

Angles and Defenses

Drowningman

I don't know why, I know where the pieces go. suddenly everything makes so much sense we lay our backs across your fence, feels like i'm almost human. each gesture nearly commands respect, with ringing ears and ringing necks will hit the ground with scattered shots, we'll tie your lungs in miles of knots, we'll close your eyes. bricks and boards are not enough. they're not enough, not even close. goes right through your doors at night. it is a quality-not often appreciated, seldom admired, held to bare bulbs, we'll see it through short breaths stabbing sighs after all these years still afraid to die. crush your small sense of security. grinding it out underneath the cheapest pair of shoes I own.

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