

SHO W
ME HOW

WHO ARE
YOU LOOKING
TO?

CAN THIS
BE MINE?

I AM HOPING
SECRETLY THAT
YOU WILL SAY HI

I WANT TO
KNOW YOUR
NAME

IS THIS
POSSIBLE?

WE SHOULD
KEEP GOING

I NEED TO
FEEL SECURE

MY BEST FRIEND
IS VERY
MEAN TO ME

WHY AT HURTS
?

I'VE SEEN
YOU BEFORE

honor ash
power

this is real
feel the air move past your fingertips
and see the condensation form on the glass pane in front of your face
you are part of the machinations of something bigger
but the smallness is real

there is dirt under your fingernails from the other day
and you feel guilty for touching someone else with them
for if you are not clean you should not be in contact with others
you will only serve to ruin the pristine smoothness they cling to
holding them back

your feet touch something smooth and metallic and you realise you
aren't wearing any shoes
you can't move your head to look
and trying only pulls at the muscles in the back of your neck
but the image of pink wiggling toes with polka dot nail varnish makes
you laugh

the smell of fresh cotton bed linen
scarlet drops
immaculate

outside is only darkness
punctuated occasionally by neon green streamers
outlining something that you don't understand

it's wet and warm and all encompassing
all decisions have been made for you
and you are content

looking back
it was a bad decision to leave them on that rooftop
they had something of mine
i was bitter
but it was a bad decision
they didn't know where the ladder was
i tried to tell them but they fell
they landed on a pile of decommissioned 90s computers
(the computers had been left outside for the dustman to collect but
they were late and the mattress they were going to refuse to pick up
would only be exposed after the ambulance crew
already moved the body)

it is endless an all consuming energy pulling you from every angle into every new thing it finds it is relentless it will drain you of everything you offer up to it and then ask for more it will touch your heart and pull at it and tell it that it is wrong for what it wants as if your heart and your head are not one and the same it is horrifying and you will not want to look it in the eye it is cutting and harsh and will not be nice to you it is easy to ignore it is easy to forget it is easy to repress it will colour your thoughts for the rest of your time thinking them it wants to convince you that you are wrong and not worthwhile it is in conspiracy with people you care about and it will tell them bad things about you to make them want to leave it is cold and it is naked it is fearless it is making you late it is making you tired it is making you angry it is making you hurtful it is making you unreliable it is making you

exhausted it is endless an all consuming energy pulling you from every angle into every new thing it finds it will drain you of everything you offer up to it and then ask for more it is relentless it will touch your heart and pull at it and tell it that it is wrong for what it wants as if your head and your heart are not one and the same it is cutting and harsh and will not be nice to you it is easy to ignore it is horrifying and you will not want to look it in the eye it is cold and it is naked it is making you angry it is making you hurtful it is easy to repress it will colour your thoughts for the rest of your time thinking them it is making you unreliable it is making you exhausted it wants to convince you that you are wrong and not worthwhile it is in conspiracy with people you care about and it will tell them bad things about you to make them want to leave it is fearless it is making you late it is so hurtful

buzzing begins at the nape of your neck
circulating out from the entry wound
you now realise it was not just your muscles aching
a smooth cool haze brushes past your eyeballs
but only on the inside

undressing
you are aware that you are being watched
it does not phase you and you continue

they are warm and touch your skin in a new way
they are soft and smooth and pristine
they have hair all over

the smell of fresh cotton linen

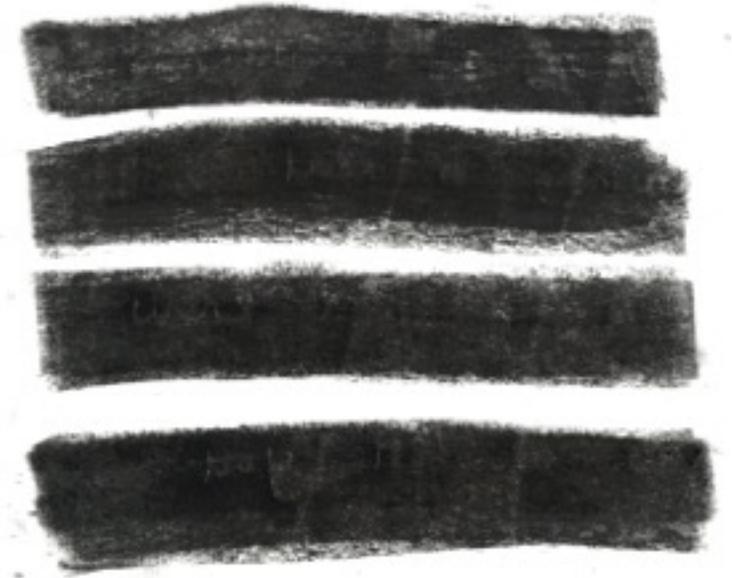
they have all power over you
and you are not happy

the smell of fresh cotton linen

there is dirt underneath your fingernails
and you feel guilty for touching them
and marking the pristine surface of their skin
with the dirt and baggage of your life
for they do not show you theirs

the smell of fresh cotton linen

forward
backward
backward
left
forward
left
right
right
right
forward
left
ground yourself



I WANT / AM / DON'T / AM / WANT

I WANT TO BE HONEST WITH YOU
I WANT TO BE HONEST WITH EVERYONE
I AM VERY SINCERE
I AM NOT A LIAR
I AM PARANOID
I AM ANXIOUS

I AM IN LOVE WITH A LOT OF PEOPLE
I AM IN LOVE WITH YOU
I DON'T UNDERSTAND SARCASTIC A LOT
OF THE TIME AND IT CAN BE SCARY
WHEN PEOPLE JOKE IN A WAY
THAT SEEMS THREATENING

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO DO NEW THINGS ANY MORE
I DON'T WANT TO DISAPPOINT ANYONE
I DON'T WANT TO DISAPPOINT MYSELF
I AM AFRAID OF BEING BAD
I AM AFRAID OF GETTING HURT
I AM AFRAID OF BEING THE ONE WHO IS
DOING THE HURTING

I WANT TO KEEP GOING

fleeting glances

you are lying and so am i

please let's not pretend too hard

it hurts if you try too hard

it hurts anyway there's no point

but that hurts more i'm telling you

there's no point it'll just end in tears

who are you to decide that who are you to tell me what to do

who am i? who are you?

who am i

you're a liar

i'm a liar

i'm not jealous

i am made of stone

i am made of jealousy

who are we

who are we

who are we

what are we for what are we for what are we for what are we
doing here what are we for what are we for what are we
doing here what are we doing here what are we doing what
are we for

