

Come.  
Come into my maze.

Come down the *frightening brightening* halls with great haste.

It's heady in here. Crushing warm mists will push on your face. And stifle your laughs and your breath as you race—

**COME**, come into my maze.

Come hither sweet titters that you thought that you knew.  
Gentle cracks through the deafening crush of the dew.  
Slight whispers strip jitters 'til you're suddenly new.  
So I can skin you and fin you and make you mine too.

Come. Come into my maze *you will see*  
The dark parts of you; the Dirigible of me.  
Come. Come right in. Piece my machine.  
A cog in the fog of my brain's leaking sieve.

Come, *come closer now*  
Here where the mists clear to reveal your own fate.  
Where now it's too late.  
Where haste has led you into your grave, as the vines entwine and feed you into my maze.  
Come. Come into your *haze*

It's happening now. Do you feel the slight pricks?  
Gentle prods at your body, the small tick-click-clack-clicks.  
Just open wide, let me in. I'll stuff you 'til full.  
I'll enwrap and engorge you 'til you beg to be killed.

And then

then it's over. And you'll be standing quite still.

Entombed, not quite dead, I've left enough for you to see. Not much more, no limbs or mouth. Not enough to quite scream.

Do you feel *feel* me now? Feel my full crushing weight. Because you're mine for all time.  
Here for all my **suuffferriinnnggs**

**COME**, come into my maze.

Deeper now into your wells.  
Down dark rabbit holes.  
Tunnel, I tunnel

Scurry and Scratch at the walls

*Sniff sniff*  
Let my friends in.  
Let us wriggle and scriggle  
Shake shake your head loose  
Dance organs out your open wounds  
*Sniff sniff*  
We're coming for you.

Here now. *Hear now.*  
Small little biting sounds.  
Small little licking hounds. Taloned tongues rip-ripping insides out.  
Then we're done.  
Done-*done-DONE.*

Just a husky shell left.  
Scurry and scratch at your bones.  
Tunnel we tunnel onto the next.

Loosey goosey,  
Scrambled eggs on the floor.  
Wet and soggy.  
Not cooked enough. Foggy

Loosey goosey  
Is how my days go  
Is how my days flow  
Is how my days know

Loosey goosey spillful floosey  
I'm the Scrambled Egg Man.  
Seeping out under the door  
Down the stairs  
Slide-sliding into the world

To get baked in the hot sun  
Stuck on the pavement **B**urning hazy glory into my grave

Loosey goosey so sluicy out here  
Boiling puddle of shit squalid messy out here

*Maybe I'll get run over by a car*

Five Years.

Splash-smacked-dashed across the windshield like a bug.  
Wind pushed juices running rivulets

Five years.

Flashes of laughter. Snow days and cigarettes  
*Abby's* black coffee hair on my chest.  
Her booky breath in my mouth  
Her shouts at me. I knew it would never work out.

Five years.

Empty dempty spaces.  
Hazy glory places. School hallways. Grocery stores. Doctors and nurses *oh my*.Galore.  
Pin-pricks and needles. Brain scans and hands.  
Rubber hands everywhere. Rubber hands: handle with care. Because I'm crying in your office.  
Doctors never know what to do with crying patients.

Five years.

Short phone calls with parents. "I'm fine." "I'm fine." "I'M FINE." *I think I'm going insane*

Five years.

RED-hot anger.  
My father asking me to pay a hospital bill I can't afford. I split down the middle. I chase that old man up the stairs. He had to barricade himself in his study. I bashed on the door.  
I'm your fuckin' guinea pig.

Five years.

Empty dempty spaces. Fever dreams. Misty mazes.  
Long showers. Showers for hours. For days. Wet hot hope running down my skin. Rivulets pushing away the pain. I would scrounge for it there. Holding my hands together. drip-drops pooling, leaking out between my fingers. Take great gulps for tomorrow before it's all gone.

Five years. or more. Am I on the other side? Or will I *ssliide* back into that hole. Hibernate in hell. And crawl out a bug. Stained glass wings spreading newly formed sinew. Fly *fly* into the world. *SplashSmackDasb!*  
SMITHEREENS.

Leaky memories across my windshield.

I got *Lost in the Woods*  
for a few minutes. It's true.  
Was it three or four?  
No, maybe just one or two . . .  
. . . years.  
I don't know. Am I suddenly through?  
Have I escaped, emerged.  
Am I suddenly new?

Perhaps not.  
Perhaps fraught.  
Perhaps caught.  
I am sunk.  
Perhaps these woods have me eaten.  
Perhaps I've succumbed.

Do I feel them this time?  
As the vines twist their way up.  
Do they snag at my clothes as they reach for my mouth?

Maybe now. Now I know.  
I'm not so *lost* anymore.  
Anchored in these dark depths that have become mine own home.

Am I okay with this life. Does it matter?  
Can I scream?  
Or can I just watch as the boughs envelope me.