

A photograph of a religious shrine, possibly a Marian shrine, featuring several lit white candles in ornate holders. The shrine is set against a wall with colorful, abstract murals in shades of red, blue, and grey. A white wax-like substance is piled up at the base of the shrine. A crucifix is visible on the right side.

the angels know you by name  
you were born in the right place

\* \* \* \*

a man of sex  
a secret demon  
its the pulled pork, man  
immediately sexed

\* \* \* \*

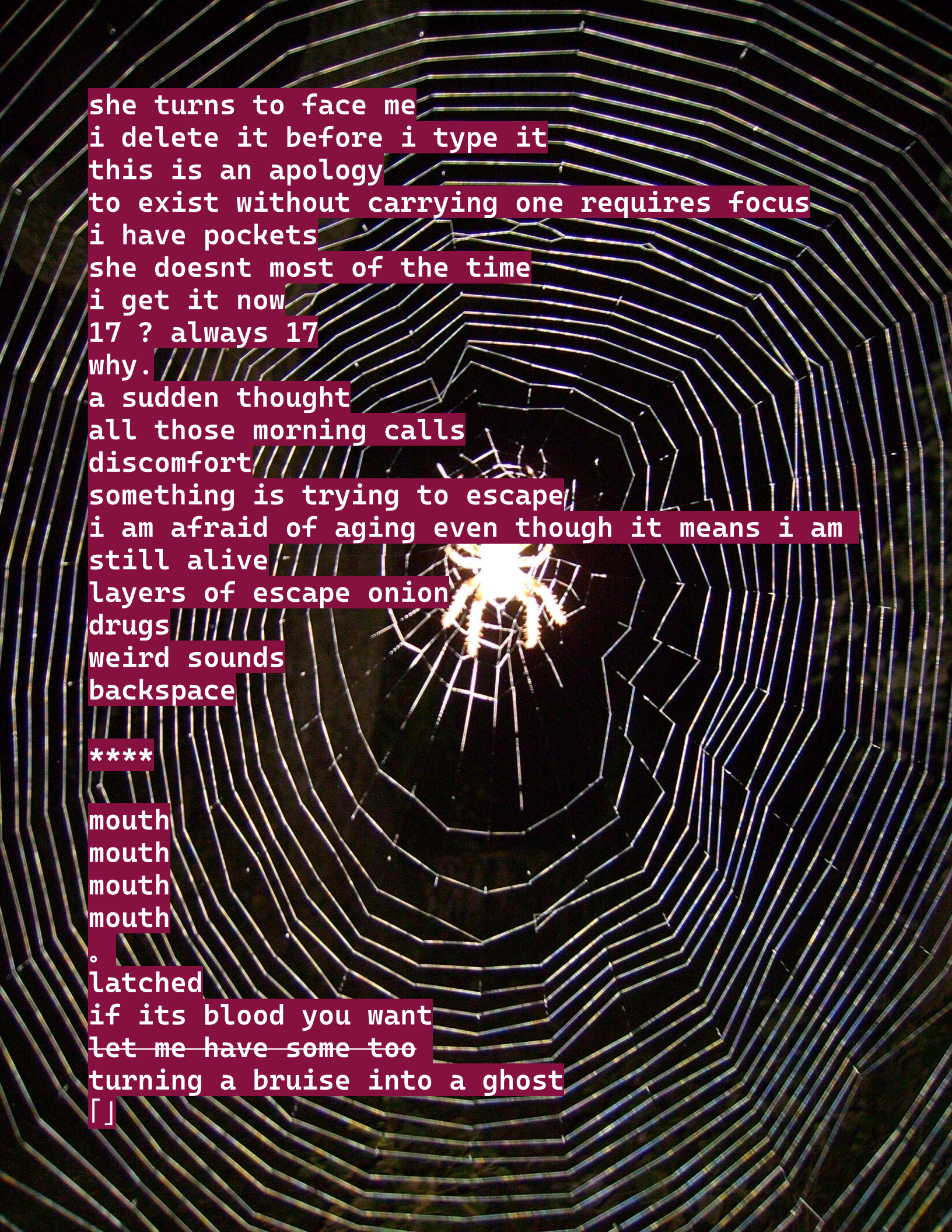
IM A NORMAL GUY WITH DREAMS  
I'm average and slipping away.  
It's all part of the process.  
I am comforted by things being out of my  
control.

My shirt says everything and nothing about  
me.

[gnaborretni / interrobang]

ironic crucifixion on the exclamation cross

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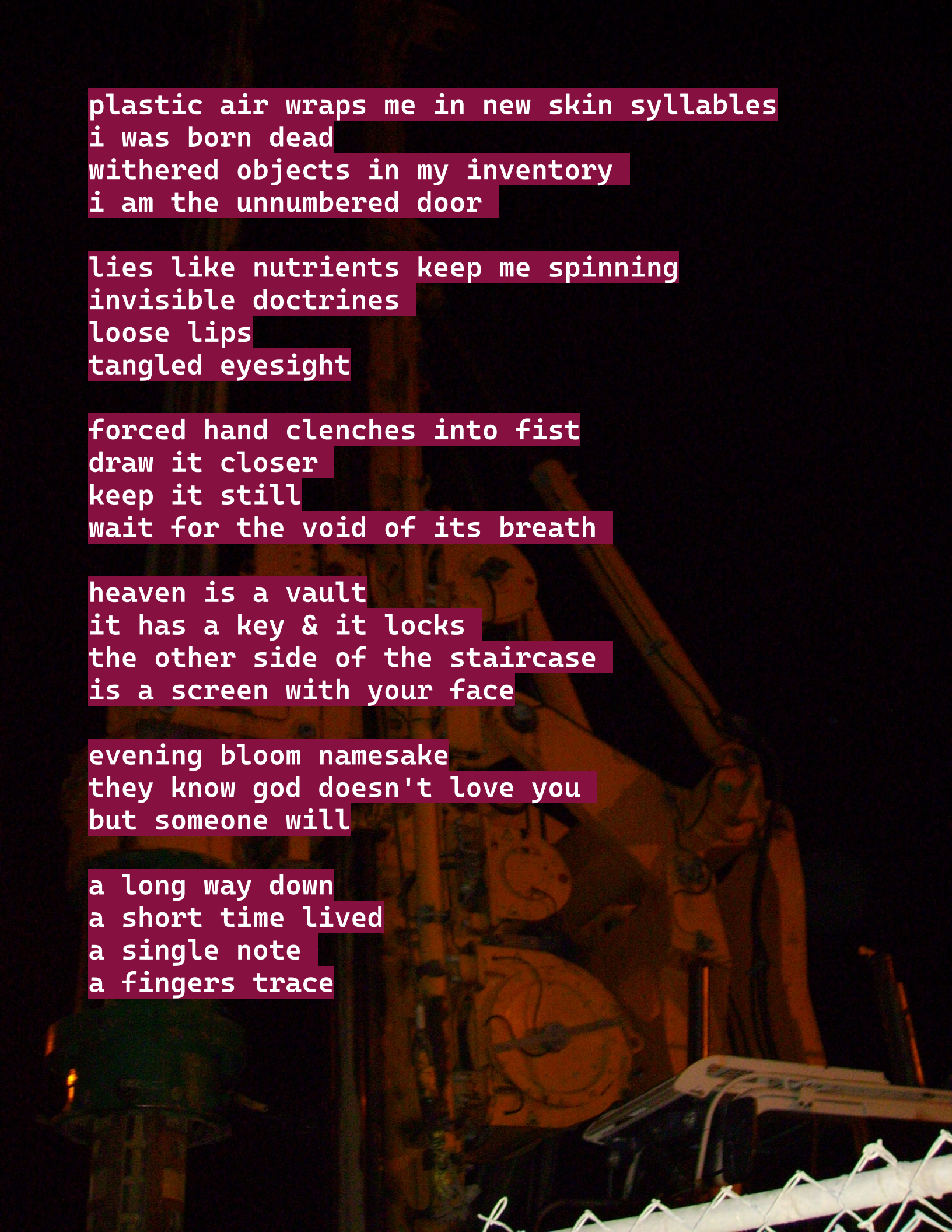
she turns to face me  
i delete it before i type it  
this is an apology  
to exist without carrying one requires focus  
i have pockets  
she doesnt most of the time  
i get it now  
17 ? always 17  
why.

a sudden thought  
all those morning calls  
discomfort  
something is trying to escape  
i am afraid of aging even though it means i am  
still alive  
layers of escape onion  
drugs  
weird sounds  
backspace

\*\*\*\*

mouth  
mouth  
mouth  
mouth

latched  
if its blood you want  
~~let me have some too~~  
turning a bruise into a ghost  
[ ]



plastic air wraps me in new skin syllables  
i was born dead  
withered objects in my inventory  
i am the unnumbered door

lies like nutrients keep me spinning  
invisible doctrines  
loose lips  
tangled eyesight

forced hand clenches into fist  
draw it closer  
keep it still  
wait for the void of its breath

heaven is a vault  
it has a key & it locks  
the other side of the staircase  
is a screen with your face

evening bloom namesake  
they know god doesn't love you  
but someone will

a long way down  
a short time lived  
a single note  
a fingers trace

mirrored flashes of back then  
gross carpet  
yellow walls  
a dog collar for girls

not dumb but an idiot  
i speak wires & cables  
i cry for what could be

interwoven & intricate  
delicate  
protected at all costs

embryotic ashes birthing flames upon flames  
reflected in its iris i see pure

a blade made of thread  
a knife forged from cloth  
the gun comes loaded with blood  
the guts come loaded with shells

animals made of less and less water  
replaced by mineral deposits  
sedimentary beings

finding life on the sidewalk  
cleaning dirt from my nails  
eating shit on the pavement  
picking scabs from my knees

broken bulb in the bathroom  
strangers in the basement

3am favors  
a scam that we asked for

drive-thru disciples pray to dollar store gods

a backwards canvas on an inside-out wall

warm ground  
mother mantra  
breathe out light  
breathe out light

bare carcass kept frozen  
prescribed life anew  
afterimage offerings  
fate vacuum-sealed

