sphinx is sitting on a bench suggesting you lie down and let him clean your wounds. Of course.

This makes perfect sense.