Mute Print

A Wilhelm Scream

Take this record. Start with self-mockery.
A master work of toilet tissue, but the words are sexy.
To a happy corpse; washed up, I am already.
I went from a romantic dream to a wet spot on the sheets.
Give it one last try til the next one more last try.
I'm not renting this planet. It's all mine.
I could not compete with my old body.
I pushed it too hard. It fell apart on me.
We are alone, with the tranquil.
We are alone. And it offsets fear for the nights.
You're upset? Don't believe your eyes.
This mute print lies.

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