

What's all this writing gonna do
It's gonna make the world blue
Blue is red too
And green in a lake like you
You and me
And me and you.

The world sticks to me like glue
Powder on my nose too,
Surely someone else is true
I am the lie and
You are you.

Aubergine

Hopelessly hoping for the best
And aubergine rice that would be
Almost guilty to leave the rest
But how else could I make them see
As I rise up to the crest
It weaves the yarns of eternity

She speaks

She couldn't stop seeing evil under everything.
She hated it.
She hated everything.
Inertia knocked.
She doesn't know why.
She hated cause.
She hated rebellion.
She hated love.
She hated hate.
For a second she thought maybe this was good.
Better.
Then she hated better.
How can something swallow itself.
Unbearable.
I can't deal with it, she thought.
Yet she was dealing.
You can't stop dealing she thought.
But what's the deal?
What's the deal we're dealing with?

Yet she wrote in third person.
She hated the third person.
She hated all the persons.
First person yet had to prove itself.
Second person was a lie.
Third person was an imposter.
She hates choice.
She chose hate.
Hate chose her.
She wouldn't dare say that...
She loves hate.

Until rhythm never came

I'm not refusing treatment
But I won't take a treat
I'll buy and sell
But only goods
And also bads
I don't know
When to know
And when to forget
Trust and be betrayed
Betray and be trusted
Hard boiled
Soft coiled
Snake chimes
Lake crimes
Crimes by the lake
We could have won
But what
What did we ever want
But the impossible
See me gulp now
Fuck my romantics
But then
What am i
But a tramp
A trampoline
A trombone
Or trump himself
Who is the enemy
If not ourselves
What then
Should we die
Or should we cry
I say
Better cry
But you keep saying
Die bitch die

