

Goshua

Say Anything

I ask: "

Are we born into anger or does it bloom like a cancer.(The one that consumed your father for no good reason and severed his chapter)?" We're divided by a wavering expression and I drink too much to cut the tension.

You think you live for attention?

Man, look what I do for a pension.

If we could trade for a moment, I'd feed you the virus that made me a showman.

Perhaps it's a matter of good parenting; either way I'm a former American.

Cracked out in the morning light.

Fleeing quickly on all fours.

I'm in knots for you, Goshua.

Severed from a former light, into the bowels of the night.

This all for you, Goshua.

A wealth of sexual organs with nowhere kind to export them.

Gushing from the seams with your fluids and steeped in ritual action like a half-baked druid.

I remember when we were pubeless.

I remember we knew nothing of hubris.

I remember you were sure you could do this before you decided you're heavy and useless.

Thick black sugar-fed abstract blood sap.

One gun.

Bang bang.

Where's your riot act?

You feel the weight of nowhere.

Do you feel it?

Like all the kids you'll never have come to lynch you.

You are the "bitch they broke in." You are the "whore they skinned alive." Will they stand on you or will you stand up?

Can't you even try?

You feel the weight of nowhere.

Can you feel it?

Like all the love you'll never make has come to haunt you.

I know you have the strength to fight back so why don't you just try?

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