

this goddamned longing

I swear I never asked for ~~it~~ this fucking curse

walking through this world skinned alive
every ~~pinprick~~ a gaping clotted river

My laundry is leopard slugs

the sight the sound the breath the color the whisper the scream
mundane is never mundane

I don't fold that shit and I don't own an iron

IT is not the distraction REALITY IT doesn't have that much power
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Only if we let it

I'm not allowed to say this