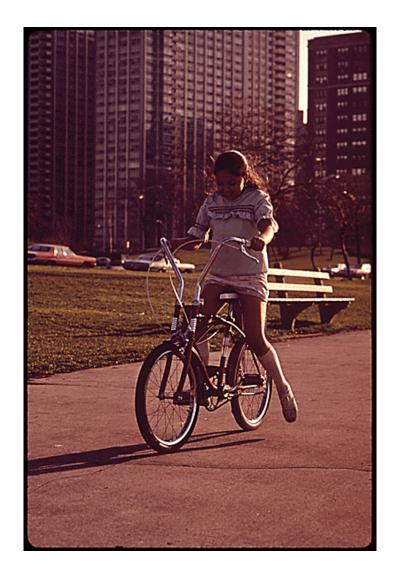
## MEMORIES IN SUPER-EIGHT



Grey timing caught side tracked

In a ditch spilling lime juice

On the wound you've been told

Not to scratch too soon.

Encased in a cast

Suffocates probable answers

Into mindless drivel

Caving and drooling with riddles

Dropped in the boiling point

Where the fumes start

Is your breath worsens the mess

Of pain in the caves of your chest

Encroaching upon a curse
You'll never forget

## SUPERSTITIOUS SKILLS



Slow heat boils potatoes

Too small to efficiently weigh

Using those unique senses

Of measurement

Your mother falsely taught you

For those were the days

## REACTIVE OPPRESSIVES

Genuine days were all the rage

As past scrutiny mutinied

When they were just a day away

From reaching the bay



Holed up as empty souls

Contemplate several ways

To berate their captors

With dreams of one day

Being the master who laughs

As waves come crashing

Muting the sound

Of a torturer's lashings

Secures an everlasting passion

By whipping that tailors

Mutiny's new wave of fashion

## **CURIOUS NOSTALGIA**



At least the bathrooms

In this building Are old and smelly.

Seeping
Some of kind of
Remaining authenticity
Or meaning
That was never there
In the first place.

But I suppose
It had to take
Meaning's place

As further meaninglessness

Dug it's heels
Into the ground
As pristinely dehumanized
Coffee grinds
Littered the sleek hallway
Made of fake marble
But too shiny to grovel about.

He stood up

Took in one more scent

Of imperfection's genuine qualities

Then walked out of the old bathroom.