Unravel

Tilt

Here I am still intact, and I should give myself credit for that, but I =
have cast a stone deep into my throat, I squat on land my feet won't =
reach, the smell of blood and bile and bleach, I need a square foot and =
a rope. We can weave, we can unravel, we keep on sleeping right through =
our travels, we can weave, we can unravel, take our confusion to a much =
lighter level. Spit it up and hand it over to yet another child of =
squallor, pallid wheezing lost all her color, her dark circles getting =
darker, he crossed her palm, but nothing seems to wake her from her =
shitty dreams, now she's become just one more helpless package of doom. =
The city looks especially vindictive tonight, that hitchhiker looks like =
he's headed home to murder his wife, well it's a proven fact they don't =
respond to every call for help in time, so there she stays, poor little =
girl, lying on the floor of a dirty bathroom, no folks there's no =
device, no box of gods to descend and take this tragedy, tie up all the =
loose ends.
Submitted by: Mel

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