

for reference

the spray paint on abandon dragged me to despicable you, were forefront of dignity gargled, my

artsy white boys

am i artist to hurt you whole

hurt me whole

ripped open rib gates

clattered to the soiled

sucked off nurture

gratuitous

in the bathroom with no ground

to ground me

up a quirky decay

spitting vulgar

and the 21.30636217 EQ.00000912 0 612 792 re WE 12 III 0 0 1 249.77 545.02 in 0 g0 G(E) Gp4(sta50

i am

traumatized a greater woe

weak in the knees

and guilty

of the dirty cursive sta503.59 in 0 g0 G(E)MCRMD5>B0 g0 G(E)MCRMD7>B0.000009oti fy

yours,
sincerely,

~~you~~ fire them down. molotov flames bring back the city lights with passion fruit cocktails,
curled your crushed against brick, never broke my word, only name signaled drop another beat

someday

couldn't care more
but if i could,
like an addict to
affliction, would
stuff my mouth full
of rotten cherry
stems, pull them
tight around tongue
centerpiece, would
bloom hurt
me, gather in only
cut too close and
bruised. i already
wallow at the point
of attachment, but
if i could, peel open
just to feel i'd, think
maybe i'll have a
name

//

it has something to do with terror/ and a home vandalized/ and lonely/ and maybe the letter
left on the counter never sent/ maybe the survival that lived a life/ or a power in politeness paused/
and reset to sunset windows/ that cannot see cannot read
the heart unconditional/ has something to do with terror and less to do with you/ but that does not
mean the home has not been vandalized/ and it does not leak lonely onto letter unsent spoken
sunset/ seeped into the skin less like poem and more like soaked before drowned in/ the rosé
smoked out and blue and it is not you/ nor is it survival or a power/ in politeness paused/ and reset
here/ but that does not mean you are not love/ you are not/
unconditional has less to do with a home vandalized and more to do with terror/ and lonely you
are/ you must let go/ must send the letter left you/ it is alright to miss you the sunset/ can bring a
new way and at least/ that is some or a nothing of you

bad habits

it's august again
and you find yourself
searching for december
beauty, in the bare
mornings
and just slept skin,
examined
for imperfection, signs
of hassle for the day to come,
like taking your anxiety to tea
and being drunken
by its unkempt words-
tempted to catch
the tremble,
sips, your silken
fever broken, illness
put to bed, pink
in cheeks from char
of open wound-
described lovely
you are, summer sick
from being in
december,
smells the tragedy like
lavender or gentle
ease in the summer
you, must sure be cold.