

Cognitive Dissonance

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***Abstract*—eye twitch (left far left corner), and my short term memory has gone to absolute shit, and my left shoelace keeps fucking coming untied, and I broke my glasses and fixed them with scotch tape and holy god I hate Outlook AHHHHHHHHHH**

***Index Terms*—SCREAMING, silence**

IV.

As for the people in my mind, the versions of myself, my inner community: I can't really picture their faces, or their torsos really. However, their legs are clear to me. The way they sit, the different angles the knees and shins and thighs make in their seats. Or their elbows, maybe. The way they rest on things.

I.

Blackberry stain scabs from eating fucking shit in the church parking lot.

Learning that shame makes you afraid of yourself.

And that it's kept between the base of the throat and the top of the heart: it both blocks your voice makes everything you love feel heavy.

II.

We're in this puddle together

Bodies and limbs anticipating the changing of things

And I think, think just maybe think that I felt your hand on mine

And your eyes - color and midnight. I'm sure we saw each other for longer than a second lasts

I'm just dreaming but I thought we could have fallen in love then and there

—

I went to buy batteries at the 7/11 at midnight for my pocket radio

Picking at fishnets on the way back home

III.

Just before the crest of the dirt hill I can't bike up, where I have to get off and push, the trail is lined with blackberries and I stop for a bit to eat a few. One hand clutching the breaks and the other picking the ones that are reddish purple because they are my favorite.