

Public

I blast the flush lever, dispatching the remaining shit.
Alarmed texts from home, "Where are you?"...
Here we go, concocting bullshit like olden days...

Gnawed

I'd built a life. All good, then? No...
I'd been tired, hollowed-out. I walked through the old alleys just to see what I would feel. I never spoke of it, I feared being misunderstood...
It'd become a nightmare. The shifty bitch sleeps within us, waiting for a weakness.
I'd heard that falling again is much worse. I wanted to know what happened inside...

Fierce

It happened.
It had to, I knew it; the thought was too intrusive; all lucidity, consideration... washed away.
One thought: I Had To Know.
A tenth, done with such angst and savagery that not even back in the day.
I had my answer. was it worth it? No... and yes.
In an hour I rediscovered the Beauty and the Filth. I feel Free, I freed the monster once more, and it was bad, very bad.
I'm shaken. I'll survive this. Still...

Dumps

17 years down the drain.
We crawled out only to find a messy shithole. We'd still like to run, disappear up a mountain, only the mountain is far away, and here is another escape route, the compromise...
Tiredness. The fading will to fight. The longing to let the current take us, with just the tiniest, comforting hope that it won't lead to ruin...
Are we the survivors? Or the damned? The revenants from Hell, who are we? Did we really come back?