

M.D.

Swallow your spit

Taste some blood - really taste it!

You let him be everything

Now you've become nothing

No feeling below the gashes

Skin peppered with ashes.

Hallucinating perfect beauty

There is none - little one.

Voices speaking from all sides

Steel strong rules she never abides - never.

Pretty noises coaxing you toward the red lights.

Weapon in hand so shaky

Everything spinning.

Slowly whirling - your body

High pitched resonations of some sort

Attention still never caught

Your creations bleed like bloated, boiling bubbles

Step out of yourself yet STILL you can't see!

Everything looking dead - limply lifeless

You are! Only you!

Upon you a weight

Heavy like his fists fall on your decrepit body

His slave, servant, punching bag

Whirring, whirring, whirring.

Where's that shit coming from?

EM

Guardian demon

Spinning you fall, fallen, fell.

Breathing harshly, raspy, gurgling.

No one can hear your thoughts.

No one would listen.

Your worth measured in possessions?

Nothing again!

Stomach acid raining hell.

Colors of many blending to crimson.

Your life just lost.

See flashing shadows.

Nothing estimated - only underestimated.

Your body rotting

You want it, you want it!

The cold catches fire.

Snake like bubbles.

Your insides ooze from you.

Not even you would dare touch it.

Familiar scents bring you back.

Your wretchedness brings you back.

Your falling back in your sick mind.

No! This is your fault!

You stayed there!

You made me stay there!

The place where everything & everyone hants you!

Desolate, ravenous, impure.

Why pray?

The evil replica will be back.

Contemplate it in a glare.

Come on! I dare you!

Bring back your insanity.

Spelling your name in numbers.

Drawing linking chains.

Slender skin.

Your lips dangle on a scabby thread.

Peel it away.

See the bugs your addiction created.

Believe they're really burrowing deeper in your skin.

Words of whatever blur into a low, harmonic, hypnotic hiss.

An incantation? A curse?

Sure, why not?

Deny this lie if you please.

Run your fingers through the memories.

Become your own victim - Again!

You could have stopped it.

You knew his fists were really claws.

You didn't want to be alone.

Well fuckin' look!

Where are you now?

You lie in the darkness.

On the grass near the intersection, cross section, c-section?

Flickering halogen street lights.

Cars laugh at you - turn toward you - turn on you.

You victimized yourself to pass the time.

Excuseless.

Revenge - your weakness restricts.

Powerless

Dulled melodies assist your psychosis.

No one to pick you up.

Hand severed.

Can't even push yourself up.

Lick your body like a cat.

You fight the permanent mirror.

It makes you stare at yourself - into yourself.

See the sounds.

Excrete pus from pores.

Harsh to soft.

Trip the trigger

No more "we"

Demonic image

Edges acute then obtuse

Your mind pressures changing.

It aches to you - feels good to me.

Your rotting flesh no longer on you.

Hanging, tacked, stapled up like art

A wary sign to stay away.

you still can't understand the obvious.

Blind to beauty.

Bloated boils on your body.

Scars of the old

False hope - there's no healing where we are!

Virtually no skin.

Muscle tissue peaking at a glance.

Direct stares offer more delusion.

Walls fall down.

Force ~~an~~ an airy scream

Oversized fingers push you over.

Acrid smells - it's you - yes it is.

Heaven and hell.

Hell is large so earth is part.

Smoke your skin color spotted.

Artificial being - ~~rather~~ rather living.

Remember all you hated.

Robotic, rhythmic, hypnotic movements

Generated from your unleashed fears.

The clown, though unreal, eats you.

Pull you out of body.

You just want to run.

No legs.

you beg to be taken away.

you're not going anywhere!

Think you're some angel.

Ha... covered in soot of sins.

Cold, satisfying metal

Run your fingers over the grooves

You start swaying - naked

Balancing on tips of toes, people watch.

A demonic smile overcomes your face.

Scares the shadows.

Oh, you think you're done with it now?

Your bloody hair & teeth.

Pick your weapon

Aim... shoot...

Your body sways to the ground.

No one cares.

So fertilizer, you are now.

You wake up.

White all around.

Relief until padded walls are seen.

Sudden panic.

You throw yourself at them.

Your creation watched this.

watched you go insane.

It spans a lifetime.

A vow never to follow

A vow to disappear.

Find a mate and disappear.

The space between sleeping and waking is heaven.

You lived ~~in it~~ in it 18 hours a day.

Your skin always discolored.

You sleep in your mess.

You're just glad you can feel anything at all.

You can't move now.

You're chained in place.

Feeds the maggots that grew from you.

Replenish, nutrition, something.

Your agenda...

Die again.

This is your fault!

Unlocked, unchained for a shower.

Inane, inanimate objects creak.

Water - dark yellow.

Clean the wounds.

You wince - drip blood from your eyes.

Look in the mirror

Ribs out of place - out of sorts.

Bruises and cuts.

People try to escape

From the walls of your room.

Your wings clipped.

You ~~was~~ never did learn to fly anyway.

More fears.

Fathom a crutch.

Smell sickly like rot.

Clown music.

Your background music.

Celebrate a wound healed.

Life is submission to you.

No skin upon your face.

Scratch marks on your skull.

Your eyes forever bloodshot.

Someone stands by.

Someone watches

Someone thinks

Someone learns.

I still didn't know it was wrong.

Why didn't you tell me?

So your creation is a victim.

Your victim.

His victim.

She leaves.

I have no conscious  
concept of how it  
is I got here. I'm  
walking in the  
~~dark~~ black  
expecting to find  
the end and maybe  
find a light switch.  
?

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