

Crashing down the cities waves of endless cars  
and screams wash away the fear...  
But not yet the guilt that causes me to spasm in  
my dreams tomorrow.

Naaaah.

That's not what I really want to write.  
It feels heavy, and slithering  
because it truly is so trite.

What I write is what I feel and what I feel:  
is just as fast.  
And loud.  
As my angry fucking blood pump feels right now!

So a verbal diarrhea seems inevitable  
and though I'm cautious of what's to see there,  
I'm nauseous to just sit here.

Seldom do I sell my sonnet seconds superseding  
the start...

But let's begin:  
It's called "Shallows".

Symbolism and crude metaphors.  
Simply listening to lewd heteros.  
Silly schism mixtures, farragos.

And I curse and I pray  
so right now I could say  
that this way that I chose  
to go on and the clothes  
I show are shallow.

Just be quiet and listen.  
It's my time to insist on  
saying a word or two  
so that this world might too  
hear me out for once.  
Instead of all the cunts  
that shout of their own pain,  
and their own ways,  
and their own gains.  
And the way they worked and the way they played.  
From the days they layed inside relaxing  
to the day they layed outside distracted

by the boom of a gun in the distance  
followed with their own body insisting  
to rest a bit, to close their eyes,  
growing cold and verie of lies.

The lies.

Wait so cold and stiff.

Demise —  
cuts of quick like an edge of a cliff.

And I curse and I pray  
so right now I could say  
that this way that I chose  
to go on and the clothes  
I show are shallow.

I've come to notice  
that I've done my quotas  
on swearing a lot.  
Not swearing to God.  
But swearing to you,  
just swearing the truth  
and sweating my youth away.  
When you cry out for me  
I want to be there  
but at times I am scared  
or worse: without a care —  
acurse that I do bear.  
But not a curse like  
a fucker or pussy!  
I'm a fuck up can't you see?  
These words are so jucy  
and delicious to say  
but malicious and fake.

I inhale again  
start to pretend  
that I'm ok,  
that I'm alright,  
that I will make it  
through the night.  
That I won't think of damned dark demons  
making cuts and bloody lesions  
in my mind.

My mind's eye is blind!

"Oh my God, it sounds so dope."  
But on these words I'm sure to choke.

And I curse and I pray  
so right now I could say  
that this way that I chose  
to go on and the clothes  
I show are shallow...