

Pompeii as a Metaphor

Sadaharu

i drink from your cup to feel i'm alive. i swallow this whole to define myself. i wait this out though time kills all things... but touch is a luxury ill-afforded, and its underneath my skin... and this is all just an accident waiting to happen. a trap waiting to be sprung. (i'm not entirely convinced that you're not the worst idea i've ever had)...
and in the end i don't know up from down. in the end i don't know who's the victim.

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