

AN EXTREME SADNESS
DILAPIDATED DOSES
MORPHINE CRUNCH
EYBALL DUST HUE SEPIA
FUCK FUCK FUCK.

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The wheel turns and we take a gander at it.

Only long enough to see which direction it rotates.

Loss of gravity perpetual re-adjustment of focal point it turns.

In which direction again? And which way is up? And who here is mad?

We don't say mad anymore, it has been disallowed.

We are neuro-divergent children of hippies who danced with the wheel

I jig when the drums clash and snare, good boy, snare.

Got uppers got downers got weed don't want to sleep, hate work,
risking my health to stay awake and write, take in information.

I need to be up at seven, and it is now almost five o'clock.

No need to analyze at every
angle.

Overthinking,

Causes for more interrogations, than determinations.

An Anaxiagon of pills.

Anxiety pills go fast pills body reaction subsidiary pills. Food pills hydration pills. Get fat muscles become
entirely devoid of fat pills fuck better and love better pills the worst stuff is preserved in powder but
injected with the flow of your own blood. We never have a choice after that, who ever has?

Something grabs you and runs faster in the direction you were heading years ago. Tunnel vision loss of
control, anger angst and flashbacks.

Smoke more than I remember

Even pagan Balal worshippers are welcome here, with disenchanted glares.

I forget to sleep and forgo sleep and again I'm awake, again wasting no
one's time.

Fucking hell.

When will I move out of modernity and into the space before me?

Perhaps never.

My choice remains present, and obsolete.

Fractions of dopamine by-products sound like cogs grinding,
looking for the end, finding a cycle.

An end to the beat of this flow state.

And then there is this.

i'm in another hospital,
feeling the same as i did the first time

- to see what is left of me,
psychiatric head cold.
- my organs break and bleed,
- the treatment
- for crazy
- is to die just little.
- convince me to lobotomize myself.

AN-AXIOGON

Is it shock art? 'Ask Peter Sotos.' It is sexually motivated? Depraved and hallmark channel intreuging to the damaged but quelled agents of rage? 'Yuh, but mostly it's sublimations of my homosexuality' And what of Ian Brady? What of Janus's Gates?

It Bangs.

They were doing a study

It bangs, so I hear.

We've heard at least, that it bangs.

See like, the way you read these sentences, says a lot about you as a person. For example, a lot or alot is bullshit, but it doesn't matter see because I don't care. Neither should anyone else. It bangs.



GUM HORROR GUM HORROR GUM HORROR GUM HORROR



AN-AXIOGON

suicide is a mouse trap
peas in butter bitter fruit with cyanide pits
bitch
love
slut
universe
heart chest hands eyes
eyes
eyes
|
I'm sorry ergaerdger
still, I don't know why I apologize so much,



\,3333



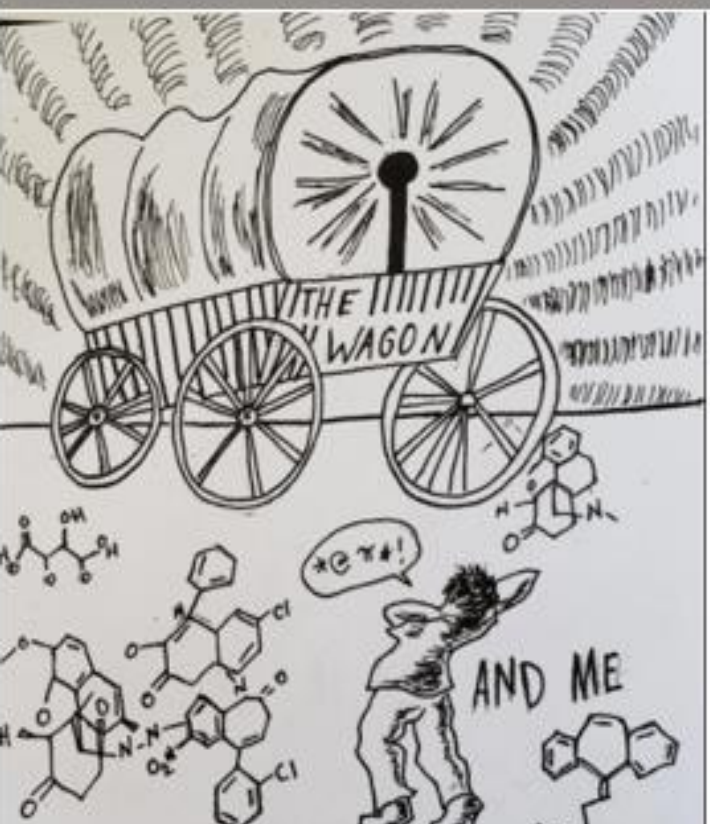
He came from earth.

At breakfast Tim says,

"This is kind of hokey."

Drink more water and speak less, I tell myself. I'll consider the Vyvanse today as part of my taper. Euphoria or suffering, continue infinitely in their respective directions.

"We live in an A.R.G, an alternate reality game, everyone is stuck doing hokey bullshit!", I shout back.



"The road goes on forever and the party never ends."

Harvey

Yet the cats still come out at night to mate.

Intrinsic violence.

1970 four-door yellow Ford Galaxie.

fuck

My mom's friend was shot and paralyzed by the son of sam in new York.



Japan's Suicide Rates Climb 16% Amid Second Wave of Pandemic

The most important thing is to play.

To laugh and have a conversation.

Hope, is in the underpass on mt. Nebo and Okinawa.

I can't listen to people talk about self harm.

Today was a perfectly fine day, accepting myself for who I am, guilt and emotion.

A drooling, shining day. I can still wake up at six A.M. such is agile.

Sleep in forty-eight hour increments when the sun is dead gutted grey. There is no time to pay attention.

Much less a visit, and god sits in an air-conditioned hotel suite with yellow window blinds.

Michael Angelo or Jordan make headlines no time spent on remembering who.

Something beneficent old but quick, a montage of glory tidal waves righteous golden rainbow tsunami's of love crushing my ribcage relieving my feet from my torso. Backwards stumbling a lamppost frees my head from shoulders and for a moment I am lucidly a conscious. Observing the roads I drove moments ago and for a flash I am myself at sixteen fifteen, fourteen, thirteen, twelve, eleven, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one.

Today.

Was perfectly fine.

Less a visit, god sits outside, the porch is cool.

Less a visit, I find myself home.

Less of a visit I make myself a home in the hearts and minds of one-hundred people.

I carve my name into a rock that makes scientists believe in ancient aliens.

Berkowitz: "Yeah."

Poem to out-patient rehab turned out to be poem to rapist

why does it feel like you want me back, even on the days i pretend not to need you

everyone's arms feel like mine.

the poems they write and the pictures they draw look like i made them

do you have any idea how terrifying that is?

you want to keep me for the week, I said no,
I'm fine to drive home.

you said you could come out to me, find where I am and make the pain stop because you already knew I was in pain I didn't to have to SAY anything.

you always ask when is the last time I have taken drugs,
you always ask
about my chest pains.

and I never know what to say because if I was honest you would have locked me up when I was 11 and
not let me out until I was nineteen.

you tell me there are things I can't understand and I believe you but you won't explain why I shouldn't
understand them

I miss how I could sleep so soundly when the noise of the city is drowned out by unwavering advanced
absolute void, sporadic and broken.

I don't belong here, with you, was my FIRST thought,
I knew this would end poorly when I saw the red flags
metal detectors
others like me
paperwork because my word only means as much as my actions and those do not exist .

Until I leave for good, so I left.

