

Don't Dink and Drance

The Devil Wears Prada

I would like to burn this down.
I would like to see it melt in yellow and observe a cloud of blackness rise.
Watch it rise as it is wrath himself.
Watch it rise.
Crows will flee the scene as if to remind me how long it's been since I have seen a dove.
Melt in yellow as I do.
Exhaustion and mother of tribulation.
Wound by wound.
I torture myself.
Wound by wound, I will perservere.
Whiteness, present yourself, as I know you are the sky and anchor of my being.
What we've known is like cigarettes.
Formaldehyde fingers.

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