From My Head to My Middle Finger

Poetry by F.T. Willz and Frank Iero

F.T. Willz

from my head to my middle finger, i really think i like you

i'm a little coffee pot short, stout, and burnt beyond recognition sour to the taste
and an and, and an and, and the end
what a dark mess of chemicals we have become
look through my caffeinated eyes my love i see the sun in all it's ultraviolet glory
it beckons me to abort my life in a painstaking procrastination
…..and all i want for xmas is to fly 2 blunts deep i drive for days and sleep for miles, but never a drop to drink.
no control but not exactly a riot either.
fuck me you're such a riot
i've found healing powers beyond my wildest dreams, behind your lips
i am the dinosaur soaring toward extinction
so smoke 'em if you got 'em kids
…..cause Joe Camel needs the pocket
cash or read 'em and weep sweetheart
cause my royal flush comes with a love note i bleed spades, you draw horses…..
may the lord strike down our penniless heroes for if not we must take matters into our own hands
everything will be new when we open our eyes for the first time
so i'll pick you up at 7 and we'll have a real shitty time, but at least we'll have a time

i’d love you to hate my guts if they weren’t already covered in ulcers
…..ulcers only a mother could love
so for now peace love and misdemeanors cause i plan on being out of step for awhile my dear

untitled

my head dreams of what my heart can never be i

found god on a street corner, screaming at pigeons
there's no sense screaming at unwanted weddings
you found death at a bar in tokyo, dealing out
smack and crystallized disease so no change keep
everything they gave you schizophrenia seems like
clarity compared to all this muck no change it's still
the same polarized galaxies begging for the kill,
drooling comets and earth ending asteroids we'd all
boil in our skins not much to look forward to, but
stop looking backward street signs aren't labeled
that way i found hope, at the bottom of the well you
found despair, in the hollowed out smile of a
woman whose baby had died "but… is that all there
was? is that all i get?" "yes, i'm afraid so." hungry
eyes keep searching

5

please control your child, ma'am, or i'll do it for you

nighttime sounds, it hurts like a cheese grater on the ears, wearing down barriers and patience

just the nect house over just a little bit just a little

stop

whar a brain tumor of a headache, is that why they never see the sun anymore? only time wells and swells to tip the balance, and we'll see, won't we.

finding nothing but brightly colored failures and shame covered relics of what used to

be

used to

be

someone

used to

be

something

and now it's

nothing

my friend, you're a waste of pain(t) a despicable

wreck of nervous implises and gangrenous limbs

necrotic neurotic

you once were

something

and now you’re

nothing

untitled

time holds a loaded gun to my head warm words
can’t stop the freeze i just feel sorry for all the
murky, smog-filled sunsets you’ll never get to see
toxic cause and nauseating effect, beaten and bound
and left on the side of the road for dead now we’re
shooting golden bullet holes in the velvet black sky
and you’re too bust sweating like a criminal on the
stand they’re all technological zombies lost in a
digital sea pull the plugs in their heads and watch it
collapse and decay this city is a sin and their own
devil waking up asleep and falling asleep awake
every dream has its thorns

untitled

no

---

future

the empty void is closing in, cloyingly sweet, beckoning like a half-naked woman in a sleazy strip club.

begging to give up, sitting down, closing it off, it's there

when did it vanish, when did that bright star go off
like someone hit a magic switch inside that brain

there was a time when

but it's gone now, so gone and so lost

prehistoric dusty old bones of an idea

9

untitled

now i'm all blown up and there's nothing left to sew back together, and you look so scared, but it's hard to be brave when there's chunks of body and soul all over your black t-shirt. "we just had a near-life experience." there's so much that i can't say. it's easier to run away when nothing makes any sense, and everything turns into dust and smears of dirt on well used window panes. i know that you're not going to apologize, there not a single glimmer of

remorse in those glistening, mirrored eyes. many secrets are kept inside the cast iron cage of my heart, just enough to leave you out in the stark blackness of a cold shoulder, but you keep plenty of your own, and there's nowhere left to run. i would know, because i've spent a lifetime trying to flee my devils, yet they still appear at evert turn, every yellow sign warning "dead end" surely holds something evils. the horrors of flesh and blood and nothing compared to what waits around the dark shadowed corners.

10

untitled

fury and melancholy are like fire and ice. they exist in the same sphere; there can't be one without the other. one would think that fire conquers all, but the coldest ends of the earth can't be touched by the sun. fury and melancholy consume and freeze and burn, until there's nothing left. they can't be fought, only tamed. fuck you. there's nothing any of us can do. we're all just ants with boots governing over our

heads. strange dreams. do ants dream? goddamnit. Its strange, how they can draw you in. it's so nice, for a time. and then you come to your senses and realize: they don't want you.

11

take whatever you want from me, but know that none of the hate and pain is free

i saw the end of the world in my sleep, it was like a horrifying dream that fell in too deep, like a flailing infant into the deep end of the pool hat figured out it couldn't breathe. Pupils dilate and hairs stand up on the back of my neck i'm faying myself open for

you. i can learn to live with my darkness and my tragedies, you can trust me. please trust me. there's a lot there that neither of us understand, and the air between is full of empty questions and loose promises floating along like so much discarded human detritus. oh, there's so much that we don't know.

you need to understand.
i need to understand.
they need to understand.

floating above the ceiling staring down at the grotesque masquerades that i've committed, i'm just sorry that i never took the time to tell you. all our molecules are colliding and yet we've never even touched, but it's the oxygen carrying all my bad intentions over to you (understand?). there's still so much left for me to see, i don't believe i can possibly cram it all into my already swelled to bursting brain. but someday i'll find the space,

someday i'll see it all. and someday, you'll see exactly why it is that i kept so much

wraps

under

13

{no title}

please make me believe in ____ i want to know what

it’s like your hands are so soft yet so cold maybe i held them for too long and the skin began to crack and peel, burned by my stupid little star or maybe i’ve never held them at all

14

denial, anger, bargaining, depression, acceptance.

buying shiny gold dignity under sapling trees, thick tongues and saline filled eyes hinder speech

plastic diamonds respent the remains of a long-dead corpse, stand now and give your respects

it's a dark cloud-filled sky, and we're right in the middle of it

ten thousand feet up might as well be ten thousand feet below for all we care

("i love, i love myself, i love, i love myself, my self-abandonment")

there's nothing to be uttered that gives any justice, so sew your lips together and don't try to speak

the earth and the heavens together are the only ones that can judge anyone

letting go is the problem, catch and release and catch and releaseanscatchand

the round table would be missing quite a few knights if it weren't for them

letting go is the solution, grief and relief and grief and reliefandgriefand

build up build up overflowing, running, screaming,
gasping, choking
they can't save you so stop calling
cancer seething, senseless bleeding
"3, 2, 1, now start the screaming"
red alert, don't speak, keep silent or i'll it's all
black now, nothings breathing, moving,
shaking,
father, i have sinned, believe me, the roaming
hellhounds sure can't see me and now i'm waiting,
watching, praying, please don't
[…] ellipsis pause
breathe
it's not what you see, it's how you see it
the mind is a weapon
use it

untitled

take these rotting guts for garters, then go punch
holes in the throats of martyrs

i used to

__hate__

cell phones

but now i

__hate__

car accidents

you're so cellulose, now my baby's gone comatose

paroxetine dreams, my sweet

keep quiet or they'll eat you while you sleep

version 2

take these rotting guts for garters, then go punch
holes in the throats of martyrs

i used to

___hate___

cell phones

but now i

___hate___

car accidents

you’re so cellulose, now my baby’s gone comatose

you’re so fucking comatose, i’m so fucking comatose

paroxetine dreams, my sweet

keep quiet or they’ll eat you while you sleep

18

untitled

there’s no belief in anything, because there are so many dead trees here, but they only look dead in my dreams “the only thing i’ve losy is my mind” Mind mind mind mind your manners, fool, swallow the bait and take the poison Let it eat out your insides and lose it loseloseloseloser Dream Can you? Not anymore, I wonder why you left but now i see “so now i’ve lost my mind” Shut it out shut it out shut it out out out outside Take the easy way out again, can’t forget, don’t forget “maybe life didn’t want this part of me” I don’t know why i ever tried.

19

untitled

(welcome to the common trend, where newcomers are loathe to tread, the copycats and copies carbon frolicked as the bled) this is a stream of consciousness, a watercolor of vomit green and bile yellow, if you will, medievally planned and clumsily executed. rolling down the stairs like the bewigged head of a sadist monarch, a butterfly of a queen. a rainbow of lust and greed lives within a bruise, the secret and private ruse that so many carefully shed; sticking the ends of their fingernails

underneath the liquid latex visages that the work knew so well, hidden beneath lies another layer of pint and capillaries. peel back careful and slow, so it doesn't stick to the hairline. you lost everything when you watched the sun implode and extinguish into a pool of unknown light, so bright white and blinding that it just about seared the eyeballs out of your face. squeamish sliming vermin was its name, and so it came creeping and crawling while they all tried to stomp it dead dead dad with their jackbooted feet. i know because i was there. and now my feet grow cold as hell here in hell, not fiery but icy, and so very cold and dark. storm clouds are here storms so full of bright night stars crackling lightening bolts of angsty bullshit that the world probably doesn't need. rolling thunder strikes first, the grumble of complaints and angry pit bulls, streaming and running and screaming. try and wash

it clean, but you know you never will. time stains everything like blood stains skin and coffee stains white table cloths. everything appears so great and so grand so bright and shiny and new, but half the time it never really is. words slither away like wet stones clatter out of the beaks of curious chickens. imagine a tyrannosaurus rex attempting to pick up a fork and knife, tearing into its food with such fiendish instruments like a civilized brutes, like all the civilized brutes do. that is what the world is. tears need not be mentioned, the damned leaking of saltwater. humanity saw its end the moment we

realized that there would be one.

21

never trust a pumpkin

i still don't care about your bright, feeble existence.
but then you never cared much for mine, did you?
what are we? a pair of grinning jack o'lanterns, you
used to say. sitting together, precariously balanced
on someone's front stoop. then the nighttime
hooligans came 'round with a cacophony of sound.
they had two to choose from, you and i. you were
the one who got to live, there on that stoop until

your smile rotted and sagged. a peaceful garbage can grave. i was the one they destroyed, thrown into the street, scooped up again, battered until the cheap electric tea light in my guts cracked and went dark. left to decompose in the gutter, sun bleached, a snack for hungry vermin. and your frozen smile watched all the while, gloating. pretending to grieve, but really just glad that it wasn't you.

22

untitled

the art of lying is a science: i'll put on my lab coat and my safety goggles and tinker inside your head until all you see is what i want you to see. you'll wonder, "have i gone blind? or was i blind all my life, and it's only now that i've realized what all this is?" and ill slyly grin, baring my teeth in a way that hopefully doesn't threaten you, tucking my demon's

tail away and out of sight, pleasantly answering, “i don’t know, you tell me.” what a farce it is, a tasteless, turgid, terrible show, poorly written and scarcely rehearsed. the actors are all shams, ghouls and frauds, devils and beggars and thieves and cheats. such a shame that something so beautiful could actually be so ugly. not many can see behind the thick draping of those velvet curtains, but i see. i see everything. and you see nothing, because i’ve kept everything from you. take a scalpel and slice through my chest, peel back the thick draping od this velvet flesh, crack the cage of ivory bone, have a peek inside at all these holy terrors. they’re living in me. i am them, and they are me. (this isn’t a horror story. nor is it a horrible declaration of self emaciation. it’s a earning. be careful who you believe.)

23

untitled

the acid equilibrium is back again and unpleasant guts churn up unpleasant thoughts: ask yourself: *how did i get here*? would it take a subzero gun barrel pressed to your cheek, tears oozing down the metal as you speak, to see that life’s not life if you’re not living it? the lump in my throat tells me

you're wrong, like a neon street sign that a satellite could see from the stellar sea.

it must be invisible to their eyes, they have sight but cannot (will not?) see.

swell and explode in slow motion, it won't change a single fucking thing.

you knew this would happen.

i'm painfully shedding my skin, piece by piece, bit by bit, cell by cell, and the underneath is cowardly pale and maggot-eaten. doesn't look so nice now, does it? blood, sweat, shit, and tears, it's all the same to me. after all, we eventually crap out everything we take in.

9 to 5 is suicide, hope to die by 25. they'll ignore it.

the letter e is the prom queen, try to live without it. can you or can't you? nothing would mak sns. h is hr and sh is h. you s?

it's difficult right? so am i. difficult, no. right, no. it, yes. i am it and it is me. you see?

houston, we have a…

they've found the fake among the fakers and now they find themselves arrogantly successful, they think they're so cool (you're so cool cool cool). ice cube's got nothin on them, they're so cool they freeze everything and everyone around them. but the fake among the fakers was the only legitimate one, the rest were true. bullshit fakers pretending to be truth tellers, the truth was really all they knew. the fake they found was the only real liar, the cheat, the swindler, the poor man among the rich, begging on the street corners for even just one tiny sliver of honesty. he never got it, because no one would take time out of their day to stoop down to his level, look into his face, and say, "this is what you've been looking for, i have it and i'll share it with you." everyone hustled and bustled along, keeping their truth locked inside until it made them sick and they had to run to the nearest waste receptacle and puke it all up, puke up their guts and their minds and their blood. all over that hapless city, people with their heads stuck deep inside dumpsters and trash cans and toilets. and still, no one gave that poor fool, that selfish miserable liar, anything. no one gave him anything, they just let it all go to shit, because that's what people do.

untitled (houston 2.0)

smacking against rock bottom. fallen headfirst down that rabbit hole out of fucking nowhere, eyes wide, limbs flailing.

“i’m losing sleep, i’m losing friends.”

my only apology is that I have none to give. either way, the show must go on (and on and on and on and on and on and quitfuckingthisupnow).

marching to the beat of a funeral

dirge. but is it mine?

who the fuck knows. no one knows anything.

metastasizing. losing my place in the li(f)e i apparently lead, and watching it all spiral.

“houston, we have a problem.”

fuck houston. ground control’s got no control over anything, just like everyone else. still floundering through empty airspace, gone catatonically comatose. i’m always sour to the taste, bitter to the end, selfish to a fault. i’d love for you to hate my guts if they weren’t already covered in ulcers that only a mother could love.

apologize?

are you even listening?

there’s no more room for my skeleton(s). the one inside this horribly heavy, hindered body climbs out of its skin and walks the world, all by itself, light and free.

that sickening feeling when you’re not yourself. i’m not myself. who is myself? myself is no one. that’s who I am.

no one.

28

untitled

medical research says that the surface of the brain
can't feel pain, yet it's ironic that it's the organ that
tells a person that they're in pain. pull off the scalp,
crack open up the skull, that's the part that will hurt.
but take a blunt metal instrument and poke at the

convoluted, rose colored expanse of tissue beneath it, and nothing. maybe it makes sense that the emotions felt by that brain would seem empty and numbed, distant, like looking at the world through a used up tube of toilet paper. everything around the cardboard is black, there's nothing beyond what can be seen through the circular opening at the end. tunnel vision. inside the human brain is the beginning and the end of everything. the entire fucking world could only exist in the mind, to think abstractly. maybe everyone here is dreaming, lost in a swirling, complex, multi-layered shitemare of a monstrosity that not even the most twisted god could imagine. or it could be like this little internet fable that often pops up: in the last seven minutes of your life, everything flashes past in a technicolor vomit stream of "jesus fuckin christ is this my existence," and you can have the chance to finally figure out whether or not you've been happy with it. that's what this life might be. but right now, it's just a cloudy miserable blur of headaches and advil, sullen disillusionment and the need to feel feelings again. only the cold cutting sway of the breeze and

solitary confinement with the spinning wheels seems to help. right now, there ain't much to anything. anything at all.

‘club 27 has reached capacity’

your silence is weighted
poured on thick and antiquated
a lethargic bonfire. a mixed bag of emotional six
flags meeting with a muffled yawn

it's time
to be
a grownup

or find your own path to heaven
either way, if you are really lucky only a handful of
souls will actually notice that you are gone

i don't wanna fuck this up
i don't wanna fuck this up
i don't wanna fuck this up
i don't wanna fuck this up
i don't wanna fuck this up
i don't wanna fuck this up
i don't wanna fuck this up
i don't wanna fuck this up
idon't wanna fuck this up

……ah man. and just when i was getting so good at
fucking everything up too.
lithium carbonate

‘club 27 has reached capacity’ 2.0

they told him when he stood at the doors, still clad in his torn up jeans and faded-to-all-fuck sneakers, curious to see if he applied. “club 27 has reached capacity. come back later, kid.” he went back later, this time wearing his finest suit and his shiniest pair of formal shoes. he’d spent hours polishing those shoes, polishing them until they were bright enough to shame the cleanest cut gems. again, they told him, this time with a gentle shove back towards the world he so desperately hated. "club 27 has reached capacity. come back later, kid.” and he calmly stared them in their dilated, oscillating pupils, only to answer, “we all end up in the same place.”

32

an ode to bullshitting your way through life.

having fun, friend? i hope so. but fun is short-lived, just like everything else, because everything that ever is has to end.

(what's at the beginning of eternity and at the end of the universe? e.)

how do you think you'll go? will you go for the drama, Sylvia Plath style? or will you quietly waste away in an old folk's home, ass submerged in a

fetid pool of your own piss?

(RIP: rest in piss.)

do you ever think about that? i do.
i hope i don't rest in piss, because i don't think i'd feel too satisfied with that. i'd watch my own dead husk of a body after i floated out of it, fist going through the ceiling as i shook it in despair. "what the fuck was that?! that's not how i wanted to go! i demand a redo!"

except there are no redoes. fucking dead as shit is fucking dead as shit, my friend. and that's never going to change. life's no video game.

it's still amusing, how hard you try. and i'm still not sorry for laughing when you trip over your own feet. it's okay, because i do the exact same thing. in that respect, i guess we're the same.

someone should really be responsible for this big fat bloody mess, because that's all this is, i suppose.

and now i think it's time for me to go.
will i be back one day? i don't know.
but if i ever am, you can bet your ass i'll be saying, "i told you so."

34

untitled

it’s not even funny how often i have to keep myself
from diving at your throat. venom-filled teeth,
straight for the jugular. misguided, misdirected rage
and scathing irritation, boiling up while vultures
circle overhead, occasionally dropping in to pick at
the bones. (“the vultures ate my baby today.”) whose
bones, i wonder. or is it more of a what, an it, a
thing, a sigh a frown a tear a sob a scream a whine a
a a
a b c the end yet?

do you?
useless outlets for pitiful talents, it all gets torn to bits, anyway. you give yourself to people and they take and they take and they take and you'll never get it back, so don't give it away. the problem here is that no one really trusts anyone else. but maybe it's better to trust no one, prepare for the worst. make sure to have a survival kit ready for this black fucking hole in my black fucking soul, assuming they even make them anymore. hunker down and wait it out, and hope that i don't set it upon everything that ever existed.
i'm sorry that my insides are as sooty and repulsive as an uncleaned chimney, really, i am.
or maybe i'm not. it's not like i've ever really tried to scrub everything out, anyway, because it's all part of who i am.
(professional opinion says that's about as unhealthy as living solely off shitty fast food and cocaine. fuck

professional, let's fight it out, motherfucker, are you ready for a fucking fight, motherfucker.) i don't give a fuck about how that makes you feel. maybe that's just the bastard in me.
desperation overwhelming hopeless drowning darkness drifting nighttime nightmares not even close to sleeping i'm obsessed with not obsessing perfect storms and endless screaming open your eyes just open your fucking eyes fucker
i hate pretty much everything i do, and i learned that from you (only you no one else just you do you see the joke now do you do you). i guess i really am

your bastard.
you fucking sucker.

36

untitled

intelligence was brutally slaughtered today, while the bright orange sun cheerily smiled down from the heavens, secretly burning thin layers of flesh off everyone who walked below it. intelligence was caught between the vinyl sticker covered bumper and the flimsy plastic fender of two badly driven automobiles. the sticker covered bumper belonged

to a bored, suburban, highly meticulous woman, who was putting on her makeup in the visor mirror (barbie pink and artificial colored toxic aquamarine what a scene), picking at her acrylic nail tips in pompous ennui. the fender was attached to the company car of a prestigious businessman (fucking pig in a suit a nice clean dry-clean-only suit), and he was running late for yet another meeting about who the fuck cares. fucking-pig-in-a-suit sped up when barbie slowed down, and intelligence was caught in the air between them, in that split second when the well-dressed swine realized: *oh shit the boss ain't gonna like this one*. all the bystanders were splattered with a visceral spray of plastic bits and what was left of the drivers' smarts, and the cars themselves crunched and compressed like a soda can beneath a rowdy teenager's brand name sneaker. barbie didn't have insurance and the businessman was steaming mad you could see it

puffing out his ears in a haze of fuckyoufuckyoufuckyoufuckyou. everyone walks away a little more stupid and a lot worse for the wear. maybe that goddamn pig-headed bastard went home and hung himself with his fancy silk tie (oh you paid *how much* for that?), because he didn't make the cut. maybe barbie toddled around in her platform sandals with her oh-so-neat-and-perfect fried blonde puff of hair until she found a taxi willing to take her home. or maybe neither of those

things happened. and no one realized exactly what had happened today.

untitled

don’t hate monsters, hate their makers.

that means the world should hate itself.

take a good hard look through this shattered lens and tell me you don’t see what i see.

oh, you don’t see it?

that's too bad (boohoo so fucking sad).

look again. strain your optical muscles until the nerves fray and synapses short and fry to the tune of ten thousand volts (fssszzt "aw man what smells like burnt meat" "your face") and your eyes bulge out of their sockets like two sentient gelatinous orbs with an escape plan labeled "operation get-me-the hell-outta-here". pull one out of your skull and slot it into the eyepiece, here it is, go ahead. is it dangling out of your head, hanging on a bloody length of brain spaghetti like a disgusting little meatball that some snooty sonuvabeach would cautiously poke with a fork and then grab the nearest waiter by the throat and demand to see the management for?

do you see it yet?

no?

then turn around. look at me. it's inside me here, what you need to see. the ancient filter in the lens

should show you everything. you're shrinking back in horror, chattering teeth and goosebumping flesh, snatching your eye away to haphazardly shove it back in your head. look. at. me. oh, you're running now. sprinting. that won't do you any good, you know (foolish fleeing fool). my disease, this hateful burning social disease, it's in everyone, everyone you know, everyone you meet.

not even sweet ole halcion blue can save you now.

untitled

there was once a man, a run of the mill caucasian office drone. he carried a little too much weight around the waist, he never saw the sun, never socialized, never said hello to pretty women on the

city streets, never did anything really worth a crap for society. every day, the rubber band in the back of his brain labeled “control” stretched and frayed, until one day it snapped, ping ponging back and forth inside his skull, and he had a revelation: death was the answer, the only thing he had left. razors were too daunting, hanging too slow, pills too unreliable. the only thing to do was to go out and buy a gun, a shotgun, a handgun, a gun. so he waited until the weekend, then drove out to get a license for the firearm, and afterwards to the gun store. he’d never done this before, so instead of confidently naming what he wanted, he pointed and mumbled until there was a small pistol and a box of bullets on the store counter. while he waited for the balding old senior citizen behind the register to ring up his purchases, he realized that hey. no one wants to see an ugly fat man, why would they want to see a *dead* ugly fat man? what he had to do before ending it was to shape up, get himself into a more handsome state for an open casket funeral. they’d all file past, eyes brimming with regret, cracked voices whispering about how he was so lovely, how could he do this to himself. so while he sat in his car, before he set off to drive back home to his shitty apartment full of garbage and dirty floors, he picked a single bullet out of the box at random,

rolling it between his fingers for a moment and then slipping it into his pocket. that would be the one to finish him off, it was his lucky charm, but he couldn’t utilize it until the time came.

time passed. a few months, maybe more.

the man was attending the gym daily now, he'd cleaned up his apartment, his boss had given him a raise, and pretty women now said hello to him on the city streets. at work, he'd often take that single bullet out of his pocket and fiddle with it while someone spoke to him, or when there were idle moments. his coworkers asked him why he had it, and he'd just smile and tell them that he'd picked it up somewhere and decided that it was his lucky charm, and that so far it was doing him a lot of good. no one would question it. he answered the phone when his friends called, going out into the world to see what he could see. an improved wardrobe, healthier eating, money, expensive things, pretty things, a slimmed up physique. the american dream. then one night, he was sitting on his fancy faux leather couch, watching some stupid reality show on his hi def flat screen while he ate a microwavable TV meal out of the container (weight watchers, of course), and he felt that it was finally time. so one last time, he picked up his lucky charm, shining it on his shirt to make it really glow. he loaded it into the gun that he kept inside the storage ottoman by the coffee table, then put the muzzle to his skull, taking his last breath, closing his eyes for the last time. bang. the man's lucky

charm went straight through his head, he shot himself dead. there once was a man.

“my stomach hates the, hates the bitter

taste of the truth.”

yeah, there’s a problem, you see this?
yeah, there’s some bullshit, you hear this?
yeah, death’s comin’, you feel this?
bleeding red white and blue, the little shit ran,
yelling, “i saw the man help me help me
please" what man, you say, what man?
“he had a face full of freedom and a long thick
beard made out of scorched dollar bills, no eyes but
screens like television screens and he said" spit it
out, spit it out out out, or it’ll sit in your guts like
crude oil, like fire and lead and ice
“he looked at me and said come closer come here
you i think i need you you’re one of the sick 313.9
million aren’t you and he tried to get me he did with
long spindly fingers made out of splintered plastic
credit cards and empty bomb casings"
i can’t help you, kid, you had this one coming, the
horsemen of the apocalypse are looking for you and
I can’t save you
“please, you gotta"
he’s gonna get you and i’ll watch and laugh as he
tears off your limbs and sucks out the marrow
“no you can’t don’t do this don’t let him get me"
too late for that now
welcome to generation dead

dismembering a politician

hello, sir, are you ready for the show? it wasn't all that easy to get you here, you're so busy with fucking up the works and all.
("what the hell am i doing here, who the hell are you?")
oh, i know who you are, wh-wh-who you are, but you don't know me, that's what this mask is for, you see.
second class formaldehyde abduction, i got you while you were at that luncheon, the one to raise the bucks for all those starving kids in shitty towns and shitty houses. fuck the money, just give them the food, it should've been them eating there instead of you.
("please, i'll cooperate, my associates will pay.")
i don't want your dirty dollars, don't give a shit about the fame, this is school and i'm the teacher, now shut the fuck up and sit still.
now, here's our first lesson, sit down and pay attention: let's cut out the tongue to take away the taste of success, i'm just getting started now, wait 'til you see what happens next.
it was easy enough now, you see, now it's out and gone, and you've got nothing left to say. lesson number two: get rid of all the greed, flay open the insides and let all that warped evil breathe. don't worry, it'll be slow, you need to be awake so

you can learn, that's what school is for. lesson number three: bite the hand that feeds (starves, you mean it fucking starves, there's a famine in those veins, that's just what you do), fish fillet the fingers and take out all the bones. new on the fast food menu: finger sandwiches, eat them with your hands, kids, can't choke on the bones now, there's none to be had.

lesson number four: show the sinner the error of his ways, force his eyes open, turn on the news and make him see. you see that, sir, a lot of that's from you, don't gurgle at me now, there's nothing you can do. you said you'd try to help, i heard it myself, but nothing's getting better, every day it's getting worse, you kind of have to wonder if there's some kind of curse, a curse upon this country, a curse upon this town, hell, i see it in myself, since every day i wear a frown.

lesson number five, the last one to be learned, now you'll get to know exactly what all this is worth: now the mask is off, i'm tossing it away, look upon me and see what made you scream. this face is the face of the 99%, you see it every day, i could be your postman, nurse, secretary, maid, and this is how we feel, this is what you do to us, i'm sorry it had to be this way, but it's been long enough. now do you understand, sir, exactly why you had to pay with your flesh, blood, and breath, everything i took away? it's not enough to save you, but maybe the ones who find you will learn from your

mistakes.

46

here, i hear the sirens now, this is the last place that they'd think, but don't worry, someday you'll be just a skeleton in a grave, a statistic in a book, keep those eyes open and don't forget to look.

untitled

give me the means to scratch this itch, this goddamned coarse-skinned harrowing itch

it burns and crawls and rears its head at the worst times possible, waving phantom arms in a plea for attention *feeble and weak oh*

the itch for an outlet, a cause, a course, anything to give ice cold shocking relief

there's no ends to the means and there's no means to achieve an end, so where does that leave us?

empty and cold, like the sea, with the same amount of unknown horrors lurking beneath

the problem is the solution, as it shows itself and slowly grows into an awful weed of thought

leave it alone *lonely alone leave it*

alone just leave it alone

untitled

close those tired eyes, empty-headed darling the
acid searing pain strikes through the same pupils
that watched the sun rise this morning
whatever's left inside doesn't deserve to wither
away like this
like a wilting daisy tucked into the buttonhole of
some brash country boy's overalls
it's corroding now, burning and melting everything
just
close
those
eyes
the end of days is something they shouldn't have to
see
brainwaves bottlenecking and undulating
draining as an hourglass does while the sand runs
from end to end, slowly, solidly
shut down and turn away, sweetheart
there is nothing left here

ignorantworthlessshittynothinginadequ ateinadequateinadequate whybotherwhybotherwhyevenbotherdo n't evenbother

(we get sick so we can feel better, they keep us
sick… i'm still sick, I WANT TO FEEL BETTER)

papa was a rolling stone and mama didn't roll at all

just another hopeless, helpless, seamless idiot with
patriarchal issues
no forward road no backward road no road at
all and no wheels to ignore it with
can't make your own road if you can't even hold the
goddamn shovel
sniveling, sweating, crying, useless

weakling you woke up into a nightmare,

didn't you?

(and i can see it everywhere, i feel that there's no shelter, shelter here)

congratulations, you wrecked up twisted up confused beyond belief shitstain: you won nothing

untitled

please
make me believe in _____
i want to know what it's like
your hands are so soft
yet so cold
maybe i held them for too long
and the skin began to crack and peel, burned by my stupid little star
or maybe
i've never held them at all

51

untitled

still waiting for your train, taxi, car, plane. don't keep waiting, just go. please leave. that motormouth will take you wherever you want, whirring and buzzing along, the occasional stutter or single syllable speedbump the only thing that stops you. i don't have much in comparison to you. full of thunderclouds and dreams and dissatisfying satisfactions. tiny little drips of words drip drop drip drop until suddenly good old indy comes sprinting through, giant rolling sphere hot on his trail like a

bowling ball knocking down all the pins of resistance.
then it's not a drip, it's a flood, and i'll fucking drown you in me.
bumping down the road, teeth gnawing through your lips. there's a canyon up ahead, but you don't see the forest for the trees. don't worry, i'll catch you, for the crags and the spires and the danger at the bottom will turn to dust.
roiling, lazy guts filled with nothing but instamessage bloops and noxious coffee grounds.
that's nothing that anyone (anyonemeaningyouormeoryouoranyone) wants to see.

untitled

there should really be apology cards for nonexisting
"get well soon
hope you can recover from your shitty personality" a plethora of silly little cartoons and meaningless verbiage, in every color of the rainbow
fuck
that's not what anyone's really looking for, is it?

cardstock holds no closure
and it all ends up in the recycling bin,
anyway with all the shit and the blood and the
piss of humanity
we all end up in the recycling bin, anyway so, i
suppose, humans are a bit like greeting cards we're
fun for a little while, but we get thrown away when
others get bored of us
it's so easy to find boredom these days, in a
generation of people who spend more time staring
at pixels and wavelengths than they do looking at
inked pieces of paper
such environmentally conscious suns of beaches,
since trees don't die for computers
they must be so proud

untitled

please allow me to say
just this one thing
i have found many places where i do not belong
but this one is always the worst
please pay attention to me

i’m sorry for begging, even though i haven’t said a single word
it’s just that i don’t think
(operative word: *think*)
i’ll ever belong anywhere
don’t pray for me, because i could care less about you
and, obviously, you feel the same
sorry sorry sorry
wishes are only wishes, because the truth is, no one gets what they want
and i must be riding for some kind of fall, although i can’t tell what it is
but i feel it in my bones crumbled to dust bones, and i know it’s true

54

untitled

my poor, overheated, gasping gray matter is running out of oxygen, much like a suicidal student sealed in an airtight garage with the engine running. dull thudding thudding thudding thud. drip. pour. splash.

overflow.

back up quick now.

your eyes are full of hornets and black widow spiders, so please don't get too close to me. one third social awkwardness mixed with two parts stone cold livin' can do this to a person. typewriter teeth champing at the bit, foaming excess ink and clacking sounds. ding. time to change everything. change the mind and you change the body. change the body and you change the mind.

but this takes time, effort, and money. dinosaurs could live without money, so why can't we?
"because we're not dinosaurs, our brains are bigger than walnuts."
ah, but size doesn't matter when it's splattered against the wall. then the mind doesn't matter, because it's kaput, pushing up daisies, gonezo. then the body doesn't matter, because the mask that all the world sees is disintegrated, because everyone looks the same when they've been decapitated by a shot gun shell.
then nothing matters.

55

create shittily and shit creatively

vapid pustules don't get a free parking pass just because they're pretty. they've gotta earn that,

everybody has to earn that. no one has a right to anything and no one has a wrong to anything. write right and wrong, a veritable volatile pair of catastrophes.

that skin sack of human waste crossing the street when the light goes green? that's just someone searching for death, disappointed that they don't have it yet. "why not me? why not now?" because they're looking for it. death answers to no one and pays unexpected visits to many, like that one asshole friend everybody has who says they'll stay for one night and ends up staying for the whole week. clogging up your toilet, eating all your food, taking up all your space. yet still you love them. that's what death is. just everybody's asshole friend. except it doesn't stay for a week, it stays for eternity.

fuckthisshit.

seems a lot like sticking a fork in an electrical outlet just to see what'll happen: stupid. it all appears so wonderful, and then later all the flaws show: every error, every misplaced stitch, every tear. putting it together could be compared to pulling the stitches out of an unhealed laceration, pulling them out too

soon, peeling the skin apart just to see what it looks like inside. painful.

but pain is life and life is pain, so at the same time,

it’s a lot like creating life. once it’s out of my hands,
it’s not mine anymore.

and all the poor, sniveling, bleeding hearts are
crying for nothing. red white and blue blood cells
mixed with salt water and untold amounts of
naiveté, that’s all they really are. but they smashed
the mirrors on the walls before they had the chance
to see themselves.

there will be no pity.
there will be no remorse.
there will be no love.
there will be no anything.
and that’s just the way it will be.

we see the failures of our hero emblazoned in quiet glory on the faces of the tender young. like the gems from our mouths are what spoil the gallon with just a sip. we're retching rhetoric so the kids have something to beat off to. waxingoutlandish for the electronic age. illiterate alliterations while the wind blows a few more pixels from the shade of our skins.

fuck. you put a good fight but we all erode a little and the sun still bleaches our bones. tell me what you're thinking. don't be nervous, i just like to watch. the water in your skin will swell out the imprints of my teeth. you'll regenerate. you'll dance for days as long as they leave you to swing in the breeze (and they all do).

i won't mind the faces you make and the sporadic swear words that don't go together (you goddamn shit bitch) that you spout like cold tap water from your fuck fountain throat. i'll still think you're pretty when you're stepping on my toes. it's always a hard run into the wind but when you throw yourself off the cliff, the canyon is lines with me. look me in the eyes when i fucking talk to you.

it cuts deeper than you think.

we were all set up to fall.

12 was a good year

My head is pounding, my intestines growl…(i wish i could just go to fucking sleep)…my makesgift bedroom is quaking under me.

My dream house rattles down route number in the hundreds traveling at a speed of 65 mph through the beautiful state of starts with a consonant.

no one makes a waking sound.

A breath of fresh air, a shooting pain in my New Jersey lungs (home is where half my heart is).

Brittle fucking bones, a nicotines crutch, an idiot's wisdom, and a crooked smile.

Who the fuck is really genuine anyway? Everyone's god is a liar. Everyone's face is a mask.

You can take a pill to fix almost anything these days…(fuck) espeucally if you got the scratch. it's a shame they can't do more with false hope. (Shut up, shut up, just fucking shut me up.)

Hearts break, arteries clog, minds racem and all heroes will eventually fail (or just grow tired of the ungrateful people they help).

what a fucking waste… how many trees have to die for this complaint set to ink. One day when you run out of air (or shade) you'll hate me for this. Maybe

i'll feel bad or just blow it off with a smile (crooked teeth, ugly smile), either way i'm sure we'll both move on ramble on ramble on ramble onandonandonandonandon…

shit's bananas when you're disinterested

more stuff from my cancerous brain…
“Shit’s bananas when you’re disinterested.”

Mein Kompfy sweat pants and your old sweater met their match today.
They danced through our phone conversation, and fought the whole time i ate pancakes.
The 3 of us thought of you when i bit my lip, denounced god, went blind with rage, and even when i typed meaningless drab till 6 in the morning.
i think they’re going to be good (meaningless) friends. Not the kind that are nice to each others faces and talk shit the moment the other has left the room. More like the kind that meet by fucking the same mutual friends a week apart, cause they are young and carefree and have so much in common, not cause they are roach infested whores. They look so happy together, great things are going to come of this, i promise.
When you come home i’ll show you. (if i can only get those stains out.)
We’ll laugh ‘til our noses bleed, and the windows shatter.
You are mine my darling, and the world, yes the world shall be ours.

when you know where they came from

A poet, a prophet, a motherfucking puppet, a
modern-day ___ (fill-in the blank),
nature's ___ (insert noun here).
Show me who you are on the inside… really?
Me too. We're so alike, where did you grow up?
NO FUCKING WAY@
A small town? That's so weird, no one ever listens
to me either. Wow. What a small world
(exclamation point) LOL. We should be friends,
what's your number? Wanna hang out sometime?
Are you on Myfriendsmakeoutspace-ster
(fuckeachotherfuckeachotherfuckeachother) club?
Me too. Wanna fuck? I'm just like you. Can I
borrow your car? Live at your house? Eat your
pets? Kill your parents? We're so perfect together,
(for each other)… opportunity is knocking do you
hear it? BANGBANG. I wrote a song about you, it
has 25 different parts that don't belong together. I
scream and cry and there's no melody what so ever,
you'll love it, listen to it everyday, until all your
friends like it too, then you'll say it sucks and call
me a sellout. Do you wanna get matching tattoos,
have the same haircut, go steady, and just be friends
so we can fuck everyone else who looks just like us,
thinks like us, and feels like us too? Fuck, look at
me, look at me, right here, right in my fucking eyes.
Can you see it? No? Look closer then. How about
now? No? Maybe it's the atrocious lighting in here.

Wait let me take a crooked picture with my hair in my face while I cut your name into my thigh. Do you see it now? You don't see anything? Nothing at all? Are you sure? Positive? Weird, me either, small fucking world huh?

X.O.FRNK

.

‘gold is a four letter word… just like love, fuck, and shit.’

step outside into a charcoal drawing. it's a familiar place you hated as a kid, but have metastasized a new found respect for once your back started aching on the reg.

hometowns are hell, until you've actually seen hell...and a sight like that can not be unseen. but upon viewing, home will transform into a paradise, your paradise, and local haunts will become exactly that. a place in which you would be happy to linger forever, trying your damnedest to escape that tunnel of light.

people very rarely last forever. the old must be old for a reason, and the good, as they say, die young in car crashes and chic drug overdoses. probably before they have the time to realize how much bad shit you can really get away with and still be considered 'good'.

so what of the rest of us? the ones that hover and watch. witnesses. painfully mediocre. at peace with the world happening to us. not good, not bad, not old, not young...just in attendance. eh, it doesn't matter.

because you can't always get what you want, but if you try sometimes you just might find you're eligible for some sort of government assistance. or at the very least a half price app at your neighborhood greasy spoon...but its the little things people, that's what i'm getting at.

you wont realize it now, in fact you probably won't

get it until its almost too late. but we all do get the wake up call. some of us lucky/unlucky bastards answer it just before the t.v. sizzles...(find someone you love, and make 'em love you damnit)...and we realize that in this world diseased with the celebration of stupidity, absurdity, and precious(paper)metal commercialism (these things, these motherfucking things, we'll drown in things!) the only 'thing' that really matters is an honest smile from someone who truly gives a shit about you totally, completely, and unconditionally.

66

‘spittin off the dock of the bay, wastin time.’

whiskey filled serenades.
sweet, distilled, sugary defeat.
your breath smells like you’re disappointed in me again.
li(v)e your life away, stagnant and stale. my soul

wanders and it troubles me still. sleepwalking
my days into weeks and then some. unaware of
where the truth ends and my li(f)e begins.
i'll be just fine my dear.
let my wrists and i figure this one out on our
own. i'm gonna get some sleep tonight, even if it
kills me.

'leave me (a)B(c,d)E.'

at long last maybe the time has finally come for yours
truly to take control of the uncontrollable.

to predict the inevitable.

to accept or expect, rather, the unexpected....
ha. no seriously, fuck that.

a life infested with rats and the traps are hungry. a sea of life rafts, but the sharks are circling. and they're desperately trying to put in their drink order before last call.
reasons not rules.
fight for your right to parlay.
if seeing is believing, ive been legally blind since 1987. but i still cant dance (and i cant sing even though i enjoy showing off my lack of talent to elevator music and commercials on the home and garden network). so if B is for bed rest, and beestings, and boy dogs who cant keep their dick's in their fur.
and C is for shut the fuCkup before you over stay your fuCking welCome.
then i guess i'll B C-ing you next semester, because im Addicted to my Depression,
fuckers.

'The order of things…'

Once upon a time, in a place long but forgotten, there resided a town surrounded on all sides by a great forest. The town was populated with all different types of people, as towns sometimes are. And the forest was inhabited by all different types

of animals, as forests sometimes are. The townspeople and the animals led separate but connected lives, and all lived in harmony. Until one day…

A middle-aged man from the town was out in the woods gathering food for his family and happened upon a large grizzly bear. 'Hello.' the man said, and asked the bear if he knew a shortcut back to town, as it was getting cold these days and dark was quickly approaching. The bear, feeling the cold as well and sensing the man's fatigue, quickly attacked and messily devoured the man. That night the man's family stayed up all night waiting for him to come home. Growing more anxious and afraid with every passing hour, they watched the night turn into day. When he did not show up, they went to the other people of the town and together formed a search party. The townspeople scoured the surrounding woods until dawn the next morning. It was then the search party found evidence of the man's attack and death. Frightened and sad, the people ran back to their homes and hid. The peace between the town and the forest had been shattered.

Meanwhile, news of the murder spread quickly throughout the forest, and the animals called a

meeting. The old rabbit addressed the crowd, "There has been peace between our forest and the town for as long as I can remember. But now blood has been shed, and I can only imagine what the people might do to avenge one of their own." "The grizzly bear has done a terrible thing. He offended the town and put us all at risk." Said the wolf. "But

don't be afraid…I know just what to do. Leave it to the wolves to fix everything."
The animals all agreed to let the wolf pack handle the situation, desperately hoping that he could somehow restore peace and make things right in their world once again.

As night settled on the land, the wolf pack snuck through the woods and into the cave where the grizzly bear was sleeping. Quietly the wolves surrounded him, and before the bear awoke, the wolves attacked and killed him. The pack ate until they were full, and brought what was left of the bear to the edge of the forest for the townspeople to find. "Let this offering be penance to the people of the town. May the grizzly's death quell their anger and fear, and his meat fill their bellies." Said the wolf. The pack decided to hide there in the bushes to make sure the townspeople received their offering.

The next morning the townspeople awoke to find the bloody carcass of the grizzly spread across the entrance of their town. Screams filled the air. "It's a warning!" yelled one townsperson. "What kind of beast could do this to a grizzly bear? We don't stand a chance!" screamed another. The leaders of the town decided, in order to keep the people calm and

everyone safe, they should all gather together in the church until they could come up with a plan. Overhearing the people's commotion, the wolf came up with a new plan of his own to bring order to their world.

Under cover of darkness the wolf pack snuck

through the forest, into the town, and without a sound they surrounded the church where all of the townspeople had gathered. When the wolves were sure everyone inside was fast asleep, they leapt through the windows of the church and killed everyone inside.

In the following days word of what the wolves had done traveled through the forest. Upon hearing this, the old rabbit went to the wolf's den to confront him. "I thought you were going to restore peace! You assured us you knew exactly what to do, and yet all you have brought upon us is more murder! Why would you do this?" asked the rabbit. Calmly, the wolf replied, "…Because, I am a wolf." And without hesitation he devoured the rabbit.

The end.

'shit's bananas when you're disinterested.'

mein kompfy sweatpants and your old sweater met their match today. they danced through our

conversation, and fought the whole time i ate pancakes off the floor.
the three of us thought of you when i bit my lip, denounced god, went blind, and even when i typed this meaningless drab until six in the morning. i think they're going to be
good(meaningless)friends.
not the kind that are nice to each others' faces and then talk shit the moment the other has left the room.
more like the kind that meet by fucking the same mutual friend a week apart, because they are young and
carefree and have tons in common like the pretty people on t.v. or the bullshit phonies in the bar down the
street(what street? any street, fucking pick one)...not cause they are roach infested whores or anything.
they look so happy together.
great things are going to come of this i promise.
when you come home i'll show you. (if i can only get these hideous stains out).
we'll laugh till our noses bleed, the windows shatter, and our hearts fall out onto the floor.
you are mine my darling...
and the world...
yes, the world shall be ours.

'don't believe everything you thieve.'

failing has become my mantra.

trying is way too hard to try.
when is lazy considered heroic?
if my number comes up, forget i mentioned any of this.
long live the revolutionaries.
lying in wait.
zig zag running away from their responsibilities.

'search and create, create and destroy.'

yes, creation is difficult. heart wrenching and head splitting, bloodletting and agonizing, it's all true. but the feeling you get when you put your back, neck, and soul into something and it comes out better than you could have ever hoped or imagined it would... that feeling is immense, and it is only topped when someone who truly understands is blown away by your creation and says to you, 'wow. you made this?' and you reply, 'no. it made me.'

once you experience this super nova, you will forever be changed, and you will forever chase your next fix. and that chase eventually destroys(defines) us all.

dear creators, my heart goes out to you.

[hash(tag) music, words, art, building, painting, photography, home, family, life, love.]

his city is noise.
cause and effect found dead. strangled and bound...it's bound to be true.
stars lie face down, drunk and gay. forced to smile,
forced to shine by the beauty they have witnessed.
truly fulfilled and unruly still.
i am facing my demons...i am the face of her's. round and red, i've escaped from death, life's instructions burned and unread.
we are now and forever will be unaware of what has to come next.
pale visions of future's past lead the way in last season's lead boots.
i fawn over your wit. i am butter in your mitts. and still i long for everything.
feel free to pity me...they always do. (i make a good lost cause and an easy target.)
forget what you've learned for these woods, once hollow and bare, are now full to the brim with villains. ...ah, but they don't stand a chance do they? (nor do any of us for that matter.)
it's a slippery slope, a losing battle, when you're up against such a sweetly sly smile.
a tender embrace.
a glance in the right direction.
an accented compliment
you wreck me you scoundrel you...and for that i am forever indebted.

‘club 27 has reached capacity’

your silence is weighted.
poured on thick and antiquated.
a lethargic bonfire.a mixed bag of emotional six flags.meeting with a muffled yawn.
it's time ____
to be_____
a grownup_____ or find your own path to heaven. either way, if you are really lucky only a handful of souls will actually notice that you are gone. i don't wanna fuck this up i don't wanna fuck this up i don't wanna fuck this up i don't wanna fuck this up i don't wanna fuck this up i don't wanna fuck this up i dont wannfuck thisup i dont wannfuckthis up idontwnnafuck this up
...ah man, and just when i was getting so good at fucking everything up too.
lithium carbonate.

‘we all must do something that scares us to death… otherwise what the fuck is the point?’

doom ym tif ot decrof era sdrow eseht.

srorrim eseht fo kcis os mi.

dednuorrus syawla tey detalosi ylsuolucitem.

elbuort otni em teg tnow taht yas ot gnihton evah i.

tug eht ot hcnup a si tsorf ruoy.

snroht ni derevoc era syad eseht.

seye ym gnipacse fo trohs llaf sraet

ym. yrt ew tub.

liaf ew dna.

erom emos yrt ew os.

fo edam si emit tahw ees llahs ew rehtegot dna.

77

‘bring it? consider it fucking brung.’

found, scrawled on a piece of paper on my nightstand:
'it is 4 am eastern standard time and i just finished watching the cinematic adventure, dante's peak, on cable. not shitty basic cable mind you, but real ass, pay extra money, premium channel, beamed down from the heavens type cable. aaaand well i gotta say, i feel violated... i feel like maybe i should shit my pajama pants, open up my cable box and shove said pants inside it's electronics just to cleanse the cable palette. i would then mail the shitty-cablebox pajama combo to cablevision so they know i never again want to see pierce brosnan perform any more

acts of fighting nature to the death.
he really did kill the shit out of nature though,
seriously i may just cry....CRY TO THE DEATH!
starring pierce brosnan.'

‘ ‘

let's not fool ourselves friends. the end of the world is here.
when all the white noise runs dry and the alcohol gets turned down to a dull hum ...all we may have is each other's shitty company.
(i will wait for you.)
though our lips have not touched, we breathe the same air
and as our molecules collide you shall know this to be true.
for if you don't ...well then maybe i've been wasting

my time.
these things we say, are not just things we say...they are our lies and our truth. our love and our hate. and though my tongue may be sharp at times, in my heart i believe in us.
let me decompose in this embrace and be reborn as a fond memory for the dust to settle on and enjoy.
-settle down
the moments we've shared together, real or imagined, are just a preamble.
i look forward to floating, lost, in our vastness.
sediment-ally yours,
frnk

untitled

i am the fucking best at being the absolute worst. i am the michael jordan of avoiding conversations.
i am the ludwig van beethoven of not cleaning up after myself.
i am the don draper of getting a stomach ache. i am the mahatma gandhi of forgetting people's names.
i am the steve jobs of clogging toilets.

i am the muhammad ali of misspelling words and incorrect punctuation.
i am the abraham lincoln of getting migraines. i am the william shakespeare of falling down the stairs.
i am the mother teresa of procrastination. i am the beatles of cumming too quick.
i am the jesus christ of angsty bullshit.
i am the coffee grinds at the bottom of your cup...the paper cut in between your fingers, the piss on the seat, the chapped lips, the humidity, the empty gas tank, the empty wallet, the boy that never called, the girl that wished you did, the complaint, the job, the boss, the traffic, the commercials, the time you did that thing you regret with your entire being.
i am alive at times and dead at others.
i am loved, and so i love.
i've been hurt, and so i hurt.
i am you, and you are me...