



## *Total Domination on Display*

A cavity so crippling

A perversion so consuming

A humility so absolute

An itch so intoxicating

Thoughts so fruitless

Opinions so pointless

Worshiping so fervently

What would you call this thing?

When your will is bent

When the cage is clenched

When your mouth is muted

Does it make you twitch?

Does it make you excited

When your feet are blistered

From walking on eggshells?

Does it make you twitch?

Does it make you excited

When your love turns to lust?

When clarity becomes hunger?

What would you call this thing?

When there's no new place to touch

Who will hold your hand?

When there's nothing new to say

What use is sorry?

When pleasure becomes pain

What would you call this thing?

A crippling cavity

A consuming perversion

Absolute humility

An intoxicating itch

Fruitless thoughts

Pointless Opinions

An anonymous worshiper

Worships oh so fervently

Total Domination on Display

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# *Paint*

Dunk me in paint  
and throw me about  
haphazardly

Cover your walls in me  
Disastrously

Then return me to the store  
Regretfully



# *Doubt*

Doubt plants itself inside the skull

Sinks its roots into that mushy brain matter

A self-sustaining organism

No additional watering or feeding required

Desire is its first cousin once removed

The want of something

To make me whole.

However,

Without frequent whacking

Doubt will fester

And my whole body

Will fill with snot.

Hopefully,

On a clear day when the air is crisp

I'll breathe in deeply

Like I was breathing for the first time

And with a single exhale

I will discharge all that doubt

Into a pile of sticky snot

I'll look overly long

At the queer coloration

At the unappealing texture

And i'll ask myself

Why I ever allowed it to linger

## *At the baseball field*

At the baseball field

After dark

After the kids have gone home

Their daily disciplines done for the day

What seems like ritual to them

An effort engraving itself

Into their tiny bodies,

I watch the rain pour down

From the headlights

In slow motion

Wishing I could be like that

Again

And wondering

If I ever had.



## *Truffle Fry*

Jacoby Jackson wrote a poem and handed it to her, basically saying "here's me"

It went something like:

Meat

Useless meat

Falling off the bone

That kind you throw to the dogs

Filled with gristle and marrow

All the unwanted refuse

from the slain beast

Bleach my bones

In the September sun

And leave my skin out to dry

Beef jerky

With a side of truffle fries

If I could be any animal

It would be a jellyfish

And I'd sting you

And tell you

That I'll kiss it better.

And yeah well she didn't like it so much so she rewrote a bit of it so it now goes:

Rotten bones

Maggot filled and

Turpentine

Crying alone

Cause you crossed the line

As the flesh flows

Down the drain

I told you to kiss it better

But honestly Jacoby Jackson thought that was fuckin awful, so he combined their two awful ideas into this:

Meat

Useless Meat

Falling off bleached bones

Covered in gold

And fed to the dogs

If I could be anything

It'd be a truffle fry

And I'd let you bite me

And kiss me better



But she was too prideful to have her ideas molested

So they gave it all to you

And let you decide what you like more.

Thank you for reading.