

...but you suffer so well.

...what am I supposed to do when it's screaming and there's nothing

"...share elements of his sexual menace."

"But he weren't blood, he weren't kin, he was what I chose and I chose wrong."

"but I put the work in..." "Weirdly I'm not a job."

"Don't be afraid to hurt me." "As if I had a choice."

"Get sober in 7 days" aah television is a window into the garbage heart of the modern world.

"He has a ponytail and he says fuck you."

"Hey showstopper, where's that smile?"

"I am an aching wound."

"I don't like to give you what you want because I'm convinced you always get what you want."

"I had something for you before the world ate my mind. I had a pretty thing cupped in my hands to blow into your eyes."

"I hate you for what I've done in your name."

"I think given enough time they'll all disappoint you."

"I'll choke you with the same hand I fed you with."

"I'm going to love you the way you've been denied for so long."

"Is it forgiveness or do you just not give a fuck?"

""It's not always about you.""

The fuck it isn't. Watch."

"It's the rats in your head."

"Laughing at your desperation to believe in something that amounts to nothing more than an echo,

"Love, you've got another man's blood on your clothes," and though he saw she was smiling her eyes were hazy, empty, glassy, cold.

"She butchered the wolf and slaughtered the bear and now wears their furs with nary a care."

"The day opened like a switchblade."

"The symptoms of your humanity disgust me."

"This is the part where I am the king."

"This is the story of a man who died twice."

"To experience the ecstasy of my ego death."

""Wanna have sex?""

I'd rather have meat hooks on chains inserted into my abdominal cavity via my cunt & have my guts yanked out by a truck."

"Well joke's on you, I didn't learn anything!"

"what the fuck was I thinking" on loop, layered with varied pitch and speed distortions rising on a swelling wave of reverb

"You ain't shit" is bad and "you are shit" is also bad, I'm not really sure how to proceed.

"You embody the light in my bones, undeniable siren song calling me home. I'm coming home."

"You just want attention." I'm not really sure how I could've possibly been more obvious. I just don't want yours.

"You look like me, I like you." Your mistake.

"You make people happy even when you aren't." My heart.

"You would defy nature for me?"

"You're misbehaving because I'm neglecting you."

"You're not acting like yourself" I am not myself I am not myself I am the howling starvation of millenia and I'm crawling up your body

"You're so hard to impress."

"You're very dismissive of men."

(i am the wild things, come with me)

(I'm loud whispering)

(In a future now where the silence is effortless.)

(Nothing has changed. Nothing does that sometimes, you know? Reinvents herself.)

(Sometimes I'm just trying not to die. Too many times. Sometimes I have to let it take me. Sometimes I have to let it bleed, leave a scar.)

(Sometimes you can't read the handwriting you left from the other side and it all washes away again. So you try to leave a deeper cut now.)

(They get confused concerned alarmed the spiral widens we're all sliding you either fall or dive you do what needs to be done)

(you're dead either way)

*backs towards you, ass out, yelling YOU AIN'T MAN ENOUGH all belligerent-like

rolls tits up into bra well alright then but you'll miss me when you have literally no other options. Probably.

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

#meatsleeve

"2013 ship started sinking

2014 hit the bottom

2015 continued collapse

2016 salvage and repair

2017 headway"

90% garbage, 10% trash

A bellow echoing down the corridor- MY LOVE, the bass of it sending shivers through the walls- PROMISES PROMISES,
MY LOVE- the floor buckles

a boning knife and a meat hook walk into a bar

A capture of mouths, I spend my nights drinking you out of yourself

A crucible capable of purging my sins.

A dearth of talent, vision, or experience informs my inflated sense of self.

A deeper intimacy washed of mystery, here you are free to be what you are. Bring your teeth and your claws.

A forest and an ocean and several infernos and the most complete kind of quiet existence can ever know

A gap the length of a breath and I'm gone.

A Jericho, a hail Mary great white cruise missile predator with baby doll eyes smiling like homemade sin and cherry pie

A knife made of teeth I've broken scraping the scarred hide life left behind doing the work to be something good,
something better this time

A lifetime beyond being "dumb," you always set yourself up to lose everything you love.

A meadow or a graveyard there's never a difference and pretty things grow anyway just keep fucking breathing until you
don't have to anymore

A mental shuffle through lifetimes, you forgot to remember when you were again

A minor apocalypse.

A scalpel made of honey and sunlight? A vivisection you've wanted all your life.

A strange isolation.

A study of the first sciences, an embrace of unity. Come back to me when you're more than mouth and sweat and meat.

A tuning fork in front of an orchestra.

Abandon the sentiment. You're better without.

Abandoned bomb shelter in the middle of an empty field in some forgotten nowhere town. Is exactly it.

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

Absentmindedly reporting my immediate observations to an empty room.

Addicted to the one thing.

Affection bought off the discount rack, interchangeable faces, bodies a distant variation on common themes

Ah no I'm just the body they feed off of.

Ain't shit between us, friend.

All eyes and teeth

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

All my faith got washed away and I'm creating more out of nothing but the memory of what I used to know I could be.

All of the damage I avoid doing.

All teeth and not enough conscience.

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

All you do is witness the noise. That's all you are.

All you have to do is wait while I ruin everything you liked about me.

Allow me to introduce the cold in my bones.

Alright so apparently I'm just always burning now. So that's cool.

Also my favorite thing is disrupting the implied reward system.

Also, and I cannot stress this enough, die in a fire.

Always a child in the face of time.

Always busy trying to bridge the distance between expression and confession, to move away from stylization and into the slaughter.

Always waiting for people to finally admit that they hate me.

An infinite folding inward, collapsing spirals.

An overwhelming rationality punctuated by massive outbursts of irrational passion.

Anchor yourself inside me.

And also there's probably blood on your sheets.

And I'll just laugh at you indulgently.

And I'll kill again.

And sometimes it doesn't mean anything at all.

And that's not anything to do with my women struggling to cope with sideways minds, I'm talking about the hateful crazy that wants to damage

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.

And then I'm gonna leave. It'll be like I died.

And then there are the men who don't bend much at all and how I am a reckless tide shattering on that shore.

And you realize you need to just sit the fuck down and keep your self to yourself bc these years have proven you suck at interacting at all.

Ankles crossed but you're better at the knee. Historically speaking.

Another pretty coward on the cutting room floor.

Art district euphoria

As wounded dogs will.

As you watch it slowly climb the horizon your preparations suddenly seem childishly inadequate.

At knife-point.

At the risk of being demonized, ostracized, excommunicated from community, be the change you're trying to see. Right?

Attractive women cracking terrible jokes. I love you.

Baby is an endless epiphany, carrying backbreaking labors of love, magnificent beast of burden burning hours under the sun that spat him out

Baby's first vice grips

Baby's just another inland sea.

Bad days that last for years.

Bad decisions at high speeds.

Be a better human. Be better than human. Be a mutant. A god. I'll invent you again if I have to. I know I'll have to.

Be a good person, just not to other people.

Be multidimensional, like the benevolent murderer or vigilante priest.

Because I'm the burning bush and at least six ways to commit suicide

Because the appearance of remorse lessens the weight of the blow.

Because you don't care until it touches you.

Because you like the way the words sound.

Before that I killed a man.

Being in this place is like drinking poison but when did it get so bad?

Belligerence and ignorance like repellent, you wearin that shit strong

Birth squeeze. Sometimes you lose limbs. And breath. And consciousness. It's temporary. It's temporary.

Bite down on the shiver.

Black hole sun dresses

Blood cursed lovgirl.

Blood everywhere she's standing the kitchen with her guts carved out and the relief is painted across her face like sunlight

Body fodder for the world engine

Bone Machine

Break my spine.

Bring me back to open water.

Bring me the man with the greatest capacity for suffering.

broken circle of salt around the bed

Broken fingers learn to function again. You'll be fine if you keep moving.

Broken windows let plenty of light in, maybe the signs of life you're looking for aren't the right ones.

Brother we are losing the pieces we fought these wars for.

Building a cabal. Do not enquire within.

Burn it out before it eats me alive.

Burn the brands of your fingers into my hips, anchor me to make me stay

But all the little ghost wants to do is die forever this time.

But I'm a selfish boy.

But it's quiet, raining softly. Crickets and frogs and the feeling of an empty house opening up behind us. The right kind of silence.

But my stupid heart keeps turning itself inside out in this infinite petalling, an endlessly blooming nuclear turbine

But that chasm in your guts is growing its own gravity again and you exist on your toes at the edge

But you remember this space. This was where you created Unconditional and Unforgiving. This was where you perfected silence and control.

But you're more than what's happened to you. Right? You're more than what your mom taught you. What your dad said you have to be.

By force if I must.

Call me when your high horse dies under the weight of your ego.

Can you imagine how much better it would be if we could actually process our damage and let it go? Maybe not perpetuate cycles of shit?

Can't be everything when I can barely be anything to begin with.

Can't wait til the rubber band snaps and my brain collapses infinitely inward on itself.

Cannot abide a coward.

Carve my name into your chest and pack it with salt

Catgut stitches and shallow graves between the shaggy pines

Chess pieces sliding silently in the eye of it.

Christ on the cross wearing a Confederate t-shirt, a MAGA hat, and twin tec-9s screaming from a bloated alcoholic face about snowflakes.

Clawing at the edges, smiling during conversation, choking on every other bite of food, making new friends.

Clean up the mess and let it the fuck go.

Cleanse and bless the bones.

Climbed the collapsed spine, stood on the skullcap of God, consumed the mountain, ate the sky

Climbing that sunlit sky, gonna freefall and learn to fly

Close your eyes, succumb

Close your teeth around it and smile. Turn your back on it and move. Live around it.

Clumsy tongued seamstress and her catgut stitches, the song is painful though the scars will be minimal

Collapse on the floor wake up a puddle of nightmare sweat and broken cigarettes

Come back to me when you can stand what I am.

Come down from your pulpit, live the sin you condemn.

Come look. Come fucking look because you can't stop. Is it disgust? I hope it's disgust.

Commit the unforgivable, live with the stain.

Conciliation feels disingenuous.

Constantly packing up, constantly on my way

Coughing up boulders, ash and brimstone

Coughing up old bird bones

Couldn't belong to anything else, wouldn't know how

Crack open that armor over your tender little heart, monster, the universe is going to scour you clean.

Cracks in the windshield and this is how it starts.

Crawl on your fishbelly and offer yourself to the nearest attentive cock you spineless fucking parasite your meat isn't worth the effort

Crawling off the body of god

Crawling through time to twist around your ankles

Crowing at the dawn, we're so glad you're here, howling into the night, we're so glad we're here

Crown of horns and a body built for war

Crushed magnolia soul

Days when the delay is further between thought and tongue it takes hours to touch you

Death to the manic pixie dream girl, death to the sexy tragic muse.

Delusion or ambition, you decide!

Devotion measured in pints of blood

dies natalis solis invicti

Dig my bones out of the dirt a few nights a year

Dig your fingers through the bones and pull me out and let me go.

Digging your fingers into the fruit you're starved for running down your wrists every hour a new endlessness to pour down your throat

dirty filthy feel good

Dirty panties on the floor board.

Disgusting and also otherworldly.

Dishwater women and desperate men.

Distracted by my appetite.

Do not feed the floating head. It's getting jowly.

Do you remember me? I was the first word of power you learned to speak.

Do you remember the last time you had the whole truth in your mouth? It was heavy on your tongue I bet.

Doesn't know how to keep me, can't let me go

Don't ask me not to break your heart.

Don't be fragile. That's your ego.

Don't be so negative, you have no idea what I'm capable of.

Don't dirty your shirtsleeves.

Don't go too far, boy. You alienate everyone. You're an alien.

Don't hurt yourself trying to swing out of your league, kiddo.

Don't reach for me.

Don't take it personally if I ghost.

Don't Tell Mom the Babysitter, the Neighbors, Her New Husband, and Grandma Are Dead

don't try to take what you cannot control

Done stretching out for you, staked to the ground and aching.

Drag you to the floor by that fucking mouth.

Drag your teeth across my fevered skin and tell me you can't taste yourself.

Draped in all these red flags like a casket

Drive me to addiction at least, I need to get something out of this.

Driving like a demon into this storm. Yeah daddy, baby's coming home.

Dry heaving on what refuses to be said, there's nothing left. The immensity of it, a monolith in the desert. You are here

✘

Dude just walked up to the neighbor's house and said "knock knock" to the door.

Dying on the floor again, you left me to this again, kill me for what I become when I crawl out of hell all by myself

Eating people will not turn you into a people.

Eh I was bound to happen to you eventually.

Emptiness lapping at you, burying your toes in the innocuous erasures and thoughtlessness that unstitches your attachments

Endlessly unimpressed

Entropy.

Even my dirty laundry smells good.

Even the press of the atmosphere enrages me.

Ever wonder how long they've been watching you? You kind of come to and forget what reality you're in for a sec. How long?

Every bone you've ever broken wound up in my collection.

Every conversation you're supposed to have in the dark of the car on the lake or driving nowhere, this was always too naked. Too bright.

Every life I live at night slaughtered at sunrise, sacrifices to progress

Every little thing is temporary.

Every month is a new season I'm washing out of what's left of my hair and you are not an anchor capable of keeping me here.

Every now and then I feel everything sinking into my chest and I wonder what for.

Every time you look up more of the sky sticks to your lashes, leaving delicate tears in the brilliant blue fabric that weep dark matter.

Everyone looks the same inside. Same pink and yellow and white and red and brown and odorous and slick and sticky.

Everything always ends badly. There's always so much blood.

Everything always, nothing forever

Everything bends to his gravity.

Everything is a fluid spectrum, everything is a wavelength, everything is everything.

Everything is permitted.

Everything is the same everyone's the same mutual bullshit exchange fucking let me off this ride

Everything is whirling like a dervish and you want to throw up but you don't have a throat or mouth or guts or any memory of what this is

Everything terminates into nothing and it all looks the same at this distance.

Everything works without you in it. Every equation balances out. You can't stop trying to conquer, alter, control, and you fuck it all up.

Everything you can do I can do quietly and with greater impact.

Everything you tried to protect/preserve, the peace you nearly killed yourself creating, thrown away bc they can't be better than themselves

Everything you've ever touched.

Everything, anything in the name of progress.

Evisceration on intestinal loop, vivisection by section

Evolve beyond the impulse.

Except these experiences leave chemical markers. The shit we live through gets passed down in our DNA. We are what we live through.

Expected benevolence bent over the points of my canines.

Expressive mutations becoming more strident, exponentially more potent with every iteration.

Face it bro, my divinity is unassailable.

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

Feeling your way along in the dark with everyone else. Stumbling hands-first into one another and calling the collision a relationship.

Feels like there's a stupid little bird in my chest and I'm going to break its neck.

Feels like you're struggling to life under all that empty.

Fell in love with a sculpture of Lucifer falling and never recovered

Fight you for it.

Fingers and teeth in the tender parts of you, the vicious fruit of these violent delights

Fingers dipped into the mossy corpse of the world we'd stumbled into and slaughtered. A memory of sanctuary.

Fistfuls of smoke, angel.

Flexible as fuck, don't bend for much.

Flirting with the nurses while they're digging your shrapnel from my lungs.

Flirting with women because they're fucking wonderful and I love them.

Follow the fires, find me again

Fool enough to fight a god, bloodied mouth spitting and swearing all the way to the ground

forehead to the pavement

Forest refused to burn.

Forever finding your barbs in my bare skin.

Forever letting go and never leaving

Forgive me for what I am because of what I can do, I never meant to

Fragile men and feral women.

Friendly local tapeworm.

Fucking handle me. Ok?

Fucking tissue paper humans playing pretend

Gagging on your infatuation.

Gaining speed, deliberate and steady, you need that energy to sustain you, you need that strength to catch me

Generally unapproachable, limited appeal.

Get in touch with that ebb and flow. It's never personal.

Get off your fucking knees.

Get out of your head before you ruin everything worth having.

Get real close I'm tryna wear your sweat

Get the fuck up off the floor you wasteoid piece of shit and do something.

Ghost pussy.

Girl you're so average I might invent something to love about you.

Give me the blood on your hands and your unclean mouth.

Give me what I want.

Give me your hand. Trust me.

Go be you without me.

Go play where you're wanted.

God damn a weak man.

God is a sadist and so am I.

God is in the rain. I'll be drowning you in my bathwater.

God isn't what you think it is and you've been living sick for so long. This ain't living.

God mode.

Going to burst from my skin like a molting insect going to paint the walls with the gore of getting the fuck out of my head

Gonna feed you your pretty teeth.

Gonna fuck you and your will to live right the heck up, yo.

Gonna throw this out there, if you like it you can keep it if you don't you can just scroll on past, but... not everything is about you.

Good girl, better woman, bad love

Good ideas for people who make bad decisions.

Gosh I hope you like to bleed.

Got too many teeth for that mouth

Gotta have substance to choose style over or it doesn't count, guy.

Grab the vice grips, sweetness. We're going to play a game.

Grinning like a motherfucker now.

Half my head is organized because I mean I really do try but let's be real the rest of me is one of those caves with its own ecosystem

Happy baby teething on local bones, tossing broken bodies out the windows

Hate it until you need it but my heart doesn't bleed like that.

Have you ever tried to unmake soup?

Have you felt the way continents groan? The Marianas was a scream only the ocean could swallow. Imagine that.

Have you somehow convinced yourself of yourself?

Having emotions is normal, wanting attention is normal, valuing positive feedback from peers is normal. You're stupid for arguing otherwise.

He asks me how I sleep and all I can't say is "better without you."

He can feel the lie in my body the way I can smell the hate on his breath.

He doesn't understand because he's been demolition all his life, no one's ever saved him before.

He is the blood and fat dripping off my gums.

He really needs to hurt me but you'll do just fine.

He said, "Boy, I'll drink from your holy fount and happily drown, a good death is hard to find these days outside an old ghost town."

He sings the sweetest songs while he's swinging that sledgehammer.

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

He told me he was a monster but I couldn't hear him over the grinding of my bones as I changed shapes for the hundredth time that day

He understands addiction, all the quiet ways to ruin a life

He'd been pulling heaven down, I climbed his brazen spine and built another universe to give him, someplace quiet to hide in.

He'll cause or clean up any mess I decide on.

He's a grown man now and still the same broken, hungry child.

He's been shouting at the walls again, angel.

He's not clumsy, it isn't an accident.

He's singing in church on Sundays waiting to feel saved.

He's some silent thunder seismic shift kind of shit shaking the foundations apart.

He's this massive cathedral of a mountain half buried in a sweaty jungle god forgot, they wander to him to spill their blood on his bones

He's wiping a few millenia off his skin and she's still swallowing light

heaven heaven haven the safest place I've never been

Heaven in the hands of the wrong man.

Hell is me.

Hello I am a subtle hell.

Hello I am annoying as hell.

Hello I am hell.

Hello with my hands slowly closing around your throat

Hephaestus rose from the dead and now he's a different man.

Hey little girl I see you cowering inside that crone your time is coming I'm coming for you pin your shoulders and drown you in this poison

Hey you remember that time I tried to just be a good friend to you and you shit all over that friendship for some pussy you never got?

Hey you remember that time I was exactly what I said I was and you fucked yourself up on it and I couldn't just watch you destroy yourself?

Hey you remember that time you punched a hole in the sky?

Hi I'd like to take a moment to devastate you with my abundance.

His Dionysian appetites make a maenad of me.

Hold up, I'm sucking the venom out.

Honesty is irrelevant.

Honeytongue baby bear killer bee stung heart on a dripping hook of bent sunlight and Spanish moss

How close can I get to your car without looking up

How committed to your bullshit are you because I really want to fuck that up for you

How could you believe it was ever okay to be like this?

How is your faith lately?

How many bullets can you eat in a day?

How many casualties are you allowed before it counts against you

How many holes you gonna dig to bury me in?

How many li(v)es are you living concurrently?

How many lies have you told today?

How many lifetimes can I live at night

How many times can I die and survive? Is there a limit?

How much blood do you think you deserve?

How much is it going to hurt when you're alive again or are you just going to keep playing dead?

How much of your ancestors do you really want to wear? Can you not learn the lesson without becoming the damage?

How powerful relief is and how there are no limits to what humans will do to experience it without understanding the avoidance of suffering

Hurl yourself shrieking at the wall until one of you breaks

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

I adore the way androgyny frightens you.

I always feel a deep revulsion knowing we've touched the same things.

I am a greedy god.

I am a hell of excess.

I am a scar carved into the next body he buries.

I am a simple conduit, hollow eyed and honey tongued, my scorched-earth soles burning the brand of my passing into bedrock.

I am almost comically destructive.

I am an emotional gravity well, effortlessly warping reality around me. You should come over and let me touch you.

I am as exhausted as I am exhausting.

I am capable of remorse in the sense that I use it to slice my Achilles and keep me even with you.

I am everything, at all times.

I am infinite, there's a weight to that.

I am murder not a murderer.

I am my dirt and filth and earthy impish ways. You've got your ivory and ethereal, bloodless heavens too quiet to tolerate my shotgun heart.

I am my god.

I am not a woman of faith.

I am not the thing you think you need.

I am something to be survived.

I am the brick they broke your jaw with.

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

I am too aware of time today, every moment like cold molasses crawling through.

I asked them to keep an eye on me.

I bathe in milk and honey and snake venom and the blood of men.

I bathe in motor oil and kerosene.

I bite my tongue to spare your blood, babylove.

I bought the Molotow paint pens, a body brush, a t-shirt with the word crybaby on it, and safe passage through the Dead City.

I bruised that girl's thighs. That was a bad night.

I buried your bones under the oak. The dogs have been restless since.

I burned the world to bring you home and then I burned that too

I can only love you if you lie to me.

I can't decide if I want to commit to humanity or not.

I can't get off unless I'm laying my parasitic eggs in your guts.

I can't hear the sky and you're asking irrelevant questions.

I carry his death in the back of my throat.

"I could kill you with this.

I could kill you for this."

I could throw my consciousness a few bodies forward but I'm enjoying this satiny sinking feeling right here

I could've been a better man.

I decided to stop dying.

I didn't expect your body. I should have.

I didn't know how to give you permission.

I didn't start this on an even keel, riding that polar chemical tide.

I died.

I don't beg.

I don't deserve to have it but I'll fucking take it anyway.

I don't do requests.

I don't even have wit right now just all this rolling thunderhead tsunami you should probably stop me I just want to laugh and not feel craz

I don't ever have to speak.

I don't feel "soft" towards many people but I have a hard time not wanting to be shelter for the ones I know are suffering and still gentle.

I don't feel anything when I think of your face.

I don't feel it. It's just a compulsion.

I don't forgive. I move on.

I don't know how to stay satisfied, I don't know how to stay anywhere

I don't know what it is but I'm watching it thrash and bleed and I don't know how to save it.

I don't like things I can control.

I don't mean to impose, but I •am• the ocean.

I don't need a key to let myself in. Been in your bed for hours.

I don't need a reason.

I don't owe you coherence right now.

I don't owe you my life.

I don't really have any excuse for any of it. I just do shit.

I don't really have anything else at the moment. Alternating bouts of anger and a peculiar languishment.

I don't think it ever occurred to me to want to be a weapon. You just do what you are until you're something better.

I don't think you've had a soul the entire time you've been alive.

I don't touch you because everything is breakable and maybe it's me.

I don't want a love I want an unstoppable army of highly trained assassins

I don't want human.

I don't want the medicine. I want a better way.

I don't want to be easier to handle. I want to be alone.

I don't want to fucking talk about love you idiot.

I don't want to go to heaven.

I don't want to know better.

I don't want to wear your perception anymore.

I drank another ocean.

I drive to save my life.

I fall in love with my hands a lot.

I feel my face burning with some phantom shame. At least touch me before you bring me low.

I feel you everywhere.

I forgot how to person in person.

I forgot what it feels like to regret my sins.

I found the path buried in all that sound.

I fucked up.

I gave it willingly.

I gave up my people for fucking nothing and I get what I deserve. So there's that.

I get hot for the melee.

I get off on the abuse of power.

I get that you want to die but like... all ypu gotta do is be patient.

I get the attention I want and if I don't I act out like a toddler.

I go to war for you.

I grew up in the land of plenty, we fought for our keep for fun and I learned there are some things, no matter how abundant, I cannot share.

I hate every inch "civilization" pushes into the wilderness.

I hate myself but in a loving, violent older brother kind of way.

I have a lot of lovely, fragile things I should never have been given.

I have a weird bod. I don't mind it so much.

I have one sock on up to my thigh drinking pink lemonade thinking ab how my brain could be cotton candy and you'd never know the difference

I have stupid hair because I'm from the future. It's a cultural thing. Also you're all gonna die.

I haven't been very nice to strangers today.

I hope you're wearing your amulet.

I isolate myself because the trouble isn't worth it.

I judge you on your jaw strength.

I just assume that this reality is a data log of errors in the code that figured out how to execute itself.

I just exist and I'm doing that so badly that I've inadvertently started 3 world wars and five blood feuds. Just being gross and honest. Lol

I just keep saying thank you and I'm sorry and I'm trying, I keep walking, limping when I'm hobbled, sprinting when I'm light

I just know the crash comes after.

I just need the fucking call of the wild to calm down for a spell, I can barely hear what's in front of me and my throat is raw from howling

I just really like the floor.

I just really wanted your approval. I just really really really wanted your approval.

I just smile and it gets worse.

I just want to be good for myself. Everything follows from there.

I just want to fuckboy my way to your heart.

I just want to live out our gently deranged romance in the Uncanny Valley, angel.

I keep burning holes in the furniture. You should've just come home.

I keep burying my face in the light between her thighs.

I keep filing the points off my teeth trying to make sense with you but you still bleed so I'm going to leave and you do what you have to

I keep finding teeth on my pillows.

I keep losing time. It's like silk sliding off my skin.

I kept thinking of your hands around my throat, I can't tell if you're shouting or growling but I know it's life or death and I'm dying

I kill with my heart.

I know how much you need to hurt me.

I know what you want, son.

I know you're sorry. You're so sorry and so am I.

I learned how to survive on empty before your teeth grew in.

I like being alone.

I like consciously submissive women and men who don't know they are.

I like my gods relentless, unrepentant.

I like sitting in my car. Not going in to the places I drove to.

I like the rasp and drag of our skin in this slick silted midnight, air a heavy haze drifting between heated bodies

I like the way you try to run from me.

I like when the monsters eat my brain and make me do these awful things.

I like when you're a monster.

I like you on your knees because you hate it.

I like your hands.

I like your violence, you should put it inside me.

I listened to a snake preach about faith today.

I live homesick.

I lived here for years as a stranger.

I look at my face and only recognize pieces, I can't see myself as a whole.

I love depictions of Lucifer that aren't just straight satanic crap.

I love how dead-eyed you look when you're gagging on him.

I love you like alligators love unsuspecting prey at the water's edge.

I love you with an insatiable curiosity.

I made sure they were downwind when I slit his throat. Time to go home.

I mean everything, everything is transitory but it'd be real nice to be able to just enjoy the positivity without that thread of panic.

I mean it's cool that my body/whatever makes you feel so much, I just hope you don't need that reciprocated.

I mean obviously the problem is me. That's the point.

I mean there's like a light edge of hysteria or something less pleasant thrumming like electricity under all of this but no harm no foul.

I might be a horrifically fucked up human but I don't play stupid games and I do my fucking best to be good to my people. To ppl in general.

I need to ditch this timeline for the one where I already own the book shop and everything is that fresh spring or fall sunrise kind of good

I need to hear it in your voice, oracle.

I NEED TO HURT YOU SO YOU NEED TO GO NOW

I never know why I'm shaking anymore.

I never told you about the one who ruined me and why nothing is ever enough.

I only fuck around heavy gonna eat a piece of your soul better come ready

I only go home alone.

I own a violent heart.

I probably need the punishment idk

I pulled my bones out through my skin and set them down and said I'm sorry and walked away and why did I do that

I pulled teeth for you.

I REMEMBER YOU, IUDAS, WE WERE LOVERS DEAD LONG AGO

I repeat myself constantly.

I say it so softly.

I see this as a failing on my part, that I haven't learned the trick to magnanimous, universal, fraternal love free from human selfishness.

I shiver like a bird.

I should try to see sex as currency instead of a language of worship.

I should've been a better bad guy but you needed a soft place to hide and folding you in felt better than gutting you for fun.

I show up just to fuck you while you're at your family's little get together and it's not something you're going to say no to

I sit in my car a lot. I'm never ready to arrive if it means the end of the ride.

I smell you like ozone after lightning. You're a presence more than a thought, memory I've lived lifetimes over burned into my blood.

I smile when I commit these tiny atrocities.

I speak too much, don't say enough.

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

I swallow universes whole, still can't touch the way you light me up

I tear my eyes from heaven just to watch you.

I think I'm going to be unreasonable for the rest of my life.

I think I'm supposed to feel bad but I can't feel anything at all.

I think we'd have been incredible in love.

I told you that you'd hate me.

I tore it down, the world I'd built with my body.

I touch things that aren't meant for me and then I die.

I turned down the wrong street and now I don't know where I live.

I used to be so careful not to burn bridges.

I used to chase the grave robbers off. Now I just kind of lay there and watch.

I want them all dead.

I want to choke on several of your body parts.

I want to see you unleashed, the power of your laugh roaring from a war-ready throat.

I want to talk to other people, I just have nothing to say to any of them.

I want to tear the throat out of your caution.

I want to watch you sell your soul just to feel good for a while.

I was 25 when I died but it took another few years to really sink in.

I was born under thirty feet of brackish water.

I was crawling out of the grave when you met me, the taste of death and dirt permeates this memory.

I was given a star tonight.

I was sitting at a little café in Paris painting my nails a midnight color and these two guys I always run into in dreams sat next to me.

I was taught to speak by an iridescent squid in the Dream Sea. So.

I wasn't your intention, I'm just always what happens.

I watch until my eyes bleed.

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

I wear your dirty clothes when you're not home.

I will absolutely ruin both our lives, please don't try to police me.

I will be one of your deaths. Wear me well.

I will bully you into loving me. And also ghost without regret.

I will find pretty things for you.

I wish my bhole didn't look like a half aborted octopus crawling out of my sphincter.

I won't ask, I'll just quietly level the field.

I won't date you until I've seen how you drive.

I would like to open your mind with this bonesaw here if you don't mind

I would shit my pants but I'm in a dress.

I wouldn't want to grow this love garden of herpes and assorted lesions with anyone else, angelface. You're my soulmate.

I'd appreciate being pleasantly surprised by your output, however we both know the odds of that are slim so I'll smile encouragingly and go.

I'd just rly like to shove my shotgun up your puckered repulsive asshole several times before pulling the trigger while it's buried in you

I'd say I'm sorry but like... I'm not.

I'll burn your mercy to the ground.

I'll cut off my hands before reaching for you again.

I'll cut your fucking hands off.

I'll die another time. One more time.

I'll dig you out of your head, please don't give up before I find you.

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

I'll find you everywhere you are and I'll ruin that for you too.

I'll just flail around sloppily and make an ass of myself before going to bed hollow and dissatisfied.

I'll just stand here drinking coffee taking pictures of my bod until it's time to leave. Thinking about the things I allow in my life.

I'll keep shedding skins until I recognize myself again.

I'll let you build your world around me knowing what I am.

I'll let you die.

I'll make fucking sure of it.

I'll never win a rap battle or drink you under a table but I'll fuck you up in the head and in the parking lot after your shift

I'll pull you apart with my teeth. You knew that, it's why you came. That's what you found me for.

I'll show you the ropes, little brother.

I'll stand on your throat and tell you to sing.

I'll stop looking for you in mortal skin, I'll grow holy in my devotion.

I'll use you to make myself feel better but I promise you won't mind

I'm a feast or did you forget

I'm a generous man.

I'm a murderer.

I'm a place in passing, a collapsing temple in the woods. You're something wild, riddled w bullets. Transitory moments on our way forward.

I'm a terror to love and I only feel bad when I think I'm supposed to

I'm all " look at me lol" while quietly dissociating from all the things

I'm all about you fucking off forever.

I'm always stacking books.

I'm an alien and you're a dead man.

I'm carving my chest open under this cloudless sky, I'm smiling up at heaven with all your grace burning through my eyes, palms open chin up

"I'm destroying every relationship in my life that has any meaning.

~_(\ツ)∟~"

I'm done being the knife in your guts.

I'm drowning in the lake tonight, it's 2am sometime in the summer of 2005

I'm dying he killed me I'm dead

I'm every woman, two apex predators, a baby deer, three frogs, a goldfish, broken lawnmower, rusted coffee tin of nuts and washers, an oak t

I'm garbage and I love garbage like me.

I'm garbage and I love radioactive mutant garbage.

I'm garbage and I want to make garbage with other garbage.

I'm glad you're caught up on the aesthetics of the disaster, meanwhile the residents are trying not to die.

I'm going to build myself a laboratory.

I'm going to carve this into bone. You'll feel it when I'm done.

I'm going to cry into my panties now.

I'm going to fuck your ass in the ass.

I'm going to go pull meat off bones, clean the edges of a bullet hole

I'm going to throw up on you and there's very little you can do about it.

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

I'm just a fever you're sweating out.

I'm just a floating head. It's not a big deal.

I'm just a scabby knee and messy hair. I'm just a lot of let go and spilling your guts in the sunlit sunset kitchen.

I'm just always really glad when the lights aren't for me.

I'm just an empty house, baby.

I'm just going to slowly scrape the skin off of my thighs with my jagged fingernails while you talk.

I'm just some random dick, nothing special.

I'm just super impressed by people who can shut me up.

I'm just trying not to let the noise drown me.

I'm not a bad person I just play one in relationships.

I'm not a savior.

I'm not easy but I take care of mine.

I'm not even a sad thing. I'm not anything. It's quiet.

I'm not going to agonize over what I am. It's been understood.

I'm not like other girls, I take bites of my chapstick.

I'm not like other girls, I use my vagina to incubate tadpoles.

I'm not like other girls, I'm a jar of pickles.

I'm not like other girls, I'm a mountain of old tires burning slowly on the horizon.

I'm not that good. Just better.

I'm not volunteering to be the villain in your private hell.

I'm opting for "enticingly repulsive" as opposed to "beautifully disastrous."

I'm pretty easygoing for a neurotic.

I'm pretty sure something blew up. Like, exploded. What did you touch?

I'm pretty when you cry.

I'm probably going to kill you in your sleep.

I'm probably really sad and also angry somewhere in here but I can't find anything right now. Signal dropped.

I'm really fucking good but I'm not half as good as I think.

I'm so good to you because you're the best exorcist.

I'm sorry your soul is so cheap and thin, bro.

I'm sorry, I can't stop roaring at the walls. It's been a long night.

I'm still smeared across your mouth.

I'm super charming if you have no idea what that word means.

I'm terrified bc I feel good and stable and optimistic and I'm afraid it's going to fall apart so I'm barreling forward to make progress.

I'm the best thing to ever kill you.

I'm the grave they rob. Still. Hi. I'm full of borrowed bodies anyway.

I'm tired of fighting myself on behalf of love and tolerance. I'm tired of pushing to stay open and soft.

I'm tired of people. I'm also tired of being a person.

I'm tired of sobriety.

I'm tired of the mess.

I'm tired of trying to find more inside of something worth digging my hands into the guts of and holding on for dear fucking life I'm so tir

I'm trying to get moss to grow in more places.

I'm wasting a lot of things simultaneously.

I'm watching my fourth death unlace his boots. I'll be a ghost by dawn.

I'm whispering to you the quiet meter of my furious heart, I know you can hear me under the din. I hope you can hear me.

I'm why we can't have nice things but we have fun.

I'm your pretty little boyfriend, lemme whisper in your ear

I've already said it all, okay? That's it. There's nothing else.

I've been planting little gardens in the holes in your gums. You've been asleep for a long time. Also I took all of your teeth.

I've been writing the same letters for twenty years.

I've bitten my tongue in half four times since Sunday, I'll feed you the rest when I find you.

I've imagined gods into men for too long.

I've killed you at least a dozen times.

I've missed you all my life.

I've never been something you could touch.

I've never considered asking anyone to stay.

I've only got one face. I've only got seven heads.

I've spent the last six years washing my hands.

Idiot things you notice in passing. The empty room continues not to give a fuck.

Idk if you're not some kind of half god mountain belching fire and brimstone beast of the forest reading Pessoa I can't get it up

Idk, I just lay in the grass and look up.

Idly pulling the wings off of minor demons while the hounds of hell chew on my shoelaces.

If I am not the exception then I am nothing.

If I die in my sleep you have to burn everything I own. All of it. Wear gloves.

If I have a negative opinion of you, you earned it.

If I show up at all.

If I stand still I burn through the floors. At least if I'm moving the worst will just be a little scorch.

If I think about it I probably don't like you so I don't think about it because I don't have that kind of energy.

If that's what you are I don't fucking want it.

If you ask nicely I'll show you how I do it.

If you can't afford to pay attention you can't afford to play. Sit out.

If you don't slap it she'll never learn.

If you touch me again I'll cut off both your hands.

If you went back a few chapters the words would be different, you'd notice the nuance in moments neglected on first inspection.

"if you're falling, dive

if you're falling,"

In lieu of further degeneracy, I will immediately put my head through the nearest wall.

In love with a mountain. I think it's a mountain. Whatever it's sitting on my chest and it feels like a mountain and it's love.

In me is the devil you dreamt of, the hell that you welcomed- did you ever think salvation would look like this?

In paint and ink and pixel, breathing in graphite and bone. Everywhere, in everything.

"In party chat- 'Who's the sinister laugh belong to?'

""Makenzi.""

'Oh •Makenzi•??!'

Yeah hey. I have a villain laugh. It's my cross to bear."

Indoctrinated into the myth of romantic alchemy, where the fiery heart of a Good Woman can turn your lead heart gold.

Inertia in the way of all massive objects and my momentum could've saved us could've saved us? can't save the dead should've run and run and

Inherently selfish.

Innocent cruelty.

Innocent of guile.

Is it really love if your fantasies of killing me in the throes aren't the holiest & most horrifying secret you keep? Now whisper it to me.

"It doesn't count if you're aware of it.

Like surgery doesn't hurt when they forget the anesthesia."

It doesn't mean anything but it feels good.

It isn't as though the trees feel empathy for you. The comfort you feel in nature is being placed back into a flawless living system.

It isn't even hate for men, it's just violent disgust on a molecular level.

It isn't the sex, it's the violence.

It isn't you, it's the knives in my brain. Or the rats. Also possibly the fact that I'm actually a terrible person. Take your pick.

It passes. Be patient.

It swallows me sometimes but I'm still alive inside it trying to navigate and save you from it I don't know how to save you from it

It takes so much energy to be rational. Jesus Christ.

It'll all be worth it in the end though, right, even if you yourself somehow manage not to be.

It's a beautiful day to be a disgusting person.

It's a beautiful day. I stopped breathing several hours ago.

It's a different kind of empty now. So you sit on that cliff in the dark and watch the world. And it's so quiet.

It's a pretty morning to begin the rebellion.

It's a shame what they did to your father.

It's all a soft limit if you're willing to fight me for it.

It's always different when you know you're being watched.

It's always like this, life or death.

It's an illusion, babydoll. The gap is a chasm you'll never climb out of. Please don't bother.

It's better when I don't.

It's calling you back from hundreds of years

It's dragging its teeth down my insides and I need you to make me forget for a few minutes

It's either the vice or the sieve. Sorry.

it's funny how people can't see you in front of them if you're just standing still.

It's going to break a few ribs.

It's just going to take a very long, slow time.

It's just noise. It can't hurt you.

It's like I'm drunk except I'm just awful.

It's never that serious.

It's not an invitation, it's a trap.

It's not my job to stay.

It's screaming blood and I gotta go

It's that wet mouthed animal with my empty eyes, she called me on the hollow never saw the vacuum pulling reality off its moorings

It's this crushing gentility, lace made of summer sunlight carrying all the weight of an unspeakable love.

J'ai menti.

Jaw splitting impossibly wide to devour the sun and all its light

Je me gaspillés.

Je ne pleurerai pas.

Je te vois, fantôme

Just another body.

Just another self-indulgent piece of shit.

Just be quiet, little moon.

Let's play.

Letting go of wanting to hold on.

Life after the fire.

Life is not a Godard film and I'm a piece of shit.

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

Like a sticky-fingered child sad eyed and saccharine

Like arsonists love the flame.

Like I'm not flood enough.

Like murder in warm velvet

Like the way you crawl the walls.

Like, IMAGINE if you could move forward from a shitty experience and not internalize it and project the resulting neuroses onto others?

Like. I'm on the medicine, I'm doing the right things, do I get to be ok now? Is that what this is? Just shut up and get moving. Do the work

Literally nothing I'm doing here is an invitation to talk to me. Unless I talk to you. Or get impulsive. I don't fucking know.

Little origami heart

Living in the third person.

Living in the three second lag that keeps me out of sync with the world.

Long live the king.

Look, hey, I'll feed you my eyes alright? We'll be fine.

Look, I can smile but I can't move my fingers.

Lord of the Dick Print

Lotta shit you can't touch in places like this, whether you can reach them or not.

Love I'm in no hurry.

Love like a house of locked rooms.

Love like warm fur and the smell of the earth

Love requires a surrender I appear incapable of.

Love so much so much but still so busted break your teeth on the pride of a lion roaring dissatisfaction but please don't let me crush you

Low and clear and real, I'm for you, you're the fixed point at the other end of this tether and I know you hear me through this

Loyalty isn't blind, unconditional is unaccountable.

Make me move.

Make sure your crazy never outweighs your appeal.

Make the kind of progress you could write home proud about, immediately go on a bender and fuck three strangers why not

Man can we please stop pretending like your physical health, emotional health, and mental health are mutually fucking exclusive?

Man if all I do is fuck you up stop touching me.

Man you lost me inside your private little hell. I'm more than the agony you associate with me. Miss me with that shit.

May you live forever.

Maybe bring a gun.

Maybe I need your dirty worship, your holy terror.

"Me: a warm, breezy day spent drowning in a lake

You: an unremarkable office cubicle drowning in sickly fluorescent light"

Measure the man by the tensile strength of his spine.

Meat and also ether, blood and the beyond. Soul matter.

Men are really fond of telling me they're not upset when I'm pissed at them. No, •you• fucked up and I'M upset you stupid fucking potato.

Military uprisings get you kicked out of heaven.

Mind games and manipulation, because you're too boring to tolerate without the theatrics.

Mine is mine stays mine

Misplaced faith left me with a limp you can only see when I stop running so I never stop running.

Mmm infantilize me daddy

Moments when you're going through the motions of what you're expected to feel.

Moons are just mirrors and the secret way you are Olimpia in an uncanny valley.

Morning slides her fingers between your thighs

Morning slides into bed with a knife.

Most closely resemble an impact crater from the last mass extinction: the skies clearing, green beginning to spread across scarred earth

Mostly I hold it together. I haven't lost time in weeks.

Mostly I want to tear your face off with my teeth.

Mothers teaching their daughters that men aint shit because the men she's been with were taught that women are shit, lather, rinse, repeat

Mouth stretched too wide to fucking survive what I'm reduced to powder my fucking bones fuck reduction marry obliteration killkillkill

Moving on, we learn to smile as the world burns.

Murderer.

Mutants only.

My baby has a talented tongue, cut it out and nailed it to my wall and now it's all mine.

My body has to tell me when my mind is fucked.

My brand name will be MeatSleeve and it will have nothing to do with either meat or sleeves.

My car smells like cheap cigars and day old pussy.

My control will always be better than yours.

My eyes never felt so gentle as in the midst of this quiet violence.

My face is wet and I can't feel anything.

My god complex accepts cash and credit.

My gravity is newly struck and sinking in.

my heart feels unstoppable, like a small sun, so vital, and also like it's crawled under the porch to breathe its ragged last

My heart is homemade cherry pie.

My heart stays breaking. I can't live without it.

My hips or spine, take your pick.

My jaw aches, you've been heavy on my mind

My mood improves as the pedal falls

My mouth is the safest place you'll ever live. Promise.

My next lover needs to be a pan-dimensional superbeing looking to slum with a basic white bitch.

My real name would break your jaw.

My relationship with myself, though tumultuous, is good. There's a democratically elected student council + fight club to settle disputes.

My right boob looks like it's slowly losing its will to live.

My skull might split open and start hemorrhaging solar flares but don't you dare fucking stop

My skull opens like an observatory and the mess bleeds out as I take the emptiness in, an exhalation that felt like relief once.

My soul is hungry.

My teeth are fucking vibrating.

My teeth hurt and I hate you.

my teeth in your spine

My undivided attention is costly.

My voice is choked with body heat, I have been barely recognizable to myself.

Navigating through this treacherous body of emotion

Ne touche pas.

Need so much more, gnarled and warped from the never enough never enough

Needed a home I didn't want to run from. Decided to build it.

Never learned to reach for what I need.

Never needed a crutch, just a little cover fire.

Never not restless.

no collar no keeper no master no god

No, you •haven't• suffered enough.

No. I'll figure it out.

Not a dry tooth in the house tonight boys

Not a keeper.

Not broken.

Not even my type but I was ravenous and they'd lost the grip on me and I got one on her.

Not my kind. Not my tribe.

Not only am I incredibly charming, I am also hilarious.

Not trying to be your crown of thorns.

Notably there is no distinct personality, only the chaotic emanations of several dissonant realities.

Nothing is enough and always has been.

Nothing like getting naked in the gated lot at work to start the evening right.

Nothing survives me.

Now she's wrapped around that bladed tongue of yours and it's all heat and flow

Of all the things I could've kept I chose an incurable disease and a three legged dog.

Of course it's going to matter more when it's all you have.

Of course you're being lied to you idiot

Oh honey never love a lonely boy

Oh I have known your eyes for so many lifetimes

Oh my God so many of you are just ambulatory dog shit with vocal cords.

Oh she's an inferno of sweet white light and an innocent kind of rage that's leveled more than one civilisation

Oil and water and honey and oak and sunlight and skin

ON A SCALE OF ONE TO SUNLIGHT HOW OBVIOUS AM I

Once upon a time I didn't disgust myself, she lied through her fucking teeth

Once upon a time I'd have followed you into hell.

One morning you're gonna find me on your front porch like the flaming sack of dog shit I am.

One of those mornings in an untied robe drinking coffee on the bathroom floor I need a cigarette or a joint

Only fuck with the indestructible.

Or whatever. Words.

Other than saving myself you are the only thing that matters in this crawlspace above hell.

Overripe, the bruise of it

Palm my skull like a basketball. Anchor.

Palms to the earth, fingers buried in sun-warmed dirt. We're never far from home.

Palms to the sky, little one. Face to the sun.

palms up

Panties in the pocket of my robe and the coffee could be stronger but it's a cigarette on the porch swing kind of thing anyway

People lie, men suck, women are manipulative. But how much of that is just the shit we hold onto perpetuating itself endlessly?

Perception is the shackle and the stake in the ground.

Perfectly finite.

Physical manifestations of the ugliness you've internalized, compressed over decades erupting forth as suppurating wounds, horns, claws, etc.

Pick your fucking eyes up off the floor.

Pleasantly blurry

Please be surprised when I'm exactly what I said I am.

Please do not disturb the chrysalis: The emanations •are• poisonous. Also, PLEASE scrape your dishes BEFORE putting them in the washer!!

Please don't eat the baby.

Please don't eat the children, they're not in season.

Please stop trying to keep me whispers in the dark moments when she's looking at you speechless again you're so beautiful

Plucking them off of you like ticks until I realized their disease is spreading.

Predation as an art form.

Prey for me.

Prometheus is bleeding fire.

Pronounce all silent letters. They deserve to be heard.

psychological androgyny

psychological androgyny but the body the body the body

Pull the thorns from my skin.

Pull you apart with my fingers.

Pull your jaw to me and pour this swamp into your soul til you're sick like me too, you're mine forever now that I've corrupted you

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

Pulling fluorescent spiderwebs off your face trying to find something you thought you saw on the other side

Pulling it out like a string of thorns anchored in my guts.

Pulling my skin back over the fluid inferno fueling my soul, slick motherfucker grinning like the devil calling me home

Pulling silk up out of my throat, endless ecstatic shiver as my eyes roll back

Pulling your thorns from the palms of my hands

Pygmalion, you bastard, give her back to herself.

Questionable Decisions that Feel Good

Quit talking to me like human is the ideal. Human is not enough.

r e s t l e s s a n i m a l s

Rarely linear.

Rationally, I'm probably the best thing that'll ever happen to you. Emotionally? lol.

reduce you to your mouth, your pulse, the dilation of your pupils, reduce you to wet heat and need, reduce you to ash

Relapse on repeat.

Relearning ruthless, let me cut my teeth on you.

Remember all the time we spent here wishing we were elsewhere

Restless things do restless things.

Restlessness made of teeth and knives

Resurfacing.

Retroactive Anxiety, for those moments you wish you could've died to avoid and choose to relive daily!

Riding you with a knife to your throat singing lullabies hush little baby don't you cry

Rip the shit out by the roots.

Rocket popsicle love song

Roman candle black cat metallurgist, cloak and dagger masquerade glitter bitch, bubblegum disco death magic, lemonade stand gypsy thriller

RT @CaususBellii: I need very little, but I need that little very much.

RT @MobyDickatSea: Here I am, proud as Greek god, and yet standing debtor to this blockhead for a bone to stand on!

RT @MobyDickatSea: Methinks that what they call my shadow here on earth is my true substance.

RT @MobyDickatSea: There, then, he sat, the sign and symbol of a man without faith, hopelessly holding up hope in the midst of despair.

Ruining the furniture with this honey-soaked skin.

Run head first at that wall. Then be quiet.

Run head first at the wall. Get up, dust it off. Run head first at the wall. Get up, dust it off. Run head first at the wall. Get up, dust

Run your fingers through the ether, find me when you're ready

Running dialog with the empty space in my atomic structure.

Sad little boys and angry girls. Angry men and sad women.

Settle into that ocean floor drift

settle into this slowburning ache, tendrils of light gently bursting from your body, an entirely new way to touch the world

Sexy tragic muse yaaaas fix me like one of your French girls I'm one dimensional I exist for you <https://t.co/vx7wl6w8am>

She could feel me shaking, I apologized, told her I'm tired.

She forgot the good things about me.

She gets so close, her whole body an autonomous collective going deep on your control, inexorable,slow

She got them honey bones

she is what runs through your veins before a fight

She knew she didn't like me but she'll never get why, exorcisms routine every humid Thursday and Saturday night (I'm under your bed again)

She made me sweet hibiscus tea and her big blue eyes bruised on the edges she kept trying to soften.

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 said that she'll pray for me

She smokes with the windows up and sucks dick for ten dollar hits.

She walks a rhythm that feels like the best party you've ever been to if someone had opened fire into the dance floor

She was hanging from her shoulders, straight spine and broken throat

She's dead. I killed her. Not sorry.

She's hell on the knees.

She's just trying to live and it's as heartbreaking as it's ever been.

She's like a puffer fish. Ol' Puffy.

She's not a good girl she's a vulture.

She's on more pills than I've taken in my lifetime but she loves me like she's sober.

She's so soft when her eyes are bloodshot.

She's where your control goes to die.

Shift gears, watch me run

Shit attracts shit attracts shit, baby we were made to ride this idiot carousel

Shit, your brain damage is showing again...

Shivering like an addict.

Should have been a psycho.

Shoulda been my girlfriend, kid.

Show me your teeth you spineless little bitch.

Shut the fuck up and move.

Shut the fuck up before I feed you your teeth.

Shuuuut the fuck up.

Sick after every meal.

Silk robe in a 69° house because masochism is a subtle and multifaceted gem.

Simple never meant easy.

Simplify it.

Sing up through the bedrock, the sky is still waiting (she'll be an ocean again soon, she's always going to come for you)

Sitting in the corner, mouth full of knives

Sitting like the hunchback of fucking notre dame this is good

Six tongues and a forest of teeth

Slaughterhouse Savior

Sleep is for the weak.

Slow honey heavy tongued hips and ass and tits and hair she's your baby love sugar fuck teddy bear pulling your intestines out w her hands

Smiles like a jackal when you ask about the ashes.

So basically I'll collapse if I slow down.

So much I never understood about the way I spill blood.

So this next one is being spoken in a terrible Russian accent, ok?

solar flare honeywine flooding like thunder through my body

Some things are mine and some things are just not yours.

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

Something cracked open. Passing moments spent gutted on the floor, wet mouthed and wild eyed. Yank the stitches shut and get up.

Something is probably wrong with how quickly I get over shit.

Something that sounds like "catch me if you can" or maybe the throaty bell of your laugh echoing back

Sometimes I like my body. Sometimes I wish it was another headless corpse in a mass grave in the middle of nowhere.

Sometimes life is a petty bitch.

Sometimes you give me the same sensation I think sitting in a tub full of cockroaches would give me.

Sometimes you're dying and the rest of the time you're trying to ignore it.

Somewhere between a god and a little girl.

Somewhere between contempt and optimism.

Sorry I spit in your mouth and a new universe grew inside your chest.

Sorry, I don't speak English.

Soul-bruised sotto voce

Sound like a child's pretty little ballerina music box spinning at a depressed rpm that draws the sound down into an agony of anxiety buildi

Speak its death, go on.

spine made of knives

Spiral out on the bathroom floor you fucking winner way to go

Standing in the middle of Times Square during new years while all of your skin turns itself inside out and you can't scream

Still alarming how quickly I lose reality.

Still fucking howling, silver bullet express full-stop

Still gonna bite your mouth.

Still just a lil etch-a-sketch. Still just a scumbag.

Still just a viper.

Still not your kind of animal.

Still the only calm I've known.

Still trying to figure out what any of it means, starting to get the feeling that's not what it's about.

Still trying to justify my conscience when doing the right thing looks more like murder.

Stop asking me to be okay.

Stop killing yourself, little girl.

Stop saying you're sorry. It wouldn't matter even if you were.

Stupid ghost town.

Stupid three-eyed cat.

"Subtype 1: god

Subtype 2: alien"

surplus/insatiable

Take me to your river, I wanna go.

Take pictures and send them to your friends. Maybe your mom.

Take the medicine. Take the medicine or we won't help you. Take the medicine or you'll continue to fail. Take the medicine. Take the fucking

Take what comfort is afforded you.

Taking or creating everything I need.

Teeth too sharp

Tell me what you like and I'll ruin you for everything else.

Tell me what you think about my behavior while I chew on your knuckles like a stupid puppy.

Tender. Tender that. Render that. Render unto Caesar the hearts which are his.

Thank you, no thank you.

That charming sparkle in her eye recording your every move

That delicious bruising pain of fingers and hands vs the sharp golden electricity of teeth

that ego boost you get from crippling a giant.

"That nomad thing, locked out of a homeland that can't stand to keep me.

I am the only home I know."

That open-channel static.

That scene where that one kid poked a dead body with a stick but it's Kiel and me and we're on our first date.

That's how you know the end will be a relief.

The abrupt hiss of this severed rope and away she goes.

The action and the potential pulled through every spectrum, you run from from what you would become

"The altar, the dogma, the divine itself

the work of worship, the endless loop of reciprocal tribute"

The appetite wearing my skin, supple monster carved down to the bone, he's calling for baby but baby's not home

The best part is knowing that even though you're sliding downhill and gaining speed you'll cartwheel through it and come out clean.

The chaos will scatter me again.

The Chaplin told me I'm a dammed flood. Said he saw the cracks.

The Church of the Uncanny

The conceit is a lie at heart.

The confessor who's seen through your filth and understands the compassion required to burn this out of you.

The convenience of a creative memory and a skilled charisma.

The cruelty of nuance.

The day you discovered the family secret and they couldn't get to the fire in time

The depth of the derangement is quietly kept.

The difference between what you think and what you are though.

The dissonance destroys me when I slow down.

The distance is coming from inside the boy.

The entire unfiltered soul of existence flooding down the dagger you shoved into my brain

The exquisite few who've never seen themselves as victims, who refuse to weaponize their hurt against others, use their sweetness as poison.

The feeling of an inelegant intimacy, reacquainting your self with yourself as if after prolonged absence. Cleanliness is next to godliness.

The fences and painted lines don't stop anything, it's eating the edges of the asphalt as we drive

The fight inside me lines up against your teeth. Welcome home, I love you.

The flesh-eating bacteria of your dreams.

The fluid pillar of my spine and every altar built in my wake

The future of meat.

The habits the habits the habits have eaten you the habits have eaten you you're not even human just an impulse you don't want to control

The hallucinations have stopped. I think.

The hungriest baby who ever did live.

The idea of my laughing mouth under another heavy fist suddenly the earth shatters under your feet it's just rage for days baby come play

The immeasurable cruelty of my awareness in this moment.

The inadequacy of our broken communication, more than half mute without my body moving you

The kind of faith you can't sustain.

The kind of fuck that feels like it's healing you and pulling your soul out through your skin simultaneously.

The kind of love that teaches you how to die alone.

The kind of night you just quietly expire on. Bad milk.

The kind of shameless you swan dive into laughing like an unstrung instrument of your own demolition

The kindness of a quick pain that allows healing vs the long, slow torture of misguided good intentions and simple selfishness.

The kinds of conversations I should be having vs what I'm capable of in this state. And other catalysts.

The kinds of savage that I am not.

The king is dead, long live the king.

The languages we don't speak, I see you so clearly.

The last glistening heart strings connecting you to me twinkling like the lines of a constellation slowly swallowed by this emptiness.

The last sacred space buried like a knife between broad shoulders that never bow

The local universe has been waiting for you, little gods. A generation of devastating realized potential coming online simultaneously.

The lullaby of letting go

The maiden and the machine

The medicine isn't going to fix that part.

The moon looking prettier than you ever have

The moss and water reclaimed it all while I waited

The need to be alone outweighs the value of your presence.

The ocean and a man dying of thirst.

The only trust I have is earned in blood.

The phantom you felt before the loss itself, they call it foreshadowing and the gravity is adamant

The phases where I'm content to forget my face.

The problem is the solution's worse.

The quiet ones that watch my every move are better predators than you.

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

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

The sheets are cold.

The simmer of slurred potential dripping off sun-ripened tongue

The sins we commit to save ourselves from hell.

The sky is a bruise I'm going to wear tonight.

The smell of burning bone.

the subtle ecstasy of existing inside myself

The things I don't know how to give away, how to give back to the wounds I create.

The things I'm doing would have you straight laced puritanical judgmental cunts knotted up in your boring underwear & I like myself more now

The universality/ubiquity of human flaws doesn't negate act(s) of personal r/evolution.

The universe as a machine shop, sparks and parts flying across shared space, the joyfully chaotic exchange and creation of perfect organic m

The universe breathes with him, if you slow it down and lose focus you can feel all of existence rippling around him.

The Vikings used to practice something they called the Blood Eagle and I think you're really going to like this. I really do.

The voice of God crawling inside your ear through your veins I'm inside you and you're uncontrollable now

The voice of god, they shoved that needle straight into your vein

The walls are bleeding.

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

The way she says the word "succulent."

The way she smiles when she says "you can trust me" and how you immediately think of alligators watching the water line

The way you stop trusting dogs completely after you've been bitten.

The world is ending and I'm gonna fuck you in the rubble.

Their heads slowly rose in perfect unison.

Then those moments where it lines up, you get out of your own way and the clarity is unbelievable and everything that already is, is yours.

Theodore get the ropes and clamps. I'm feeling generous.

There are things we don't talk about. We don't talk much.

There are things you don't do and one of them is reach back through time to touch the things you left.

There is no avoidance of suffering, it's just discipline, mindfulness, awareness, empathy, emotional consciousness. Understanding.

There is no end or were you not paying attention

There is no hell can touch what we've done for fun.

There is no hell. Just you.

There is no humanity, no recognizable emotion in evidence for you to hold on to while you're pushed over that edge. You're alone with me.

There is no penultimate. Not me, not you. Romance has meaning only bc it is fleeting. The only things that stay are bolted to my bones.

There was a fire. You have no home here. Please stop calling.

There was a lot of everything I'd ever wanted inside of you. I just didn't deserve to touch it.

There's a storm screaming across flatlands somewhere, slamming the screen doors of homes abandoned in the last big collapse.

There's blood in the grout again.

There's just a lot of pressure to smell good.

There's so much I want to talk about. And just ... nothing.

There's this feeling I chase, when no one knows where I am.

These ghost winds tearing through me, I'm just an abandoned city, enough with this frantic howling

They don't look at what they killed to eat, they watch the trees

They don't want to be what you chose. They want to be what you need. This is a revelation to me.

They keep insisting you survive.

They kept asking if you remembered before like you hadn't just been born. You were still inventing awareness then, everything was still new.

They say things are less creepy when you're at least kind of cute. That's why I smile so much.

They send you home with memories of antiseptic white and lab coats and quietly critical eyes and the feeling that somehow this is all false.

They speak in a shorthand they didn't earn and don't understand.

They stopped bringing you water days ago but they'll never let you die.

They tell me I need to focus on the moment that I'll regret them when they're gone but I've yet to find the time to miss what I didn't want

They're doing movie shit by work and everyone looks very pretensch.

Thick copper silk draped across alabaster thighs, she was peaches and honey and heavy cream and I still wake up with her on my tongue

Things that make me irrationally angry: All the things.

Things you don't say to people who care ab you include but are not limited to: incoherent unrelenting shrieking, "let me die," SHUTUPSHUTUPS

This cacophonous din rising, swelling endlessly, the noise inside me, the chaos i create like a concussion of sound waves but you hear me

This fucking medicine is rocking my goddamn world. Might hurl. Might get some zits in weird places. Idk let's just see where this goes.

this has hit some next level shit I didn't even know I was capable of surrendering to

This is an empty church, a war clock running backwards over an altar to old gods- I find your fingers in mine, we're moss and oak and light.

This is going to hurt and I can't even pretend to be sorry.

This place is that thing dogs do where they eat grass to make themselves puke.

This slow hysterical laugh. You can hear it coming unhinged.

Those bones are mine. They're under your skin but they're fucking mine.

Those showers where every layer of skin you're scalding and scrubbing off is slowly letting your humanity breathe.

Thousands of tiny cuts across the entirety of my control, brilliant garnet beads blossoming in entirely too familiar a pattern.

Throw your head back like when you were a kid we're barefoot in this sprint

Tired of watching the repetition, endlessly predictable patterns of behavior.

to be more than a memory, an if then, or your perhaps

To the gods of impulse and licentiousness, please spare your wayward child in this the hour of her intoxication. In your names I pray, amen

Today the bones of our skulls feel thicker, the seams more concrete. Today we are watching one another across an impossible distance.

Too busy burning to life while you settle bitterly into burying yourself alive

Too corporeal to be ethereal.

Too much blood for your heaven. Too much heat to stay here.

Trying so hard like no one in your life ever told you that you're enough.

Trying to be a good person & literally any other personal endeavor.

Trying to fall off the curve, dive forever, die accelerating

Trying to keep your eyes forward instead of looking up at the sky waiting for that anvil to drop and crush you back into pulp.

Trying to teach yourself to others as if it will ever matter.

Turning off the noise.

Twisting in the wind but she braided the rope herself, never as close to flying as when she fell

Unclenching my fists one busted knuckle at a time.

Uncomfortably close to god

Under your hands I become a bow string or the throat of a violin.

Unhinge your skull and come find me.

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

Unspeakable things, father.

Until you learn how to see people without the lens of your personal value system, you will live a stunted life.

Vacuumed out my guts and folded all these skeletons and it's all so clean and empty.

vos anima mea it's all dirt anyway

Wake up like breaking the surface after being held under

Walk outta here plain faced and barefoot.

Walk the woods, bleed on canvas, dissolve into silence

Walking around like hey sorry for all the things you want from me I'm either unwilling or incapable of giving but your guilt is killing me

Walking around with my head split open like this is fine

Walking through the day behind warm glass, insulated and safe. My distance is your grace.

Was I supposed to make you feel safe?

Wash your hands in the blood of those good men.

Watch me walk through

Watch my mouth when I lie.

Watching nature shows like how do you believe you're in any way superior to blue whales? What, because you've been to space? Whatever maybe.

Watching the exits unblinking.

Watching the horizon, talking to you.

Watching you across this distance.

We are everything or we're just another passing fever, a sweat broken in sleep and a morning of misremembered dreams.

We are interchangeable values, endlessly mutable organisms imminently suited to the mutual twist & dive. I am everything, you are I am you.

We are these swirling configurations with overly complex inner machinations occluding our abilities to take in what the universe is giving.

We could nuke the Bible belt. Not really sure what we'd lose. Some grass? Bunch of inbreds? Idk I'm not seeing the downside.

We don't have to admit the ways we use one another as long as it stays feeling good.

We don't talk about persuasion or influence or charisma because you sincerely need to believe you're your own man. So.

We get to die ahead of schedule.

We got storms for days, how's your sea legs?

We hit the floor. We kept falling.

We know what we want and we don't mind being alone.

We like Lucifer's story bc he chose to break from the idea of transcendence and accept responsibility for his independence

We talked for several hours about the nature of thought and intelligence and the power of relief and the thoughtforms we grow up inside of

We told jokes and wrote songs and fucked in the dirt alongside that dusty road until the night the howling started.

We'll have established the phantom tongue by then and words will have been rendered obsolete between us.

We're negotiating for good deaths.

We're the best thing that never happened.

We're weaning off of it, keep your voice down ok?

Well-funded miracles work better.

What are you when I'm not looking at you?

What care has a hawk for a gnat.

What if someone held you reverently

What is the minimal effort required to get most of the attention/distraction I need?

What kind of hell is loving me even like?

What the fuck is a sin?

What the fuck is happening though. Aliens, maybe?

What the shit is going on with me the last 24ever? Yikes.

What was the fucking point of any of this. Except everything's pointless so really there's that. I'm not even allowed to be disappointed.

what's the difference in being a fool for the abuse and being in love with you

What's the moon doing right now? Where are we at in this?

When did you start to notice the gaps? Was it just at the end, when you leaned in for a kiss and fell for miles?

When I'm like me I'm pretentious, when some dude you can't bone is like me you send him pics of your asshole. I give better compliments ffs.

When should it begin to matter? What should you not shrug off? I don't know where any of these lines are.

When the most recalcitrant person you know is like "yeah I want to see if you could break me" and your dick rockets off your body.

Where are the people still capable of joy and delight and exultation? I'd like to sit on the outskirts of that population and bask in it.

Where do you let your guard down at? How do you do that?

Which of us is the labyrinth, which the Minotaur?

whispering to the dirt again, throat a quiet fountain of light

Who feeds the feast?

Whole planet is coughing to clear you from her lungs.

why are we in the woods and what have you done with the trees

Why are you always coming back from the dead?

Why do unstable/disturbed women fixate on me? I'm not doing shit you need to follow, comment on, or otherwise concern yourself with.

Why would I look down? You're small, I have a horizon to eat. Watch the trees.

wisdom from the backs of your teeth knocking around her mouth on repeat. What a special animal a mirror makes."

With your stupid pretty crybaby eyes.

Woke up looking like spilled light

woke up with a spider bite for a heart idk

Woman as forge versus woman as inferno, as volcano, as napalm tornado

Women are human. Even the nice ones have some nasty shit buried in their sweet little souls.

Women like mindless animals, all impulse and impetuous bullshit.

Won't even look up from my book when I put my fingers in your mouth to make you stop talking. So please stop talking.

Working like a dog to make the life I want.

Worship the god of relief.

Wrote a prayer to the nullgod for the grace of ego-death and they shoved me even further into myself.

Y'all need Jesus and a good night's sleep.

Yank the knife out of my brain and hope it leaves a scar this time.

Yeah, I can save you. But it's going to cost you.

Yeah, you were the colossus. Until I stood up.

Years invested in this agony like somehow this particular suffering is going to purify me

Yes but it's good.

Yes hi I'm the stone around your neck.

Yes hi you're repulsive please never speak to me again thank you

Yes I do like the way you want to slap the shit out of me. That's why I'm like this. I'll make signs next time so you don't get fucking lost

You abandoned your homeland for the idea of a thing that was never real. It's not real and you can't go home.

You always remind me why I keep my fists up.

You are a featherless biped possessing a soul.

You are a wonderful human being and an even better fungus.

You are all mouth.

You are god. Your people are god. Your world is god. Holy trinity. Worship accordingly.

You are in these bones but they are not you. You are in these bones but they are not you. You are in these bones but they are not you. You a

You are the aberration, clinging to an inbred civility.

You bit the hand of God.

You can doubt everything but me.

You can live in your sanitized creepshow, I'll live underground and eat rat burgers.

You can walk away. I'll still be the ocean.

You can't admit the error as it destroys you. You are the error now.

You could kill me. It'd be fine.

You cut them open expecting dead tissue but you were never a corpse it's just a scar now you're just wounded get up do something with it

You dig your dirty thumbs into bruises that don't belong to you believing the strength under the contusions will support you all the same.

You don't get to help. You don't get to harm.

You don't have the grip strength required to keep me.

You don't question the morality of the universe.

You don't really have a choice about being a human.

You ever get tired of swimming against the tide of cynicism? It's everybody. Cool, you're super jaded. That's so awesome.

You ever take a quick nap and wake up ten years later with a new face and a family who speaks a language you've never heard before?

You fed me, I'm your responsibility now.

You feel a kinship with me that doesn't exist, sit the fuck down.

You feel so many overwhelming things and none of this is real but you wake up with blood in your mouth anyway.

You felt her teeth in your spine once. You'd kill to have it again.

You got sick of the helplessness so you cut the thing out and gave it away. So it's just done. It's not yours anymore and it doesn't matter.

You gotta wonder what made her leave.

You had all the chance of a matchstick in a hurricane.

You hate you, not me.

You hit 90 on your knees but 110's where you take flight

You insist we recognize you as the exception but refuse to acknowledge the validity of the larger argument. Because selfish & inconsiderate.

You inspire my violence.

You invented a monster in me that never existed and neglected to recognize the one I already was.

You is me. Everything is me.

You just don't flinch.

You just keep teaching yourself to breathe underwater every night.

You keep revealing the world under the world, the brutal beautiful truth of it shattering the cancerous homogeneity and god you are so good

You keep trying to grab the clouds and she thinks you're sweet but slow.

You know I'm going to fucking find you.

You know it rarely works like that but I'm rooting for you because I need to be wrong about something human this once

You know you're going to die, right?

You look like you'd have a tinker bell tattoo older than me.

You move so slowly, plates shifting, mountains groaning

You need the intensity, I need the agony. We circle each other, snarling planets on that collision course.

You need the pain to focus on, it's all you feel worthy of

You put these holes here that was you in my fists

You saw it once where the walls met, you felt it in the space between your cells. The universe is unraveling.

You say it's everything like that's enough.

You shatter into an infinite consciousness, seep into every atom that's ever existed

You should draw an X over your door before dad gets home.

You should've put me in my place.

You suspended gravity and nothing could tie you down

You take the night as a lover: he is effortless mass, the weight of shadows and the half-seen crawling up the bed to swallow your light

You touch me like I'm poisonous. Like a junkie.

You tried forever on for size and it fit like a chain around your waist.

You tried to keep me and now we're both bleeding.

You understand the exception.

You unzip yourself and step outside, we switch bodies for a while.

You wanna be something untouchable?

You wear me with unquestionable grace.

You were everything I couldn't live up to when I met you.

You were perfect before.

You were with me before. We were together, one consciousness infinitely divided, in the silence preceding time. I touch you and know myself.

You weren't sure you could do that, were you

You yank her around the way you pull on a t-shirt and she's twice as lifeless.

You'd have to break my jaw to unclench it at this point.

You're a busted doll I wouldn't waste my spit on, sit the fuck down you wouldn't know this curse if it fucking shit out your soul

You're a goddamn restless cemetery, I'm not your spooky babydoll. I got my own graves to tend.

You're a good boy, don't fuck it up.

You're a pretty thing. My teeth ache when I look at you. Show me more.

You're about three Hail Marys and a hallelujah short, kiddo.

you're always so sweet when you do bad things

You're art taped over a vacuum.

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

You're cheapening a valuable thing just by knowing it and I would stab you in the face with a hammer.

You're disgusting and I could've loved you but you're also stupid so way to go you colossal fuck up

You're dragging continents behind you again, tracking civilizations all over the place. You don't know how to not make a mess.

You're dying, little boy.

You're either capable of being a god or you're a coward.

You're going to be responsible for so many dead girls.

You're going to bleed.

You're going to choke trying to swallow me whole.

You're going to have to forgive me for not sticking around to be the cross you're nailed to.

You're going to hell.

You're gonna make me.

"You're in love with the idea of love.

I'm in love with what could be mistaken for a longsword but is in fact a bastard sword."

You're in mourning. It doesn't get easier, it just gets in the way.

You're just another world burning behind me.

You're just meat but give me your throat I'll show you something worth succumbing to

You're meat.

You're my favorite bird

You're not empty, baby, you're full of shit.

You're not like me and I'm trying to forgive you for that.

You're not supposed to do anything that might attract attention. Because that's what you'll be reduced to.

You're outside of this. I can't reassure you of anything beyond that.

You're so willing to watch me starve.

You're speaking into an open wound, her eyes are so kind.

You're still dead and I'm still why.

You're still perfect, you're still everything, still a piece of shit, still my favorite

You're still safe here.

You're stupid for trying to trim and hem me like I'm a dress to wear to a party

You're sure good at wrecking shit but what have you held together lately

You're sweating fear like black tar addiction you don't know how not to drown in.

You're the devil himself.

You're trying so hard it's killing me.

You're turning pages like the book actually ends.

You're undressing your soul: a slowburning reveal one glowing limb at a time, it is agonal, ecstatic. Don't look up, the room is empty.

You've been quitting me since you found me

You've got a lot of distance in your mouth.

Your agency second only to your awareness. Incandescent.

Your boyfriend is a monster. Better work on that grip strength.

Your conditioned obedience is appreciated, citizen.

Your daddy pays to crawl for me.

Your desperate hands keep passing through as she fades, the love in her eyes burning into your mind and then she's gone.

Your eyes on heaven and your mouth full of dirt.

Your friendly local anesthetist.

Your girl is on the run again

Your heart is a wet bomb inside your chest waiting for the right moment to fuck you up.

Your heavy bones, every aching muscle, your massive heart, the gaping spiral of your mind- I'm going to chew you down to nothing.

Your magic has too many limits.

Your mind will trap and then cripple you. Prepare for that eventuality.

Your mother carries secrets that would freeze the blood in your veins.

Your sins create their own suffering.

Your soul is an ugly, spiteful thing. A wet scrap of fabric shredding itself on a litter-strewn and rocky shore.

Your spine is soft. Go bark after your own kind.

Your sweaty, furtive obsession with the muse.

Your sweet little boy heart.

Your tongue is a crowded room.

Your understanding was never necessary.

Zip my jacket up over the howl you punched into my chest.