

“Insomnia”

Blurry, dizzy cracks in the ceiling I  
 woke up and felt blurry, dizzy, barely  
 made it out the door;  
 Maybe it was particles in the air, maybe it was what I was breathing;  
 dirty floors dirty floors paint  
 peeling from the ceiling, couldn't breathe;  
 Whitenoise, I can't sleep just  
 the lamp, dark but not really dark, masks,  
 sleeping masks, dark, dark as possible—  
 hormones buzzing in;  
 you can't go to bed.  
 Live it, live it up; I worry sometimes.

I'm not tired, prevent me from blurring insomnia  
 medicine in milligrams.  
 Dirty floors cracks in the ceiling  
 Today I would have today insomnia;  
 sometimes I look at the clock.  
 I'm not sleeping;  
 morning, usually it's morning, sometimes afternoon.  
 Insomnia, middle of the  
 day confused,  
 Looking at the clock, going outside...

Remember I want you  
 to eat if you're hungry.  
 Remember what happened.  
 Slept at night, woke up twenty-three hours later.  
 Your body is telling you, insomnia, you have to make yourself  
 eat, you're gonna be hungry.

“Spread”

I'm okay, it's just, things just went wider apart.  
 Your voice, your voice....  
 your fingers wider apart.  
 Glazed, your eyes, erotic.  
 The lights, the lights are shining in your eyes. Your voice, apart.

Right from the start, we said something different. Your eyes, the stars,  
 erotic. Furniture, medication, pleasure.  
 Sweetheart, you're erotic.  
 Millions of people, out there, right now. Your voice.  
 Give anything, do anything, your eyes.  
 Your eyes are tearing. Your pink candy mouth.  
 The heat, the heat from your mouth, your eyes, your voice.  
 Your tears are erotic.  
 Beautiful places, beautiful things, it's a dream. It's all a dream.  
 Candy, your eyes, your mouth.  
 You'll see everything, you'll see it all.

Your hand, there's a cut.  
 There's blood, all, you'll see it.  
 Bits of glass, everything,  
 glass, all you'll see. Glass, erotic. You are wider apart.  
 There's only so much wonder you can bear.  
 Writhe, dayin/dayout, on screens, oh wonder, wider.  
 Apart, crushing candy voices. Wider and wider and wider apart.

“Go Back, Rewind”

This isn't a witch hunt. Retrospectives, morals, ethics...  
You can't hide it, not completely.  
Deletions, parameters...  
Obsessing, how you look at me,  
We hope to look forward to...  
Tell me, tell me you look at me,  
tell me, you don't know how to stand around him. Tell me.  
Was it bad? Yeah, the wedding, the invitations,  
everybody, was it bad? Everyone? Redo.  
Not everything that isn't true is a lie.  
I liked him then. Not now, I liked him then.  
It goes on longer,  
the longer it goes on, just one other person,  
share our lives, shear, share each other.  
This is sad. This is just sad.  
Can I, can I? Feels nice. Who took it? Share us, share our...  
One at a time, one at a greyness.  
Make yourself puke, I don't care.  
I couldn't do it. Redo, redo it. I'm just happier now.  
The old, the invitations.  
Early, early relationships, laughing, I don't care.  
Yeah, yeah sure. Nice.  
The lights, the walls, nice place.  
Time has gone on. Time does that.  
Sit down. It's not a bear trap it's a chair.

“Love and Entrails”

Again, again,           rewind  
Do you love my insides?  
Do you love the parts you can't see?  
Eyeballs to entrails, do you?  
Again and again, the parts of me you can't see, rewinding  
in my bones...  
Once I know her—  
Don't worry.  
Everything is switching again, rewinding,   outside to inside  
Come on, rewind again  
Come, someone's come to change it all, someone  
new inside.  
The world that denies           my insides, my outsides  
From the past, we can't hide  
All night.       This isn't me.  
You but not you, rewinding, again and again,  
reverting outside to in—  
Will you love me,       all of me?  
Love my entrails, love my eyeballs?  
I didn't even see you. Nothing inside.  
We must be stopped. Rewind, rewind again.  
We still have a few minutes. Come on.

“Cold Skin”

Something disengages and takes over,  
 we just wake up, I don't know where, I'm trying  
 I'm so cold, I just wish I could make him laugh, he  
 kissed me, his eyes crinkled. I want that. I could fall...  
 Sometimes you need to hear—

We feel it, the second it happens, we sense it's here,  
 Did you feel that? Something, taking over.  
 I hate it.  
 The corpses of living things, downward, I think  
 I'm pretty when I cry.  
 It's me, it's only me. Don't be scared.

I was looking, there's a difference, I think, I don't know  
 It's gonna be amazing, it's so cold, I'm falling, I'm not right  
 now. What's going on? We had, I am,  
 I wasn't thinking. I don't understand you.  
 I don't know what happened to me.  
 Why are you here? Go home. You've done enough.  
 I know, I know. Is it cold? I'll go with you.  
 What are you going to be  
 for the rest of your life?

I just found, I got home, he's looking for you.  
 You were moving, you were thinking.  
 You think there's still hope? Make sense of it.  
 There's not, what happened with us, it felt, I want that.  
 It really hurts, doesn't it?

Out of nowhere, I hadn't thought. Years, what could be,  
 what wasn't. I've been waiting so long. Please.  
 But here we are, carbon-based,  
 we the corpses of living things, sitting on the same sand.