YOU

**Title: You**

**Decorating in the coverings of death.**

**Can *please* stop hanging over me.**

**towering.**

**I’m sorry I didn’t appreciate enough.**

**Am I doing enough to be right by ?**

**Maybe not…**

**Could I live up to silhouette?**

**probably think I’m exaggerating.**

**Would be proud if I made my own path?**

**Can *please* not raid my mind.**

**Each thought like a re-opened wound.**

**don’t have the right.**

**Afterall,**

**I never really knew**

**Title: First Touch**

***H***

***a***

***n***

***g***

***e***

***l***

***a***

***c***

***S***

Come on and watch me!

Don’t be chicken,

Let me help you up.

Give me your hand.

Yeah I know my knees are

***Scrapped*** and covered in dirt.

I bet mam will be mad but don’t tell her.

Do you want to come back tomorrow?

We can

***climb***,

These dense thick walls frigid on first

***touch***.

***touch***

These dense thick frigid walls.

Old rock walls of demolished castles

They’re just waiting for us to

***Climb*** them***.***

What were these holes in the structure for?

Doesn’t it look cool?

I bet I could

***squeeze*** my head through.

Maybe it was destroyed in a great battle?

Do ya think a king lived here!

I want to

***crawl***,

Watching the shadows

***creep*** from the top.

How long did it take until nature

***wrapped*** itself around the walls?

Would it grow patches of moss and be

***consumed*** by vines?

Watch your step.

That patch, yeah that one, it’s

***Slippery.***

Watch me.

***u m***

***J p***

***A close up of a map

Description automatically generated***

A close up of a map

Description automatically generated

**Title: Perfect Please**

A monster lives here.

Claws **tear** in desperation

***Perfect.***

Hollow cries drenched in sweat.

Why can’t this body die so I can become

***Perfect.***

Silhouettes visible only by dim streaked rays

Peeling skin covered in red blistering sores.

It remains in its cave

Only to take glances of the outside world.

Involuntarily,

Forced to leave

Flesh boils in the sun.

Bundled to hide itself

A disguise is futile as **peering eyes** slither and ***strike***.

Reflections **TAUNT**

***Perfect.***

The monster see’s their condemned blistered figure.

Where is this monsters release from hell

May they never find solace.

The imitation

S l o w l y

*slicing*

gradually

leak

in

g

.

Tears smear it’s disguise

Taking such delicate concentration to form

***Perfect.***

Desperate shallow breaths tremor from the monster

Skin tightens and chokes.

**Title: Quarantine**

I watched the flat screen burn

white fire radiated ominously

Fixated

Immersed

*hypnotized*

**sinking**

my chair envelops me

darkness pulls me in

to its content arms

eyes wide with anticipation

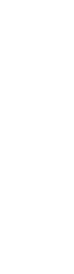
I become one

with the world



a white burning

flat screen



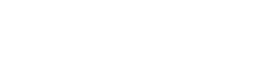
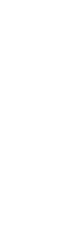
happy quarantine

An open computer sitting on top of a desk

Description automatically generated







**Title: Car Show**

**There’s a car show in the canyon**

Don’t you know about the car show in the canyon.

From near and far,

burning rubber.

Please take home a souvenir

**From the car show in the canyon.**

Who do you think

is responsible for **the car show in the canyon?**

The patterns on the rims of tires are all unique

At the car show in the canyon.

Show times start from now

Until further notice.

However, many more are always building up

So it’s unlikely to end

**The car show in the canyon.**

Won’t you please

Just acknowledge

Or maybe take a look

**At the car show in the canyon.**

A picture containing sitting, black

Description automatically generated

**Title: Wings to Fly**

Ragged and torn

Soil and debris covering your wings.

Decomposing

Into the earth.

You used to soar.

Even if it was just for a few seconds.

The green of the earth changed to an orange hue

Almost overnight.

Your stem snapped from the branch you called mother

And you began to drift into the wind.

You fell with your brothers

As the warm breeze cradled you.

You saw the world

Floating in between the earth and the sky.

Nothing could stop you.

Until you hit the ground

Only to be strangled by the cold.

Oh to be green again.

To be lively and see the world.

To be with the one you called mother

Who raised you through the seasons.

I assure you

That as you wither away

The wind will carry you once again.

Scooping up your withering corpse

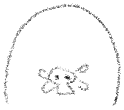
From the barren soil.

To become part of the children's ritual

And bring life to the cemented pavement

Of destitute playgrounds.

Won’t you play with us

In death.



**Title: A Mans World?**

On these islands  
On the under belly of gods beasts  
Our world lies.   
Floating ominously

**Above the unknown.**

We belong to them  
As they steadily move on an uncompromising path.  
The wrath of gods quilled creature  
Controls our fate.  
Each island holds a new pleasantry or disaster.

**The demons that roam**

Massacre our beloved island.  
Pillaging and robbing as they go  
Nowhere for solace  
As the quilled creature simply ignores our cries.

**Abandoned by god.**

These islands are filled with the terrifying   
Torments of man.  
We are lost to the fate of death  
On these islands.

**Title: Success At Your Door**

To strive for success

It rages in my mind.

To do enough. To plead enough

Defeated by my own inability to create action.

When will I live up to this term.

My body bleeds as it lies paralyzed by fear.

whispers of soft sounds of sweet doubts.

Calm. Numbing.

Time burns like a cigarette.

Consumed in my own smoke I can feel myself slowly searing away.

merged with my figure of despair.

Soothing and cold.

Please continue to hold my hand.

Flow with a tide.

Unconsciously , mindlessly, cradling.

Broken as I am I choose to remain trapped.

**Title: Family Reunion**

Tingling burning sensations start to trickle up her face.

Sporadically applying a powdered concealer

to an exhausted exterior

as she prepares to meet family.

Flaws only noticeable to her.

Layers continue to be applied.

suffocated

She becomes.

Slowly her breath becomes fast and hurried

body starts to shake and throb

face feels like it is starting to melt.

The walls of the house begin to crumble inward

sucking all the air out of the throat

until she grasps her chest and begins to sob uncontrollably.

Tears run like fire

causing apparent streaks.

mother leaves her to her 'meltdown'

alone.

How could she.

**Title: Timeline**

*Unbound by time*

It is every part disturbing.

In one being

Carefully selected

From recorded and unrecorded history.

*Prehistoric and modern.*

The prying legs of a giant dragonfly

Meets the smooth rimmed edges of a crafter clock.

*An abomination or not?*

Squid body entangled

Connects to the fins

Of an unknown sea creature.

Large eyes widened

As it tries to comprehend

It’s existence.

*How can it balance under such absurdity?*

The delicate strings of a violin

The crafted handles of a wooden bellows

Creek in stress.

Teeter tottering

*Why does it endure?*

A mutation in the timeline

Like a kink in a jump rope

All tangled together.

A human hand reaches out

To add another creature to the collection

*Unbound by time*