

C n t f t e
b i
H y
er a
l d R o
s e

Dying lilac.

In the video sunlight shines into
your room.

I can imagine something good
happening but it doesn't.

Comic book cartoon
end of the world clouds.

Why do the fires still burn?

The door remains.

Meat smelling trash bag
abandoned crypt. “Hey, look at
how cute I am in this shot.” Price
tag pink lace eternity pillow; a
spoiled headrest; things leaked
out.

Vault, cellar, cesspool, sewer.

Rural
ri a
g m ce.

Fast fence barely erected fucking
torn down because who cares.

Wallpaper ripped to show a hint
of lath around the famous last
words / window dressing.
Everything is missing something.
I'm glad this footage is muted for
the steep stairs right before you
fall through floors.

Crushed casket | water bottle.

windowsill

seance

“I wish I wasn’t
a million things.”

Deephaven.

I liked it more
when I could see less.

Baseball bat
/ rib cage.

Whatever difficult thing I am,
I won't apologize for.


In the apartment by the freeway
at the edge of downtown. Plastic
sheet on the mattress. Head hid
in a bag. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

The void of the doorway grows
larger and larger.

CAMP WHATEVER DIE TRYING

Dry dirt mid-summer train
tracks. Get lost in the tunnel.
Stare at the cliff.

The top of the tree on that
terrible hill shined redly in the
lowering light. Glow, glow my
tree top terror, my gallows pole.



Now is just then but dumber.

The scent of flowers
untethered from the tomb
waits to be locked again
locked again
to something new

Soft milkweed
seed silk in sunlight,
caught by the wind.

Crow repeat.

Lipless threshold.

Sunrise on sidewalk steps
set back into yard radiate
like a stairway to something.

Fake boulders and
unlit lanterns.

Accidental asphyxiation
saxophone cemetery.

Sunset pink wet cement.

Left alone in the house
I would sit in one room
and let the night seep in
around me.

Warped fake wood paneling
bulges out to greet you
(in the end).

Hurt it until
it's scared of you.

Collect its injuries
like tokens for Hell.

Slip into something sideways.
The wind is trying to tell you, if
you could just figure out how to
listen. “Make your bed to a sad
song, then go kill someone.”

An endless tunnel of curtains.

A never-ending murder scene.

Overcast blue tinted PlayStation corner. Reminder of what or maybe just nothing. The period of physical impossibility.

Look out the screen door at the mistake you made that you can't take back laying right there you're so obviously guilty.

Waste,
yard waste,
ashes,
and other waste.



Gargle stale incense history and

precious time.

Still in the package empty room
hand soap bouquet pinned 15
feet off the ground. Cobwebs
like goose down with rust stains
and other stains.

Got his angel wings disaster.

“Sunlight. Tired, deprived, and like totally insane dancing to jangles under palm trees while levitating down Malibu.”

The plant I said “let's kill”
catches the light so beautifully.

2024