Prose, Poems, and Thoughts

12/12/19
We're all killing ourselves
We ruin our psyches and fill our lungs with smoke
But the music is loud enough that we can't hear it
Until it quiets
And you're naked next to the girl whose name you have to work to remember
And you sit back in the bed you've crafted in the room you've built
And worry she will be there when the sun rises to ruin your bliss

12/9/19
He is not telling a story, he is explaining the world

12/6/19
I hope your drugs aren't hitting
I hope your loves aren't licking
I hope you sit back in your bed crank back and you're thinking

I hope you laugh and your happy
I hope your day was shitty and laughy
I hope you wish for last night backy
I hope you wish you could back tracky

I hope your shoes won't tie
And it's cold outside
I hope you wish you tried
Night came and you started to hide

I hope your drinks ain't so drinky
I hope your tinks ain't so tinky
I hope you cry as you think of me, god damn that's so cringy

12/4/19
Her calm was incredulous to those few who could see it, who could understand that she
did not just look better than everyone in the home that night, she thought better as well

11/21/19
I tried my best to repress my shivers tonight as I watched her across the picnic table.
Upstate New York may not be the most opportune setting to add literary romance to
coffee by walking with it.

Her shirt matched the darkened sky, her hair illuminated it, her eyes warmed me, my
coffee was cold.

I caught a glimpse of the blue as she held the lit tip of the cigarette to her lips.
I couldn't move my gaze until she had taken the light away. It is almost as if she had
cursed me with it, grasped me with a dark and unseen magic

10/30/19
Our hands touched as we sat and indulged ourselves in the stories of others, without realizing we were in the midst of crafting one of our own.

9/7/19
I have one stomping through my head right now
In her leather doc martins
As all the cute hipsters wear
As they ruin my mind